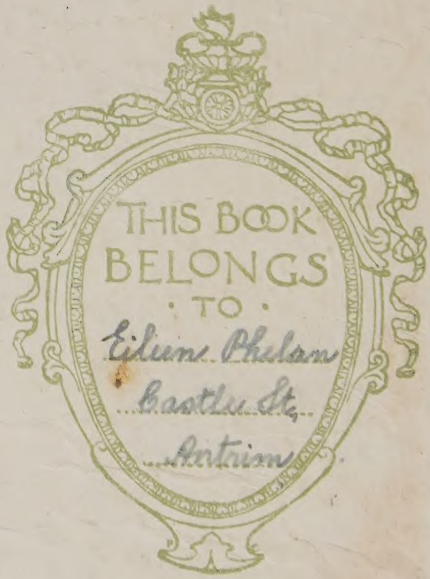
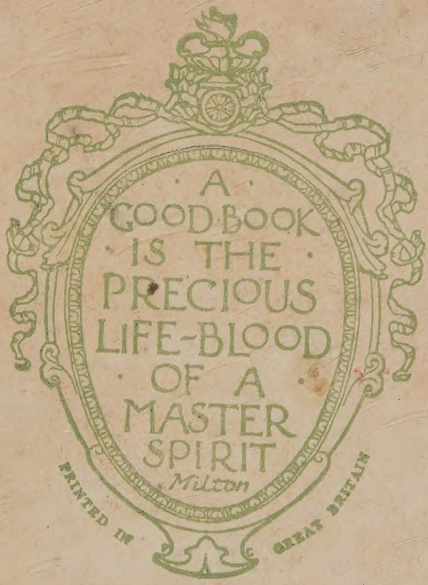

THIS BOOK
BELONGS
· TO ·
Eileen Phelan
Castle St.
Antrim

Edwin Phelan



The Good Old Days

In days of old,
when knights were bold
And leathern trousers wore,
And there was peace
For then the cease
Would last ten years or

—

In those old days

The KING'S TREASURIES
OF LITERATURE

GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A·T·QUILLER COUCH

NEW YORK E·P·DUTTON AND COMPAN

TALES OF TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION

EDITED BY
RICHARD WILSON
B.A. D. LITT.

·M·DENT & SONS·LTD·LONDON & TORONTO

All rights reserved

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND
THE GRANT EDUCATIONAL CO. LTD.
GLASGOW

FIRST EDITION . 1922
REPRINTED. . 1924, 1926 (twice)

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

THIS volume is offered as an introduction to an entrancing section of literature, which appeals to most readers, and to some more strongly than fiction, or poetry, or early romance. Each book from which an extract has been taken is worth reading for its own sake. The selections will also serve as supplements to geography studies, while they have considerable value as history. They belong, moreover, to that world of strenuous effort and endurance with which some recent critics have said literature has little or no concern!

No extracts from Hakluyt are included because *The Principal Navigations* of that industrious worker have already been raided to provide a volume in this series entitled *Stories from Hakluyt*, which includes records of all the chief Elizabethan travellers.

Acknowledgment for the use of copyright material is due and is hereby tendered to: Messrs. W. Heinemann for the extract from Sir Ernest Shackleton's *South*; to Messrs. Constable and Co. for the passage from Dr. Nansen's *Farthest North*; to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton and to the Frederick A. Stokes Co. of New York for the excerpt from Robert Peary's *North Pole*.

R. W.

LONDON.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE 5

HERODOTUS IN EGYPT 9

KUBLAI KHAN. *"Marco Polo's Travels"* 20

MARCO POLO'S BOOK. *John Masefield* 32

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA. *Sir Arthur Helps: "Life of Columbus"* 35

MUNGO PARK DISCOVERS THE NIGER. *"Travels of Mungo Park"* 46

ANSON VISITS ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND. *"Anson's Voyages"* 60

ANSON'S BOOK. *John Masefield* 79

CAPTAIN COOK DISCOVERS NEW SOUTH WALES. *"Cook's Voyages"* 81

ON A SOUTH AMERICAN ESTANCIA. *Charles Darwin: "Voyage of the 'Beagle'"* 100

SPANISH BANDITTI. *Richard Ford: "Gatherings from Spain"* 117

ON THE LOWER AMAZON. *Henry Walter Bates: "The Naturalist on the River Amazons"* 130

ON THE WAY TO NGAMI. *David Livingstone: "Travels in South Africa"* 141

IN NICARAGUA. *Thomas Belt: "The Naturalist in Nicaragua"* 154

AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX. *Sir J. Franklin: "Journey to the Polar Sea"* 168

A RIDE TO BERBERAH. *Richard F. Burton: "First Footsteps in East Africa"* 185

AMONG THE LAPPS. *Lord Dufferin: "Letters from High Latitudes"* 199

PAGE

THE TURKISH PASHA AND THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER. *A. W. Kinglake: "Eothen"* 207

THE DESERT. *A. W. Kinglake: "Eothen"* 216

AN EXCURSION ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA. *John Hanning Speke: "Discovery of the Source of the Nile"* . . . 226

CHRISTMAS IN THE NORTH POLAR REGIONS. *Dr. Nansen: "Farthest North"* 238

PEARY AT THE NORTH POLE. *R. F. Peary: "North Pole"* 243

THE LOSS OF THE "ENDURANCE." *Sir Ernest Shackleton: "South"* 247

TALES OF TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION

HERODOTUS IN EGYPT

On the death of Cyrus, Cambyses his son by Cassandané daughter of Pharnaspes took the kingdom. Cassandané had died in the lifetime of Cyrus, who had made a great mourning for her at her death, and had commanded all the subjects of his empire to observe the like. Cambyses, the son of this lady and of Cyrus, regarding the Ionian and Æolian Greeks as vassals of his father, took them with him in his expedition against Egypt [1] among the other nations which owned his sway.

Now the Egyptians, before the reign of their king Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out by dint of inquiry what men were the most ancient, contrived the following method of discovery: He took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got

[1] The date of the expedition of Cambyses against Egypt cannot be fixed with absolute certainty; 525 B.C., which is the date ordinarily received, is, on the whole, the most probable.

their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of their room and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said "Becos." When this first happened the herdsman took no notice; but afterwards when he observed, on coming often to see after them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his lord, and by his command brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he proceeded to make inquiry what people there was who called anything "becos," and hereupon he learnt that "becos" was the Phrygian name for bread. In consideration of this circumstance the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians.

That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis from the priests of Vulcan. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have stated above. I got much other information also from conversation with these priests while I was at Memphis, and I even went to Heliopolis and to Thebes, expressly to try whether the priests of those places would agree in their accounts with the priests at Memphis. The Heliopolitans have the reputation of being the best skilled in history of all the Egyptians. What they told me concerning their religion it is not my intention to repeat, except the names of their deities, which I believe

all men know equally. If I relate anything else concerning these matters, it will only be when compelled to do so by the course of my narrative.

Now with regard to mere human matters, the accounts which they gave, and in which all agreed, were the following. The Egyptians, they said, were the first to discover the solar year, and to portion out its course into twelve parts. They obtained this knowledge from the stars. The Egyptians, they went on to affirm, first brought into use the names of the twelve gods, which the Greeks adopted from them; and first erected altars, images, and temples to the gods; and also first engraved upon stone the figures of animals. In most of these cases they proved to me that what they said was true. And they told me that the first man who ruled over Egypt was Mên, and that in his time all Egypt, except the Thebaic canton, was a marsh, none of the land below Lake Mœris then showing itself above the surface of the water. This is a distance of seven days' sail from the sea up the river.

What they said of their country seemed to me very reasonable. For anyone who sees Egypt, without having heard a word about it before, must perceive, if he has only common powers of observation, that the Egypt to which the Greeks go in their ships is an acquired country, the gift of the river. The same is true of the land above the lake, to the distance of three days' voyage, concerning which the Egyptians say nothing, but which is exactly the same kind of country.

. . . . . .

Now the Nile, when it overflows, floods not only the Delta, but also the tracts of country on both sides the stream which are thought to belong to Libya and Arabia, in some places reaching to the extent of two

days' journey from its banks, in some even exceeding that distance, but in others falling short of it.

Concerning the nature of the river, I was not able to gain any information either from the priests or from others. I was particularly anxious to learn from them why the Nile, at the commencement of the summer solstice, begins to rise, and continues to increase for a hundred days—and why, as soon as that number is past, it forthwith retires and contracts its stream, continuing low during the whole of the winter until the summer solstice comes round again. On none of these points could I obtain any explanation from the inhabitants, though I made every inquiry, wishing to know what was commonly reported—they could neither tell me what special virtue the Nile has which makes it so opposite in its nature to all other streams, nor why, unlike every other river, it gives forth no breezes from its surface.

Some of the Greeks, however, wishing to get a reputation for cleverness, have offered explanations of the phenomena of the river, for which they have accounted in three different ways. Two of these I do not think it worth while to speak of, further than simply to mention what they are. One pretends that the Etesian winds [1] cause the rise of the river by preventing the Nile-water from running off into the sea. But in the first place it has often happened, when the Etesian winds did not blow, that the Nile has risen according to its usual wont; and further, if the Etesian winds produced the effect, the other rivers which flow in a direction opposite

[1] The annual N.W. winds blow from the Mediterranean during the inundation; but they are not the *cause* of the rise of the Nile, though they help in a small degree to impede its course northwards. For the navigation of the river they are invaluable.

to those winds ought to present the same phenomena as the Nile, and the more so as they are all smaller streams, and have a weaker current. But these rivers, of which there are many both in Syria [1] and Libya, are entirely unlike the Nile in this respect.

The second opinion is even more unscientific than the one just mentioned, and also, if I may so say, more marvellous. It is that the Nile acts so strangely because it flows from the ocean, and that the ocean flows all round the earth.

The third explanation, which is very much more plausible than either of the others, is positively the furthest from the truth; for there is really nothing in what it says any more than in the other theories. It is, that the inundation of the Nile is caused by the melting of snows. Now, as the Nile flows out of Libya, through Ethiopia, into Egypt, how is it possible that it can be formed of melted snow, running, as it does, from the hottest regions of the world into cooler countries? Many are the proofs whereby any one capable of reasoning on the subject may be convinced that it is most unlikely this should be the case. The first and strongest argument is furnished by the winds, which always blow hot from these regions. The second is, that rain and frost are unknown there. Now whenever snow falls, it must of necessity rain within five days; so that, if there were snow, there must be rain also in those parts. Thirdly, it is certain that the natives of the country are black

[1] It is possible to justify this statement, which at first sight seems untrue, by considering that the direction of the Etesian winds was *north-westerly* rather than north. This was natural, as they are caused by the rush of the air from the Mediterranean and Ægean, to fill up the vacuum caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere over the desert lands in the neighbourhood of the sea.

with the heat, that the kites and the swallows remain there the whole year, and that the cranes, when they fly from the rigours of a Scythian winter, flock thither to pass the cold season. If then, in the country whence the Nile has its source, or in that through which it flows, there fell ever so little snow, it is absolutely impossible that any of these circumstances could take place.

As for the writer who attributes the phenomenon to the ocean, his account is involved in such obscurity that it is impossible to disprove it by argument. For my part I know of no river called Ocean, and I think that Homer, or one of the earlier poets, invented the name, and introduced it into his poetry.

Perhaps, after censuring all the opinions that have been put forward on this obscure subject, one ought to propose some theory of one's own. I will therefore proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer time. During the winter, the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words; for it stands to reason that the country to which the Sun-god approaches the nearest, and which he passes most directly over, will be scantest of water, and that there the streams which feed the rivers will shrink the most.

To explain, however, more at length, the case is this. The sun, in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, affects them in the following way. As the air in those regions is constantly clear, and the country warm through the absence of cold winds, the sun in his passage across them acts upon them exactly as he is wont to act elsewhere in summer, when his path is in the middle of heaven—that is, he attracts the water. After attracting it, he again repels it into the upper regions, where the

winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to a vapour, whence it naturally enough comes to pass that the winds which blow from this quarter—the south and south-west—are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but retains some about him. When the winter begins to soften, the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heaven, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big, from the quantity of rain-water which they bring down from countries where so much moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies; but in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low. The Nile, on the contrary, not deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burthen of water than in the summer time. For in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone. The sun, therefore, I regard as the sole cause of the phenomenon.

. . . . . .

The following are the peculiarities of the crocodile: During the four winter months they eat nothing; [1] they

[1] If the crocodile rarely comes out of the river in the cold weather, because it finds the water warmer than the external air at that season, there is no reason to believe it remains torpid all that time, though, like all the lizard tribe, it can exist a long time without eating, and I have known them live in a house for three months without food, sleeping most of the time. The story of the friendly offices of the trochilus appears to be derived from that bird's uttering a shrill note as it flies away on the approach of man, and (quite unintentionally) warning the crocodile of danger.

are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest: for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet when it is full grown, the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame; unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue; it cannot move its under-jaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves the upper-jaw but not the under. It has strong claws and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that, while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird: for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes out upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze: at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus.

The crocodile is esteemed sacred by some of the Egyptians, by others he is treated as an enemy. Those who live near Thebes, and those who dwell around Lake Mœris, regard them with especial veneration. In each of these places they keep one crocodile in particular, who is taught to be tame and tractable. They adorn his

ears [1] with ear-rings of molten stone [2] or gold, and put bracelets on his fore-paws, giving him daily a set portion of bread, with a certain number of victims; and, after having thus treated him with the greatest possible attention while alive, they embalm him when he dies and bury him in a sacred repository. The people of Elephantiné, on the other hand, are so far from considering these animals as sacred that they even eat their flesh. In the Egyptian language they are not called crocodiles, but Champsæ. The name of crocodiles was given them by the Ionians, who remarked their resemblance to the lizards, which in Ionia live in the walls, and are called crocodiles.[3]

The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank holds a living pig, which he belabours. The crocodile hears its cries, and, making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is despatched with ease, otherwise he gives great trouble.

The hippopotamus,[4] in the canton of Paprêmis, is a

[1] The crocodile's ears are merely small openings without any flesh projecting beyond the head.

[2] By molten stone seems to be meant glass, which was well known to the Egyptians.

[3] Κροκόδειλος was the term given by the Ionians to lizards, as the Portuguese *al legato*, "the lizard," is the origin of our alligator. The Ionians are here the descendants of the Ionian soldiers of Psammetichus.

[4] This animal was formerly common in Egypt, but is now rarely seen as low as the second cataract. The description of the hippopotamus by Herodotus is far from correct.

sacred animal, but not in any other part of Egypt. It may be thus described: It is a quadruped, cloven-footed, with hoofs like an ox, and a flat nose. It has the mane and tail of a horse, huge tusks which are very conspicuous, and a voice like a horse's neigh. In size it equals the biggest oxen, and its skin is so tough that when dried it is made into javelins.

Otters also are found in the Nile, and are considered sacred. Only two sorts of fish are venerated, that called the lepidôtus and the eel. These are regarded as sacred to the Nile, as likewise among birds is the vulpanser, or fox-goose.

They have also another sacred bird called the phœnix, which I myself have never seen, except in pictures. Indeed it is a great rarity, even in Egypt, only coming there (according to the accounts of the people of Heliopolis) once in five hundred years, when the old phœnix die. Its size and appearance, if it is like the pictures, are as follow: The plumage is partly red, partly golden, while the general make and size are almost exactly that of the eagle. They tell a story of what this bird does, which does not seem to me to be credible: that he comes all the way from Arabia, and brings the parent bird, all plastered over with myrrh, to the temple of the Sun, and there buries the body. In order to bring him, they say, he first forms a ball of myrrh as big as he finds that he can carry; then he hollows out the ball, and puts his parent inside, after which he covers over the opening with fresh myrrh, and the ball is then of exactly the same weight as at first; so he brings it to Egypt, plastered over as I have said, and deposits it in the temple of the Sun. Such is the story they tell of the doings of this bird.

In the neighbourhood of Thebes there are some sacred

serpents [1] which are perfectly harmless.[2] They are of small size, and have two horns growing out of the top of the head. These snakes, when they die, are buried in the temple of Jupiter, the god to whom they are sacred.

I went once to a certain place in Arabia, almost exactly opposite the city of Buto, to make inquiries concerning the winged serpents.[3] On my arrival I saw the backbones and ribs of serpents in such numbers as it is impossible to describe: of the ribs there were a multitude of heaps, some great, some small, some middle-sized. The place where the bones lie is at the entrance of a narrow gorge between steep mountains, which there open upon a spacious plain communicating with the great plain of Egypt. The story goes, that with the spring the winged snakes come flying from Arabia towards Egypt, but are met in this gorge by the birds called ibises, who forbid their entrance and destroy them all. The Arabians assert, and the Egyptians also admit, that it is on account of the service thus rendered that the Egyptians hold the ibis in so much reverence.

The ibis is a bird of a deep black colour, with legs like a crane; its beak is strongly hooked, and its size is about that of the landrail. This is a description of the black ibis which contends with the serpents. The

[1] The horned snake, *vipera cerastes*, is common in Upper Egypt and throughout the deserts. It is very poisonous, and its habit of burying itself in the sand renders it particularly dangerous.

[2] The bite of the cerastes or horned snake is deadly; but of the many serpents in Egypt, three only are poisonous—the cerastes, the asp or naia, and the common viper.

[3] The winged serpents of Herodotus have puzzled many persons from the time of Pausanias to the present day. Isaiah (xxx. 6) mentions the "fiery flying serpent."

commoner sort, for there are two quite distinct species,[1] has the head and the whole throat bare of feathers; its general plumage is white, but the head and neck are jet black, as also are the tips of the wings and the extremity of the tail; in its beak and legs it resembles the other species. The winged serpent is shaped like the water-snake. Its wings are not feathered, but resemble very closely those of the bat. And thus I conclude the subject of the sacred animals.—RAWLINSON'S *Herodotus*, edited by E. H. Blakeney.

KUBLAI KHAN[2]

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Of the great and admirable palace of the Grand Khan near to the city of Kanbalu

THE grand khan usually resides during three months of the year, namely, December, January and February, in the great city of Kanbalu, situated towards the north-eastern extremity of the province of Cathay; and here,

[1] The great services the ibis rendered by destroying snakes and noxious insects were the cause of its being in such esteem in Egypt. The stork was honoured for the same reason in Thessaly. The ibis was sacred to Thoth, the Egyptian Hermes.

[2] Marco Polo (1254–1324) was a Venetian who travelled overland to Tartary and Cathay (China), and spent seventeen years in the service of Kublai Khan, whose court was at Shangtu, not far from the modern Pekin. Marco travelled to all parts of China on his master's business and probably visited the southern states of India. Concerning the value and character of his *Travels*, see page 32.

on the southern side of the new city, is the site of his vast palace, the form and dimensions of which are as follows. In the first place is a square enclosed with a wall and deep ditch; each side of the square being eight miles in length,[1] and having at an equal distance from each extremity an entrance-gate, for the concourse of people resorting thither from all quarters. Within this enclosure there is, on the four sides, an open space one mile in breadth, where the troops are stationed; and this is bounded by a second wall, enclosing a square of six miles, having three gates on the south side, and three on the north, the middle portal of each being larger than the other two, and always kept shut, excepting on the occasions of the emperor's entrance or departure. Those on each side always remain open for the use of common passengers.

In the middle of each division of these walls is a handsome and spacious building, and consequently within the enclosure there are eight such buildings, in which are deposited the royal military stores; one building being appropriated to the reception of each class of stores. Thus, for instance, the bridles, saddles, stirrups, and other furniture serving for the equipment of cavalry, occupy one storehouse; the bows, strings, quivers, arrows, and other articles belonging to archery, occupy another; cuirasses, corslets, and other armour formed of leather, a third storehouse; and so of the rest. Within this walled enclosure there is still another, of great thickness, and its height is full twenty-five feet.

The battlements or crenated parapets are all white.

[1] These dimensions, as applicable to a palace, even for an emperor of China, appear at first view to be extravagant; but the seeming difficulty arises from the misapplication of a term, in calling that a palace which was, in fact, the enclosure of a royal park and encampment.

This also forms a square four miles in extent, each side being one mile, and it has six gates, disposed like those of the former enclosure.[1] It contains in like manner eight large buildings, similarly arranged, which are appropriated to the wardrobe of the emperor. The spaces between the one wall and the other are ornamented with many handsome trees, and contain meadows in which are kept various kinds of beasts, such as stags, the animals that yield the musk, roe-bucks, fallow-deer, and others of the same class. Every interval between the walls, not occupied by buildings, is stocked in this manner. The pastures have abundant herbage. The roads across them being raised three feet above their level, and paved, no mud collects upon them, nor rain-water settles, but on the contrary runs off, and contributes to improve the vegetation.

Within these walls, which constitute the boundary of four miles, stands the palace of the grand khan, the most extensive that has ever yet been known. It reaches from the northern to the southern wall, leaving only a vacant space (or court), where persons of rank and the military guards pass and repass. It has no upper floor, but the roof is very lofty. The paved foundation or platform on which it stands is raised ten spans above the level of the ground, and a wall of marble, two paces wide, is built on all sides, to the level of this pavement, within

[1] To this last enclosure it is that the appellation of the palace should be restricted; and when we read the description of the Meidan of Ispahan, or of the Escurial with its twenty-two courts, we shall not deem the area of a square mile any extraordinary space to be occupied by the various buildings required for such an establishment as that of Kublai. It is at the same time to be remarked that there is a striking agreement between the measure here stated and that assigned to the modern palace in the descriptions we have from the Jesuits.

the line of which the palace is erected; so that the wall, extending beyond the ground plan of the building, and encompassing the whole, serves as a terrace, where those who walk on it are visible from without. Along the exterior edge of the wall is a handsome balustrade, with pillars, which the people are allowed to approach.

The sides of the great halls and the apartments are ornamented with dragons in carved work and gilt, figures of warriors, of birds, and of beasts, with representations of battles. The inside of the roof is contrived in such a manner that nothing besides gilding and painting presents itself to the eye.

On each of the four sides of the palace there is a grand flight of marble steps, by which you ascend from the level of the ground to the wall of marble which surrounds the building, and which constitute the approach to the palace itself. The grand hall is extremely long and wide, and admits of dinners being there served to great multitudes of people. The palace contains a number of separate chambers, all highly beautiful, and so admirably disposed that it seems impossible to suggest any improvement to the system of their arrangement. The exterior of the roof is adorned with a variety of colours, red, green, azure, and violet, and the sort of covering is so strong as to last for many years. The glazing of the windows is so well wrought and so delicate as to have the transparency of crystal.

In the rear of the body of the palace there are large buildings containing several apartments, where is deposited the private property of the monarch, or his treasure in gold and silver bullion, precious stones and pearls, and also his vessels of gold and silver plate. Here are likewise the apartments of his wives; and in

this retired situation he despatches business with convenience, being free from every kind of interruption.

On the other side of the grand palace, and opposite to that in which the emperor resides, is another palace, in every respect similar, appropriated to the residence of Chingis, his eldest son, at whose court are observed all the ceremonials belonging to that of his father, as the prince who is to succeed to the government of the empire.

Not far from the palace, on the northern side, and about a bow-shot distance from the surrounding wall, is an artificial mound of earth, the height of which is full a hundred paces, and the circuit at the base about a mile. It is clothed with the most beautiful evergreen trees; for whenever his majesty receives information of a handsome tree growing in any place, he causes it to be dug up, with all its roots and the earth about them, and however large and heavy it may be, he has it transported by means of elephants to this mount, and adds it to the verdant collection. From this perpetual verdure it has acquired the appellation of the Green Mount.

On its summit is erected an ornamental pavilion, which is likewise entirely green. The view of this altogether—the mount itself, the trees, and the building—forms a delightful and at the same time a wonderful scene. In the northern quarter also, and equally within the precincts of the city, there is a large and deep excavation, judiciously formed, the earth from which supplied the material for raising the mount.[1] It is

[1] This artificial hill exists at the present day, and retains its original name of King-shan, or the Green Mountain; but it would seem, from modern relations, that four others of inferior size have since been added.

furnished with water by a small rivulet, and has the appearance of a fish-pond, but its use is for watering the cattle.

The stream passing from thence along an aqueduct, at the foot of the Green-Mount, proceeds to fill another great and very deep excavation formed between the private palace of the emperor and that of his son Chingis; and the earth from hence equally served to increase the elevation of the mount. In this latter basin there is great store and variety of fish, from which the table of his majesty is supplied with any quantity that may be wanted. The stream discharges itself at the opposite extremity of the piece of water, and precautions are taken to prevent the escape of the fish by placing gratings of copper or iron at the places of its entrance and exit. It is stocked also with swans and other aquatic birds. From the one palace to the other there is a communication by means of a bridge thrown across the water. Such is the description of this great palace.

Of the White Feast, held on the first day of the month of February, being the commencement of their year—of the number of presents then brought—and of the ceremonies that take place at a table whereon is inscribed the name of the grand khan

It is well ascertained that the Tartars date the commencement of their year from the month of February, and on that occasion it is customary for the grand khan, as well as all who are subject to him, in their several countries, to clothe themselves in white garments, which, according to their ideas, are the emblem of good fortune; and they assume this dress at the beginning of the year, in the hope that, during the whole course of it, nothing

but what is fortunate may happen to them, and that they may enjoy pleasure and comfort.

Upon this day the inhabitants of all the provinces and kingdoms who hold lands or rights of jurisdiction under the grand khan, send him valuable presents of gold, silver, and precious stones, together with many pieces of white cloth, which they add with the intent that his majesty may experience throughout the year uninterrupted felicity, and possess treasures adequate to all his expenses. With the same view the nobles, princes, and all ranks of the community, make reciprocal presents, at their respective houses, of white articles; embracing each other with demonstrations of joy and festivity, and saying (as we ourselves are accustomed to do), "May good fortune attend you through the coming year, and may everything you undertake succeed to your wish." On this occasion great numbers of beautiful white horses are presented to the grand khan; or if not perfectly white, it is at least the prevailing colour. In this country white horses are not uncommon.

It is moreover the custom in making presents to the grand khan, for those who have it in their power to furnish nine times nine of the article of which the present consists. Thus, for instance, if a province sends a present of horses, there are nine times nine, or eighty-one head in the drove; so also of gold, or of cloth, nine times nine pieces. By such means his majesty receives at this festival no fewer than a hundred thousand horses.

On this day it is that all his elephants, amounting to five thousand, are exhibited in procession, covered with housings of cloth, fancifully and richly worked with gold and silk, in figures of birds and beasts. Each of

these supports upon its shoulders two coffers filled with vessels of plate and other apparatus for the use of the court. Then follows a train of camels, in like manner laden with various necessary articles of furniture. When the whole are properly arranged, they pass in review before his majesty, and form a pleasing spectacle.

On the morning of the festival, before the tables are spread, all the princes, the nobility of various ranks, the cavaliers, astrologers, physicians, and falconers, with many others holding public offices, the prefects of the people and of the lands, together with the officers of the army, make their entry into the grand hall, in front of the emperor. Those who cannot find room within, stand on the outside of the building, in such a situation as to be within sight of their sovereign.

The assemblage is marshalled in the following order. The first places are assigned to the sons and grandsons of his majesty and all the imperial family. Next to these are the provincial kings and the nobility of the empire, according to their several degrees, in regular succession.

When all have been disposed in the places appointed for them, a person of high dignity, or as we should express it, a great prelate, rises and says with a loud voice: "Bow down and do reverence"; when instantly all bend their bodies until their foreheads touch the floor. Again the prelate cries: "God bless our lord, and long preserve him in the enjoyment of felicity." To which the people answer: "God grant it."

Once more the prelate says: "May God increase the grandeur and prosperity of his empire; may he preserve all those who are his subjects in the blessings of peace and contentment; and in all their lands may abundance prevail." The people again reply: "God grant it."

They then make their prostrations four times. This being done, the prelate advances to an altar, richly adorned, upon which is placed a red tablet inscribed with the name of the grand khan. Near to this stands a censer of burning incense, with which the prelate, on the behalf of all who are assembled, perfumes the tablet and the altar, in a reverential manner; when every one present humbly prostrates himself before the tablet.

This ceremony being concluded, they return to their places, and then make the presentation of their respective gifts; such as have been mentioned. When a display has been made of these, and the grand khan has cast his eyes upon them, the tables are prepared for the feast, and the company, as well women as men, arrange themselves there in the manner and order described in a former chapter.

Upon the removal of the victuals, the musicians and theatrical performers exhibit for the amusement of the court. But on this occasion a lion is conducted into the presence of his majesty, so tame, that it is taught to lay itself down at his feet. The sports being finished, every one returns to his own home.

Of the style in which the grand khan holds his public courts, and sits at table with all his nobles—of the manner in which the drinking vessels of gold and silver, filled with the milk of mares and camels, are disposed in the hall—and of the ceremony that takes place when he drinks

When his majesty holds a grand and public court, those who attend it are seated in the following order. The table of the sovereign is placed before his elevated throne, and he takes his seat on the northern side, with

his face turned towards the south; and next to him, on his left hand, sits the empress. On his right hand, upon seats somewhat lower, are placed his sons, grandsons, and other persons connected with him by blood, that is to say, who are descended from the imperial stock. The seat, however, of Chingis, his eldest son, is raised a little above those of his other sons, whose heads are nearly on a level with the feet of the grand khan.

The other princes and the nobility have their places at still lower tables; and the same rules are observed with respect to the females, the wives of the sons, grandsons, and other relatives of the grand khan being seated on the left hand, at tables in like manner gradually lower; then follow the wives of the nobility and military officers: so that all are seated according to their respective ranks and dignities, in the places assigned to them, and to which they are entitled.

The tables are arranged in such a manner that the grand khan, sitting on his elevated throne, can overlook the whole. It is not, however, to be understood that all who assemble on such occasions can be accommodated at tables. The greater part of the officers, and even of the nobles, on the contrary, eat, sitting upon carpets, in the hall; and on the outside stand a great multitude of persons who come from different countries, and bring with them many rare and curious articles. Some of these are feudatories, who desire to be reinstated in possessions that have been taken from them, and who always make their appearance upon the appointed days of public festivity, or occasions of royal marriages.

In the middle of the hall, where the grand khan sits at table, there is a magnificent piece of furniture, made in the form of a square coffer, each side of which is three paces in length, exquisitely carved in figures of animals,

and gilt. It is hollow within, for the purpose of receiving a capacious vase, shaped like a jar, and of precious materials. calculated to hold about a tun, and filled with wine. On each of its four sides stands a smaller vessel, containing about a hogshead, one of which is filled with mare's milk, another with that of the camel, and so of the others, according to the kinds of beverage in use. Within this buffet are also the cups or flagons belonging to his majesty, for serving the liquors. Some of them are of beautiful gilt plate. Their size is such that, when filled with wine or other liquor, the quantity would be sufficient for eight or ten men. Before every two persons who have seats at the tables, one of these flagons is placed, together with a kind of ladle, in the form of a cup with a handle, also of plate; to be used not only for taking the wine out of the flagon, but for lifting it to the head. This is observed as well with respect to the women as the men.

The quantity and richness of the plate belonging to his majesty is quite incredible. Officers of rank are likewise appointed, whose duty it is to see that all strangers who happen to arrive at the time of the festival, and are unacquainted with the etiquette of the court, are suitably accommodated with places; and these stewards are continually visiting every part of the hall, inquiring of the guests if there is anything with which they are unprovided, or whether any of them wish for wine, milk, meat, or other articles, in which case it is immediately brought to them by the attendants.

At each door of the grand hall, or of whatever part the grand khan happens to be in, stand two officers, of a gigantic figure, one on each side, with staves in their hands, for the purpose of preventing persons from touching the threshold with their feet, and obliging

them to step beyond it. If by chance any one is guilty of this offence, these janitors take from him his garment, which he must redeem for money; or, when they do not take the garment, they inflict on him such number of blows as they have authority for doing. But, as strangers may be unacquainted with the prohibition, officers are appointed to introduce them, by whom they are warned of it; and this precaution is used because touching the threshold is there regarded as a bad omen. In departing from the hall, as some of the company may be affected by the liquor, it is impossible to guard against the accident, and the order is not then strictly enforced.

The numerous persons who attend at the sideboard of his majesty, and who serve him with victuals and drink, are all obliged to cover their noses and mouths with handsome veils or cloths of worked silk, in order that his victuals or his wine may not be affected by their breath. When drink is called for by him, and the page in waiting has presented it, he retires three paces and kneels down, upon which the courtiers, and all who are present, in like manner make their prostration. At the same moment all the musical instruments, of which there is a numerous band, begin to play, and continue to do so until he has ceased drinking, when all the company recover their posture; and this reverential salutation is made so often as his majesty drinks.

It is unnecessary to say anything of the victuals, because it may well be imagined that their abundance is excessive. When the repast is finished, and the tables have been removed, persons of various descriptions enter the hall, and amongst these a troop of comedians and performers on different instruments, as also tumblers and jugglers, who exhibit their skill in the presence of

the grand khan, to the high amusement and gratification of all the spectators. When these sports are concluded, the people separate, and each returns to his own house.—*Travels of Marco Polo*, Everyman edition.

MARCO POLO'S BOOK

By John Masefield

His book is one of the great books of travel. Even now, after the lapse of six centuries, it remains the chief authority for parts of Central Asia, and of the vast Chinese Empire. Some of his wanderings are hard to follow; some of the places which he visited are hard to identify; but the labour of Colonel Yule has cleared up most of the difficulties, and confirmed most of the strange statements. To the geographer, to the historian, and to the student of Asiatic life, the book of Marco Polo will always be most valuable. To the general reader, the great charm of the book is its romance.

It is accounted a romantic thing to wander among strangers and to eat their bread by the camp-fires of the other half of the world. There is romance in doing thus, though the romance has been over-estimated by those whose sedentary lives have created in them a false taste for action. Marco Polo wandered among strangers; but it is open to anyone (with courage and the power of motion) to do the same. Wandering in itself is merely a form of self-indulgence. If it adds not to the stock of human knowledge, or if it gives not to others the imaginative possession of some part of the world, it is a pernicious habit. The acquisition of know-

ledge, the accumulation of fact, is noble only in those few who have that alchemy which transmutes such clay to heavenly eternal gold. It may be thought that many travellers have given their readers great imaginative possessions; but the imaginative possession is not measured in miles and parasangs, nor do the people of that country write accounts of birds and beasts. It is only the wonderful traveller who sees a wonder, and only five travellers in the world's history have seen wonders. The others have seen birds and beasts, rivers and wastes, the earth and the (local) fulness thereof. The five travellers are Herodotus, Gaspar, Melchoir, Balthazar, and Marco Polo himself. The wonder of Marco Polo is this—that he created Asia for the European mind.

When Marco Polo went to the East, the whole of Central Asia, so full of splendour and magnificence, so noisy with nations and kings, was like a dream in men's minds. Europeans touched only the fringe of the East. At Acre, at Byzantium, at the busy cities on the Euxine, the merchants of Europe bartered with the stranger for silks, and jewels and precious balms, brought over the desert at great cost, in caravans from the unknown. The popular conception of the East was taken from the Bible, from the tales of old Crusaders, and from the books of the merchants. All that men knew of the East was that it was mysterious, and that our Lord was born there. Marco Polo, almost the first European to see the East, saw her in all her wonder, more fully than any man has seen her since. His picture of the East is the picture which we all make in our minds when we repeat to ourselves those two strange words, "the East," and give ourselves up to the image which that symbol evokes. It may be that the Western mind will

turn to Marco Polo for a conception of Asia long after "Cathay" has become an American colony.

It is difficult to read Marco Polo as one reads historical facts. One reads him as one reads romance; as one would read, for instance, the *Eve of St. Mark*, or the *Well at the World's End*. The East of which he writes is the East of romance, not the East of the Anglo-Indian, with his Simla, his missions to Tibet, and Reuter telegrams. In the East of romance there grows "the tree of the sun, or dry tree" (by which Marco Polo passed), a sort of landmark or milestone, at the end of the great desert. The apples of the sun and moon grow upon that tree. Darius and Alexander fought in its shade. Those are the significant facts about the tree according to Marco Polo. We moderns, who care little for any tree so soon as we can murmur its Latin name, have lost wonder in losing faith.

The Middle Age, even as our own age is, was full of talk of the Earthly Paradise. It may be that we have progressed in learning to talk of it as a social possibility, instead of as a geographical fact. We like to think that the old Venetians went eastward on their famous journey, half believing that they would arrive there, just as Columbus (two centuries later) half expected to sight land "where the golden blossoms burn upon the trees forever." They did not find the Earthly Paradise; but they saw the splendours of Kublai, one of the mightiest of earthly kings. One feels the presence of Kublai all through the narrative, as the red wine, dropped into the water-cup, suffuses all, or as the string supports the jewels on a trinket. The imagination is only healthy when it broods upon the kingly and the saintly. In Kublai, the reader will find enough images of splendour to make glorious the temple of his mind.

When we think of Marco Polo, it is of Kublai that we think; and, apart from the romantic wonder which surrounds him, he is a noble person, worth our contemplation. He is like a king in a romance. It was the task of a kingly nature to have created him as he appears in the book here. It makes us proud and reverent of the poetic gift, to reflect that this king, "the lord of lords," ruler of so many cities, so many gardens, so many fishpools, would be but a name, an image covered by the sands, had he not welcomed two dusty travellers, who came to him one morning from out of the unknown, after long wandering over the world. Perhaps, when he bade them farewell the thought occurred to him (as it occurred to that other king in the poem) that he might come to be remembered "but by this one thing," when all his glories were fallen from him, and he lay silent, the gold mask upon his face, in the drowsy tomb, where the lamp, long kept alight, at last guttered, and died, and fell to dust.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA

At length all the preparations were complete, and on a Friday (not inauspicious in this case), the 3rd of August, 1492, after they had all confessed and received the sacrament, they set sail from the Bar of Saltes, making for the Canary Islands. One can fancy how the men and the women of Palos watched the specks of white sails vanishing in the west, and how, as each frail bark in turn disappeared in the great ocean, mothers and sisters turned weepingly away as if from a last farewell at the grave of their sailor kinsmen.

Columbus was now fairly afloat, and we may say with Milton, that—

> The world was all before him, where to choose,
> And Providence his guide.[1]

His choice was made, however; and his Guide did not fail him.

He was about to change the long-continued, weary, dismal life of a suitor, for the sharp, intense anxiety of a struggle in which there was no alternative to success but deplorable, ridiculous, fatal failure. Speaking afterwards of the time he spent as a suitor at court, he says, "Eight years I was torn with disputes, and in a word, my proposition was a thing for mockery." It was now to be seen what mockery was in it. The following account of the voyage is mainly taken from an abridgment of Columbus's own diary made by Las Casas, who in some places gives the admiral's own words.

The little squadron reached the Canary Islands in a few days, with no event worth recording, except that the caravel *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, unshipped her rudder. This was supposed to be no accident, but to have been contrived by the owners of the vessel, who did not like the voyage. The admiral (from henceforth Columbus is called "the admiral") was obliged to stay some time at the Canary Islands, to refit the *Pinta*, and to make some change in the cut of her sails. While this was being done, news was brought that three Portuguese government vessels were cruising in the offing with the intention of preventing the expedition. However, on the 6th of September, Columbus set

[1] The exact words are:

> "The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

sail from Gomera, and struck boldly out to sea, without meeting with any of his supposed enemies.

In the abridgment of the diary, under the date of the 19th of August, the admiral remarks that many Spaniards of these islands, "respectable men," swear that each year they see land; and he remembers how, in the year 1484, some one came from the island of Madeira to the King of Portugal to beg a caravel in order to go and discover that land which he declared he could see each year, and in the same manner. Had not the admiral been conscious of the substantial originality of his proceedings, he would hardly have been careful to collect these scattered notices which might afterwards be used, as many like them were used, to depreciate that originality. There is no further entry in the diary until the 6th of September, when they set out from Gomera (one of the Canary Islands) on their unknown way. For many days, what we have of the diary is little more than a log-book, giving the rate of sailing, or rather two rates, one for Columbus's own private heed, and the other for the sailors. On the 13th of September, it is noted that the needle declined in the evening to the north-west, and on the ensuing morning to the north-east, the first time that such a variation had been observed, or at least recorded by Europeans. On the 14th, the sailors of the caravel *Niña* saw two tropical birds, which they said were never wont to be seen at more than fifteen or twenty leagues from shore. On the 15th, they all saw a meteor fall from heaven, which made them very sad. On the 16th, they first came upon those immense plains of seaweed (the *Fucus natans*) which constitute the Mar de Sargasso, and which occupy a space in the Atlantic almost equal to seven times the extent of France. The aspect of these plains

greatly terrified the sailors, who thought they might be coming upon submerged lands and rocks; but finding that the vessels cut their way well through this seaweed, the sailors thereupon took heart. On the 17th, they see more of these plains of seaweed, and thinking themselves to be near land, they are almost in good spirits, when finding that the needle declines to the west a whole point of the compass and more, their hopes suddenly sink again: they begin "to murmur between their teeth," and to wonder whether they are not in another world. Columbus, however, orders an observation to be taken at daybreak, when the needle is found to point to the north again; moreover, he is ready with a theory sufficiently ingenious for that time to account for the phenomenon of variation which had so disturbed the sailors, namely, that it was caused by the north star moving round the pole. The sailors are, therefore, quieted upon this head. In the morning of the same day they catch a crab, from which Columbus infers that they cannot be more than eighty leagues distant from land. The 18th, they see many birds, and a cloud in the distance; and that night they expect to see land. On the 19th, in the morning, comes a pelican (a bird not usually seen twenty leagues from the coast); in the evening, another; also drizzling rain without wind—a certain sign, as the diary says, of proximity to land.

The admiral, however, will not beat about for land as he concludes that the land which these various natural phenomena give token of can only be islands, as indeed it proved to be. He will see them on his return; but now he must press on to the Indies. This determination shows his strength of mind, and indicates the almost scientific basis on which his great resolve reposed.

Accordingly, he was not to be diverted from the main

design by any partial success, though by this time he knew well the fears of his men, some of whom had already come to the conclusion, "that it would be their best plan to throw him quietly into the sea, and say he unfortunately fell in, while he stood absorbed in looking at the stars." Indeed, three days after he had resolved to pass on to the Indies, we find him saying, for Las Casas gives his words, "Very needful for me was this contrary wind, for the people were very much tormented with the idea that there were no winds on these seas that could take them back to Spain."

On they go, having signs occasionally in the presence of birds and grass and fish that land must be near; but land does not come. Once, too, they are all convinced that they see land: they sing the *Gloria in excelsis*; and even the admiral goes out of his course towards this land, which turns out to be no land. They are like men listening to a dreadful discourse or oration, that seems to have many endings which end not: so that the hearer listens at last in grim despair, thinking that all things have lost their meaning, and that ending is but another form of beginning.

These mariners were stout-hearted, too; but what a daring thing it was to plunge, down-hill as it were, into

> A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
> Tractless, and vast, and wild,[1]

mocked day by day with signs of land that neared not. And these men had left at home all that is dearest to man, and did not bring out any great idea to uphold them, and had already done enough to make them important men in their towns, and to furnish ample talk for the evenings of their lives. Still we find Columbus

[1] Rogers.

as late as the 3rd of October saying, "that he did not choose to stop beating about last week during those days that they had such signs of land, although he had knowledge of there being certain islands in that neighbourhood, because he would not suffer any detention, since his object was to go to the Indies; and if he should stop on the way, it would show a want of mind."

Meanwhile, he had a hard task to keep his men in any order. Peter Martyr, who knew Columbus well, and had probably been favoured with a special account from him of these perilous days, describes his way of dealing with the refractory mariners, and how he contrived to win them onwards from day to day; now soothing them with soft words, now carrying their minds from thought of the present danger by spreading out large hopes before them, not forgetting to let them know what their princes would say to them if they attempted aught against him, or would not obey his orders. With this untutored crowd of wild, frightened men around him, with mocking hopes, not knowing what each day would bring to him, on went Columbus. At last came the 11th of October, and with it indubitable signs of land. The diary mentions their finding on that day a table-board and a carved stick, the carving apparently wrought by some iron instrument. Moreover, the men in one of the vessels saw a branch of a haw tree with fruit on it. Now, indeed, they must be close to land. The sun went down upon the same weary round of waters which for so long a time their eyes had ached to see beyond, when, at ten o'clock, Columbus, standing on the poop of his vessel, saw a light, and called to him, privately, Pedro Gutierrez, a groom of the king's chamber, who saw it also. Then they called Rodrigo Sanchez, who had been sent by their highnesses as overlooker. I imagine him to have

been a cold and cautious man, of the kind that are sent by jealous states to accompany and curb great generals, and who are not usually much loved by them. Sanchez did not see the light at first, because, as Columbus says, he did not stand in the place where it could be seen; but at last even he sees it, and it may now be considered to have been seen officially. "It appeared like a candle that went up and down, and Don Christopher did not doubt that it was true light, and that it was on land; and so it proved, as it came from people passing with lights from one cottage to another."

Their highnesses had promised a pension of ten thousand maravedis to the fortunate man who should see land first. The *Pinta* was the foremost vessel; and it was from her deck, at two o'clock in the morning, that land was first seen by Rodrigo de Triana. We cannot but be sorry for this poor common sailor, who got no reward, and of whom they tell a story, that in sadness and despite he passed into Africa, after his return to Spain, and became a Mohammedan. The pension was adjudged to the admiral: it was charged, somewhat ominously, on the shambles of Seville, and was paid him to the day of his death; for, says the historian Herrera, "he saw light in the midst of darkness, signifying the spiritual light which was introduced amongst these barbarous people, God permitting that, the war being finished with the Moors, seven hundred and twenty years after they had set foot in Spain, this work (the conversion of the Indians) should commence, so that the Princes of Castile and Leon might always be occupied in bringing infidels to the knowledge of the Holy Catholic faith."

These last words are notable. They are such as Columbus himself would probably have made use of in

describing this, the crowning event of his life. In the preface to his diary, which is an address to Ferdinand and Isabella, he speaks at large of the motives of their highnesses. He begins by saying how, in this present year of 1492, their highnesses had concluded their war with the Moors, having taken the great city of Granada, at the siege of which he was present, and saw the royal banners placed upon the towers of the Alhambra. He then tells how he had given information to their highnesses of the lands of India, and of a prince, called the Grand Khan, who had sent ambassadors to Rome, praying for doctors to instruct him in the faith; and how the holy father had never provided him with these doctors; and that great towns were perishing, from the belief of their inhabitants in idolatry, and from receiving amongst them "sects of perdition." After the above statement, he adds, "Your highnesses, as Catholic Christians and princes, lovers and furtherers of the Christian faith, and enemies of the sect of Mohammed, and of all idolatries and heresies, thought to send me, Christopher Columbus, to the aforesaid provinces of India to see the aforesaid princes, the cities and lands, and the disposition of them and of everything about them, and the way that should be taken to convert them to our holy faith."

Columbus then speaks of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain as occurring at the same time as that in which he received orders to pursue a westerly course to India, thus combining the two transactions together, no doubt as proofs of the devout intentions of their highnesses: and, indeed, throughout the document, he ascribes no motives to the monarchs but such as were religious.

The diary to which this address was prefixed is

probably one of the books which their highnesses allude to in a letter to Columbus as being in their possession, and which they assured him they had not shown to anybody. I see no reason to doubt the perfect good faith of Columbus in making such a statement as that just referred to; and it is well to remark upon it, because we shall never come to a right understanding of those times and of the question of slavery as connected with them, unless we fully appreciate the good as well as the bad motives which guided the most important persons of that era.

As for Queen Isabella, there can be no doubt about her motives. Even in the lamentably unjust things in which she was but too often concerned, she had what, to her mind, was compelling reason to act as she did. Perhaps there is hardly any great personage whose name and authority are found in connection with so much that is strikingly evil, all of it done, or rather assented to, upon the highest and purest motives. Whether we refer to the expulsion of the Jews, the treatment of the Moorish converts, or the establishment of the Inquisition, all her proceedings in these matters were entirely sincere and noble-minded. Methinks I can still see her beautiful majestic face (with broad brow, and clear, honest, loving eye) as it looks down upon the beholder from one of the chapels in the cathedral at Granada: a countenance too expressive and individual to be what painters give as that of an angel, and yet the next thing to it. Now, I could almost fancy, she looks down reproachfully, and yet with conscious sadness. What she would say in her defence, could we interrogate her, is, that she obeyed the voice of heaven, taking the wise and good men of her day as its interpreters. Oh! that she had but persisted in listening to it, as it spoke

in her own kindly heart, when with womanly pity she was wont to intercede in favour of the poor cooped-up inmates of some closely beleaguered town or fortress! But at least the poor Indian can utter nothing but blessings on her. He might have needed no other "protector" had she lived; nor would slavery have found in his fate one of the darkest and most fatal chapters in its history.

But now, from Granada, and our fancies there, the narrative brings us back to the first land touched by Columbus. The landing of Columbus in the New World must ever be a conspicuous fact in the annals of mankind, and it was celebrated by a ceremonial worthy of the occasion. On the ensuing morning, after the light had been observed from the ships, being a Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, Columbus, clad in complete armour, and carrying in his hand the royal banner of Spain, descended upon the level shores of the small island [1] which had first greeted him, and which he found to be very fruitful—fresh and verdant, and "like a garden full of trees." The other captains accompanied him, each of them bearing a banner with a green cross depicted upon it, and with the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella surmounted by their respective crowns—a device that well expressed the loyalty and devotion of Columbus, and had been chosen by him. These chief officers were followed by a large retinue from their crews. In numerous lines along the shore stood the simple islanders, looking on with innocent amazement.

On touching land, Columbus and all the Spaniards who were present fell upon their knees, and with tears—tears of that deepest kind which men do not know the

[1] San Salvador, one of the Bahamas.

cause of—poured forth their "immense thanksgivings to Almighty God."

The man who, of all that embassage, if we may call it so, from the Old to the New World, was certainly the least surprised by all he saw, was, at the same time, the most affected. For thus it is, that the boldness of a great design is never fully appreciated by the designer himself until he has apparently accomplished his work, when he is apt, if it be indeed a great work, to look back with shuddering awe at his own audacity in having proposed it to mankind. The vast resolve which has sustained such a man throughout his long and difficult enterprise, having for the moment nothing to struggle against, dies away, leaving a strange sinking at the heart: and thus the greatest successes are often accompanied by a peculiar and bewildering melancholy. New difficulties, however, bred from success (for nothing is complete in life), soon arise to summon forth again the discoverer's energies, and to nerve him for fresh disappointments and renewed endeavours. Columbus will not fail to have his full share of such difficulties.

The followers of the great man, whose occasional faint-heartedness must often have driven all sleep from his weary eyelids throughout the watches of the night, now began to think with remorse how much suffering they had needlessly inflicted upon their greatly-enduring leader. They sought his pardon with tears, and, subdued for the moment by his greatness when illustrated by success, expressed in loving terms their admiration, their gratitude, and their assurances of fidelity. The placable Columbus received their gracious sayings with all the warmth and tenderness that belonged to his large-hearted and amiable character.—Sir Arthur Helps (*Life of Columbus*).

MUNGO PARK DISCOVERS THE NIGER

Wawra is a small town surrounded with high walls, and inhabited by a mixture of Mandigoes and Foulahs. The inhabitants employ themselves chiefly in cultivating corn, which they exchange with the Moors for salt. Here, being in security from the Moors, and very much fatigued, I resolved to rest myself, and meeting with a hearty welcome from the Dooty, whose name was Flancharee, I laid myself down upon a bullock's hide, and slept soundly for about two hours. The curiosity of the people would not allow me to sleep any longer. They had seen my saddle and bridle, and were assembled in great number to learn who I was, and whence I came. Some were of opinion that I was an Arab; others insisted that I was some Moorish Sultan; and they continued to debate the matter with such warmth, that the noise awoke me. The Dooty (who had formerly been at Gambia) at last interposed in my behalf, and assured them that I was certainly a white man; but he was convinced from my appearance that I was a very poor one.

In the course of the day, several women, hearing that I was going to Sego, came and begged me to inquire of Mansong, the king, what was become of their children. One woman in particular told me that her son's name was Mamadee; that he was no heathen, but prayed to God morning and evening, and had been taken from her about three years ago by Mansong's army: since which she had never heard of him. She said she often dreamed about him; and begged me, if I should see him, either in Bambarra, or in my own country, to tell him that his

mother and sister were still alive. In the afternoon the Dooty examined the contents of the leather bag, in which I had packed up my clothes; but finding nothing that was worth taking, he returned it, and told me to depart in the morning.

July 6th.—It rained very much in the night, and at daylight I departed, in company with a Negro, who was going to a town called Dingyee for corn; but we had not proceeded above a mile, before the ass upon which he rode kicked him off, and he returned, leaving me to prosecute the journey by myself.

I reached Dingyee about noon; but the Dooty and most of the inhabitants had gone into the fields to cultivate corn. An old Foulah, observing me wandering about the town, desired me to come to his hut, where I was well entertained; and the Dooty, when he returned, sent me some victuals for myself, and corn for my horse.

July 7th.—In the morning, when I was about to depart, my landlord, with a great deal of diffidence, begged me to give him a lock of my hair. He had been told, he said, that white men's hair made a saphie, that would give to the possessor all the knowledge of white men. I had never before heard of so simple a mode of education, but instantly complied with the request; and my landlord's thirst for learning was such, that, with cutting and pulling, he cropped one side of my head pretty closely; and would have done the same with the other, had I not signified my disapprobation by putting on my hat, and assuring him, that I wished to reserve some of this precious merchandise for a future occasion.

I reached a small town called Wassiboo about twelve o'clock, where I was obliged to stop until an opportunity should offer of procuring a guide to Satilé, which is

distant a very long day's journey, through woods without any beaten path. I accordingly took up my residence at the Dooty's house, where I stayed four days; during which time I amused myself by going to the fields with the family to plant corn. Cultivation is carried on here on a very extensive scale; and, as the natives themselves express it, "hunger is never known." In cultivating the soil, the men and women work together. They use a large sharp hoe, much superior to that used in Gambia; but they are obliged, for fear of the Moors, to carry their arms with them to the field. The master, with the handle of his spear, marks the field into regular plats, one of which is assigned to every three slaves.

On the evening of the 11th, eight of the fugitive Kaartans arrived at Wassiboo. They had found it impossible to live under the tyrannical government of the Moors, and were going to transfer their allegiance to the king of Bambarra. They offered to take me along with them as far as Satilé, and I accepted the offer.

July 12th.—At daybreak we set out, and travelled with uncommon expedition until sunset: we stopped only twice in the course of the day, once at a watering place in the woods, and another time at the ruins of a town, formerly belonging to Daisy, called *Illa-Compe* (the corn town). When we arrived in the neighbourhood of Satilé, the people who were employed in the corn fields, seeing so many horsemen, took us for a party of Moors, and ran screaming away from us. The whole town was instantly alarmed, and the slaves were seen in every direction driving the cattle and horses towards the town. It was in vain that one of our company galloped up to undeceive them: it only frightened them

the more; and when we arrived at the town, we found the gates shut and the people all under arms. After a long parley we were permitted to enter; and as there was every appearance of a heavy tornado, the Dooty allowed us to sleep in his baloon, and gave us each a bullock's hide for a bed.

July 13*th.*—Early in the morning we again set forward. The roads were wet and slippery; but the country was very beautiful, abounding with rivulets, which were increased by the rain into rapid streams. About ten o'clock we came to the ruins of a village, which had been destroyed by war about six months before; and in order to prevent any town from being built there in future, the large Bentang tree, under which the natives spent the day, had been burned down, the wells filled up, and everything that could make the spot desirable completely destroyed.

About noon my horse was so much fatigued that I could not keep up with my companions; I therefore dismounted, and desired them to ride on, telling them that I would follow as soon as my horse had rested a little. But I found them unwilling to leave me. The lions, they said, were very numerous in those parts, and though they might not so readily attack a body of people, they would soon find out an individual. It was therefore agreed that one of the company should stay with me to assist in driving my horse, while the others passed on to Galloo to procure lodgings, and collect grass for the horses before night. Accompanied by this worthy negro, I drove my horse before me, until about four o'clock, when we came in sight of Galloo, a considerable town, standing in a fertile and beautiful valley surrounded with high rocks.

As my companions had thoughts of settling in this

neighbourhood, they had a fine sheep given them by the Dooty; and I was fortunate enough to procure plenty of corn for my horse. Here they blow upon elephants' teeth when they announce evening prayers, in the same manner as at Kemmoo.

Early next morning (July 14th), having first returned many thanks to our landlord for his hospitality, while my fellow-travellers offered up their prayers that he might never want, we set forward, and about three o'clock arrived at Moorja, a large town, famous for its trade in salt, which the Moors bring here in great quantities to exchange for corn and cotton cloth. As most of the people here are Mahomedans, it is not allowed to the Kafirs to drink beer, which they call *Neo-dollo* (corn spirit), except in certain houses. In one of these I saw about twenty people sitting round large vessels of this beer with the greatest conviviality, many of them in a state of intoxication. As corn is plentiful, the inhabitants are very liberal to strangers. I believe we had as much corn and milk sent us by different people as would have been sufficient for three times our number; and though we remained here two days, we experienced no diminution of their hospitality.

On the morning of the 16th we again set forward, accompanied by a coffle of fourteen asses, loaded with salt, bound for Sansanding. The road was particularly romantic, between two rocky hills; but the Moors sometimes lie in wait here to plunder strangers. As soon as we had reached the open country, the master of the salt coffle thanked us for having staid with him so long, and now desired us to ride on. The sun was almost set before we reached Datliboo. In the evening we had a most tremendous tornado. The house in which we lodged being flat-roofed, admitted the rain in streams.

The floor was soon ankle deep, the fire extinguished, and we were left to pass the night upon some bundles of firewood that happened to lie in a corner.

July 17th.—We departed from Datliboo, and about ten o'clock passed a large coffle returning from Sego, with corn hoes, mats, and other household utensils. At five o'clock we came to a large village, where we intended to pass the night, but the Dooty would not receive us. When we departed from this place, my horse was so much fatigued that I was under the necessity of driving him, and it was dark before we reached Fanimboo, a small village; the Dooty of which no sooner heard that I was a white man than he brought out three old muskets, and was much disappointed when he was told that I could not repair them.

July 18th.—We continued our journey; but, owing to a light supper the preceding night, we felt ourselves rather hungry this morning, and endeavoured to procure some corn at a village, but without success. The towns were now more numerous, and the land that is not employed in cultivation affords excellent pasturage for large herds of cattle; but owing to the great concourse of people daily going to and returning from Sego, the inhabitants are less hospitable to strangers.

My horse becoming weaker and weaker every day, was now of very little service to me; I was obliged to drive him before me for the greater part of the day, and did not reach Geosorro until eight o'clock in the evening. I found my companions wrangling with the Dooty, who had absolutely refused to give or sell them any provisions; and as none of us had tasted victuals for the last twenty-four hours, we were by no means disposed to fast another day, if we could help it. But finding our entreaties without effect, and being very much fatigued,

I fell asleep, from which I was awakened, about midnight, with the joyful information, *kinnenata* (the victuals is come). This made the remainder of the night pass away pleasantly; and at daybreak, July 19th, we resumed our journey, proposing to stop at a village called Doolinkeaboo, for the night following. My fellow-travellers, having better horses than myself, soon left me, and I was walking barefoot, driving my horse, when I was met by a coffle of slaves, about seventy in number, coming from Sego. They were tied together by their necks with thongs of a bullock's hide, twisted like a rope; seven slaves upon a thong, and a man with a musket between every seven. Many of the slaves were ill-conditioned, and a great number of them women. In the rear came Sidi Mahomed's servant, whom I remembered to have seen at the camp of Benowm; he presently knew me, and told me that these slaves were going to Morocco, by the way of Ludamar, and the Great Desert.

In the afternoon, as I approached Doolinkeaboo, I met about twenty Moors on horseback, the owners of the slaves I had seen in the morning; they were well armed with muskets, and were very inquisitive concerning me, but not so rude as their countrymen generally are. From them I learned that Sidi Mahomed was not at Sego, but had gone to Kancaba for gold dust.

When I arrived at Doolinkeaboo, I was informed that my fellow-travellers had gone on, but my horse was so much fatigued that I could not possibly proceed after them. The Dooty of the town, at my request, gave me a draught of water, which is generally looked upon as an earnest of greater hospitality; and I had no doubt of making up for the toils of the day by a good supper and a sound sleep; unfortunately I had

neither one nor the other. The night was rainy and tempestuous, and the Dooty limited his hospitality to the draught of water.

July 20th.—In the morning I endeavoured, both by entreaties and threats, to procure some victuals from the Dooty, but in vain. I even begged some corn from one of his female slaves, as she was washing it at the well, and had the mortification to be refused. However, when the Dooty was gone to the fields, his wife sent me a handful of meal, which I mixed with water, and drank for breakfast. About eight o'clock I departed from Doolinkeaboo, and at noon stopped a few minutes at a large korree, where I had some milk given me by the Foulahs. And hearing that two negroes were going from thence to Sego, I was happy to have their company, and we set out immediately. About four o'clock we stopped at a small village, where one of the negroes met with an acquaintance, who invited us to a sort of public entertainment, which was conducted with more than common propriety. A dish made of sour milk and meal, called *Sinkatoo*, and beer made from their corn, were distributed with great liberality, and the women were admitted into the society—a circumstance I had never before observed in Africa. There was no compulsion, every one was at liberty to drink as he pleased; they nodded to each other when about to drink, and on setting down the calabash, commonly said *berka* (thank you). Both men and women appeared to be somewhat intoxicated, but they were far from being quarrelsome.

Departing from thence, we passed several large villages, where I was constantly taken for a Moor, and became the subject of much merriment to the Bambarrans; who seeing me drive my horse before me, laughed heartily at my appearance. He has been at

Mecca, says one, you may see that by his clothes; another asked me if my horse was sick; a third wished to purchase it, etc.; so that I believe the very slaves were ashamed to be seen in my company. Just before it was dark, we took up our lodging for the night at a small village, where I procured some victuals for myself, and some corn for my horse, at the moderate price of a button, and was told that I should see the Niger (which the negroes called Jolliba, or *the great water*) early the next day. The lions are here very numerous; the gates are shut a little after sunset, and nobody allowed to go out. The thoughts of seeing the Niger in the morning, and the troublesome buzzing of mosquitoes, prevented me from shutting my eyes during the night; and I had saddled my horse and was in readiness before daylight; but, on account of the wild beasts, we were obliged to wait until the people were stirring, and the gates opened. This happened to be a market-day at Sego, and the roads were everywhere filled with people carrying different articles to sell. We passed four large villages, and at eight o'clock saw the smoke over Sego.

As we approached the town, I was fortunate enough to overtake the fugitive Kaartans, to whose kindness I had been so much indebted in my journey through Bambarra. They readily agreed to introduce me to the king; and we rode together through some marshy ground, where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out, *geo affili* (see the water), and looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and, having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the

Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.

The circumstance of the Niger's flowing towards the east, and its collateral points, did not, however, excite my surprise; for although I had left Europe in great hesitation on this subject, and rather believed that it ran in the contrary direction, I had made such frequent inquiries during my progress concerning this river, and received from negroes, of different nations, such clear and decisive assurances that its general course was *towards the rising sun*, as scarce left any doubt on my mind; and more especially as I knew that Major Houghton had collected similar information in the same manner.

Sego, the capital of Bambarra, at which I had now arrived, consists, properly speaking, of four distinct towns; two on the northern bank of the Niger, called Sego Korro and Sego Boo; and two on the southern bank, called Sego Soo Korro and Sego See Korro. They are all surrounded with high mud walls; the houses are built of clay, of a square form, with flat roofs; some of them have two storeys, and many of them are white-washed. Besides these buildings, Moorish mosques are seen in every quarter; and the streets, though narrow, are broad enough for every useful purpose, in a country where wheel-carriages are entirely unknown. From the best inquiries I could make, I have reason to believe that Sego contains altogether about thirty thousand inhabitants. The king of Bambarra constantly resides at Sego See Korro; he employs a great many slaves in conveying people over the river, and the money they receive (though the fare is only ten cowrie shells for each individual) furnishes a considerable revenue to the king in the course of a year. The canoes are of a singular

construction, each of them being formed of the trunks of two large trees, rendered concave, and joined together, not side by side, but end-ways; the junction being exactly across the middle of the canoe; they are therefore very long and disproportionably narrow, and have neither decks nor masts; they are, however, very roomy; for I observed in one of them four horses and several people crossing over the river. When we arrived at this ferry, with a view to pass over to that part of the town in which the king resides, we found a great number waiting for a passage; they looked at me with silent wonder, and I distinguished, with concern, many Moors among them. There were three different places of embarkation, and the ferrymen were very diligent and expeditious; but, from the crowd of people, I could not immediately obtain a passage, and sat down upon the bank of the river, to wait a more favourable opportunity. The view of this extensive city; the numerous canoes upon the river; the crowded population, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, formed altogether a prospect of civilisation and magnificence which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river; during which time, the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me, until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night; and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to

conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village; where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals, in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton; in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore;

for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: "The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn." *Chorus*—"Let us pity the white man; no mother has he," etc., etc. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat; the only recompense I could make her.

July 21st.—I continued in the village all this day in conversation with the natives, who came in crowds to see me; but was rather uneasy towards evening, to find that no message had arrived from the king; the more so as the people began to whisper, that Mansong had received some very unfavourable accounts of me from the Moors and Slatees residing at Sego; who, it seems, were exceedingly suspicious concerning the motives of my journey. I learnt that many consultations had been held with the king concerning my reception and disposal; and some of the villagers frankly told me, that I had many enemies, and must expect no favour.

July 22nd.—About eleven o'clock, a messenger arrived from the king, but he gave me very little satisfaction. He inquired particularly if I had brought any present, and seemed much disappointed when he was told that I had been robbed of everything by the Moors. When I proposed to go along with him, he told me to stop until the afternoon, when the king would send for me.

July 23*rd*.—In the afternoon another messenger arrived from Mansong, with a bag in his hands. He told me it was the king's pleasure that I should depart forthwith from the vicinage of Sego; but that Mansong, wishing to relieve a white man in distress, had sent me five thousand cowries,[1] to enable me to purchase provisions in the course of my journey; the messenger added, that if my intentions were really to proceed to Jenné, he had orders to accompany me as a guide to Sansanding. I was at first puzzled to account for this behaviour of the king; but from the conversation I had with the guide, I had afterwards reason to believe that Mansong would willingly have admitted me into his presence at Sego, but was apprehensive he might not be able to protect me against the blind and inveterate malice of the Moorish inhabitants. His conduct, therefore, was at once prudent and liberal. The circumstances under which I made my appearance at Sego were undoubtedly such as might create in the mind of the king a well-warranted suspicion that I wished to conceal the true object of my journey. He argued probably as my guide argued: who, when he was told that I had come from a great distance, and through many dangers, to behold the Jolliba river, naturally inquired, if there were no rivers in my own country, and whether one river was not like another. Notwithstanding this, and in spite of the jealous machinations of the Moors, this benevolent prince thought it sufficient, that a white man was found

[1] Mention has already been made of these little shells which pass current as money, in many parts of the East Indies, as well as Africa. In Bambarra, and the adjacent countries, where the necessaries of life are very cheap, one hundred of them would commonly purchase a day's provisions for myself and corn for my horse. I reckoned about two hundred and fifty cowries equal to one shilling.

in his dominions, in a condition of extreme wretchedness; and that no other plea was necessary to entitle the sufferer to his bounty.—MUNGO PARK (*Travels*).

ANSON VISITS ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND[1]

ON the 9th of June, we first descried the island of Juan Fernandes, bearing N. by E.½E., at eleven or twelve leagues distance. And though, on this first view, it appeared to be a very mountainous place, extremely ragged and irregular, yet as it was land, and the land we sought for, it was to us a most agreeable sight: because at this place only we could hope to put a period to those terrible calamities we had so long struggled with, which had already swept away above half our crew, and which, had we continued a few days longer at sea, would inevitably have completed our destruction. For we were by this time reduced to so helpless a condition, that out of two hundred and odd men which remained alive,[2] we could not, taking all our watches together, muster hands enough to work the ship on an emergency, though we included the officers, their servants, and the boys.

The wind being northerly when we first made the island, we kept plying all that day, and the next night,

[1] Anson sailed from England in the *Centurion* with six ships of war, round the Horn, across the Pacific to China, and thence home again *via* the Cape of Good Hope, 1740–1744.

[2] Out of five hundred. The rest had died of scurvy and other diseases.

in order to get in with the land; and wearing the ship in the middle watch, we had a melancholy instance of the almost incredible debility of our people; for the lieutenant could muster no more than two quarter-masters and six fore-mast men capable of working; so that without the assistance of the officers, servants, and the boys, it might have proved impossible for us to have reached the island, after we had got sight of it; and even with this assistance they were two hours in trimming the sails: to so wretched a condition was a sixty-gun ship reduced, which had passed Streights Le Maire but three months before with between four and five hundred men, almost all of them in health and vigour.

However, on the 10th in the afternoon we got under the lee of the island, and kept ranging along it, at about two miles distance, in order to look out for the proper anchorage, which was described to be in a bay on the north side. Being now nearer in with the shore, we could discover that the broken craggy precipices, which had appeared so unpromising at a distance, were far from barren, being in most places covered with woods, and that between them there were everywhere interspersed the finest valleys, clothed with a most beautiful verdure, and watered with numerous streams and cascades, no valley of any extent being unprovided of its proper rill. The water too, as we afterwards found, was not inferior to any we had ever tasted, and was constantly clear.

The aspect of this country, thus diversified, would, at all times, have been extremely delightful; but in our distressed situation, languishing as we were for the land and its vegetable productions (an inclination constantly attending every stage of the sea-scurvy), it is scarcely credible with what eagerness and transport we viewed

the shore, and with how much impatience we longed for the greens and other refreshments which were then in sight, and particularly the water, for of this we had been confined to a very sparing allowance a considerable time, and had then but five ton remaining on board.

Those only who have endured a long series of thirst, and who can readily recall the desire and agitation which the ideas alone of springs and brooks have at that time raised in them, can judge of the emotion with which we eyed a large cascade of the most transparent water, which poured itself from a rock near a hundred feet high into the sea at a small distance from the ship. Even those amongst the diseased who were not in the very last stages of the distemper, though they had been long confined to their hammocks, exerted the small remains of strength that were left them, and crawled up to the deck to feast themselves with this reviving prospect.

Thus we coasted the shore, fully employed in the contemplation of this enchanting landskip, which still improved upon us the farther we advanced. But at the last the night closed upon us, before we had satisfied ourselves which was the proper bay to anchor in; and therefore we resolved to keep in soundings all night (we having then from sixty-four to seventy fathom), and to send our boat next morning to discover the road. However, the current shifted in the night, and set us so near the land that we were obliged to let go the best bower in fifty-six fathom, not half a mile from the shore.

At four in the morning, the cutter was despatched with our third lieutenant to find out the bay we were in search of, who returned again at noon with the boat laden with seals and grass; for though the island abounded with better vegetables, yet the boat's crew, in their short stay, had not met with them; and they

well knew that even grass would prove a dainty, as indeed it was all soon and eagerly devoured. The seals too were considered as fresh provision, but as yet were not much admired, though they grew afterwards into more repute: for what rendered them less valuable at this juncture was the prodigious quantity of excellent fish which the people on board had taken during the absence of the boat.

The cutter, in this expedition, had discovered the bay where we intended to anchor, which we found was to the westward of our present station; and, the next morning, the weather proving favourable, we endeavoured to weigh, in order to proceed thither; but though, on this occasion, we mustered all the strength we could, obliging even the sick, who were scarce able to keep on their legs, to assist us, yet the capstan was so weakly manned that it was near four hours before we hove the cable right up and down: after which, with our utmost efforts, and with many surges and some purchases we made use of to increase our power, we found ourselves incapable of starting the anchor from the ground. However, at noon, as a fresh gale blew towards the bay, we were induced to set the sails, which fortunately tripped the anchor; and then we steered along shore till we came abreast of the point that forms the eastern part of the bay.

On the opening of the bay, the wind, that had befriended us thus far, shifted and blew from thence in squalls; but by means of the headway we had got we loofed close in, till the anchor brought us up in fifty-six fathom. Soon after we had thus got to our new berth we discovered a sail, which we made no doubt was one of our squadron; and on its nearer approach we found it to be the *Tryal* sloop.

We immediately sent some of our hands on board her, by whose assistance she was brought to an anchor between us and the land. We soon found that the sloop had not been exempted from the same calamities which we had so severely felt; for her commander, Captain Saunders, waiting on the commodore, informed him that out of his small complement he had buried thirty-four of his men; and those that remained were so universally afflicted with the scurvy, that only himself, his lieutenant, and three of his men, were able to stand by the sails.

The *Tryal* came to an anchor within us on the 12th, about noon, and we carried our hawsers on board her, in order to moor ourselves nearer in shore; but the wind coming off the land in violent gusts, prevented our mooring in the berth we intended. Indeed our principal attention was employed on business rather of more importance: for we were now extremely occupied in sending on shore materials to raise tents for the reception of the sick, who died apace on board, and doubtless the distemper was considerably augmented by the stench and filthiness in which they lay; for the number of the diseased was so great, and so few could be spared from the necessary duty of the sails to look after them, that it was impossible to avoid a great relaxation in the article of cleanliness, which had rendered the ship extremely loathsome between decks.

Notwithstanding our desire of freeing the sick from their hateful situation, and their own extreme impatience to get on shore, we had not hands enough to prepare the tents for their reception before the 16th; but on that and the two following days we sent them all on shore, amounting to a hundred and sixty-seven persons, besides twelve or fourteen who died in the boats

on their being exposed to the fresh air. The greatest part of our sick were so infirm that we were obliged to carry them out of the ship in their hammocks, and to convey them afterwards in the same manner from the water-side to their tents, over a stony beach. This was a work of considerable fatigue to the few who were healthy, and therefore the commodore, according to his accustomed humanity, not only assisted herein with his own labour, but obliged his officers, without distinction, to give their helping hand.

The extreme weakness of our sick may in some measure be collected from the numbers who died after they had got on shore; for it had generally been found that the land, and the refreshments it produces, very soon recover most stages of the sea-scurvy; and we flattered ourselves, that those who had not perished on this first exposure to the open air, but had lived to be placed in their tents, would have been speedily restored to their health and vigour. Yet, to our great mortification, it was near twenty days after their landing before the mortality was tolerably ceased; and for the first ten or twelve days we buried rarely less than six each day, and many of those who survived recovered by very slow and insensible degrees. Indeed, those who were well enough at their first getting on shore to creep out of their tents, and crawl about, were soon relieved, and recovered their health and strength in a very short time; but in the rest, the disease seemed to have acquired a degree of inveteracy which was altogether without example.

Having proceeded thus far, and got our sick on shore, I think it necessary, before I enter into any longer detail of our transactions, to give a distinct account of this island of Juan Fernandes, its situation, productions, and all its conveniences. These particulars we were well

enabled to be minutely instructed in during our three months' stay there; and as it is the only commodious place in those seas where British cruisers can refresh and recover their men after their passage round Cape Horn, and where they may remain for some time without alarming the Spanish coast, these its advantages will merit a circumstantial description.

Indeed Mr. Anson was particularly industrious in directing the roads and coasts to be surveyed, and other observations to be made, knowing from his own experience of how great consequence these materials might prove to any British vessels hereafter employed in those seas. For the uncertainty we were in of its position, and our standing in for the main on the 28th of May, in order to secure a sufficient easting, when we were indeed extremely near it, cost us the lives of between seventy and eighty of our men, by our longer continuance at sea: from which fatal accident we might have been exempted had we been furnished with such an account of its situation as we could fully have depended on.

The island of Juan Fernandes lies in the latitude of 33° 40′ south, and is a hundred and ten leagues distant from the continent of Chili. It is said to have received its name from a Spaniard, who formerly procured a grant of it, and resided there some time with a view of settling on it, but afterwards abandoned it. The island itself is of an irregular figure. Its greatest extent is between four and five leagues, and its greatest breadth somewhat short of two leagues. The only safe anchoring at this island is on the north side, where are the three bays mentioned above, but the middlemost, known by the name of Cumberland Bay, is the widest and deepest, and in all respects much the best; for the other two, denominated the East and West bays, are scarcely more

than good landing-places, where boats may conveniently put their casks on shore. Cumberland Bay is well secured to the southward, and is only exposed from the N. by W. to the E. by S.; and as the northerly winds seldom blow in that climate, and never with any violence, the danger from that quarter is not worth attending to.

As the bay last described, or Cumberland Bay, is by far the most commodious road in the island, so it is advisable for all ships to anchor on the western side of this bay, within little more than two cables' lengths of the beach. Here they may ride in forty fathom of water, and be, in great measure, sheltered from a large heavy sea which comes rolling in whenever an eastern or a western wind blows. It is however expedient, in this case, to cackle or arm the cables with an iron chain, or good rounding, for five or six fathom from the anchor, to secure them from being rubbed by the foulness of the ground.

The northern part of this island is composed of high craggy hills, many of them inaccessible, though generally covered with trees. The soil of this part is loose and shallow, so that very large trees on the hills soon perish for want of root, and are then easily overturned; which occasioned the unfortunate death of one of our sailors, who being upon the hills in search of goats, caught hold of a tree upon a declivity to assist him in his ascent, and this giving way, he immediately rolled down the hill, and though in his fall he fastened on another tree of considerable bulk, yet that too gave way, and he fell amongst the rocks, and was dashed to pieces.

Mr. Brett likewise met with an accident only by resting his back against a tree, near as large about as himself, which stood on a slope; for the tree giving way, he fell to a considerable distance, though without

receiving any injury. Our prisoners (whom, as will be related in the sequel, we afterwards brought in here) remarked that the appearance of the hills in some part of the island resembled that of the mountains in Chili where the gold is found, so that it is not impossible but mines might be discovered here. We observed, in some places, several hills of a peculiar sort of red earth, exceeding vermilion in colour, which perhaps, on examination, might prove useful for many purposes.

The southern, or rather the S.W., part of the island is widely different from the rest, being dry, stony, and destitute of trees, and very flat and low compared with the hills on the northern part. This part of the island is never frequented by ships, being surrounded by a steep shore, and having little or no fresh water; and, besides, it is exposed to the southerly wind, which generally blows here the whole year round, and in the winter solstice very hard.

The trees of which the woods on the northern side of the island are composed are most of them aromatics, and of many different sorts. There are none of them of a size to yield any considerable timber, except the myrtle-trees, which are the largest on the island, and supplied us with all the timber we made use of, but even these would not work to a greater length than forty feet. The top of the myrtle-tree is circular, and appears as uniform and regular as if it had been clipped by art. It bears on its bark an excrescence like moss which in taste and smell resembles garlic, and was used by our people instead of it. We found here too the piemento-tree, and likewise the cabbage-tree, though in no great plenty. And besides a great number of plants of various kinds, which we were not botanists enough either to describe or attend to, we found here almost all the vegetables

which are usually esteemed to be particularly adapted to the cure of those scorbutic disorders which are contracted by salt diet and long voyages.

For here we had great quantities of water-cresses and purslain, with excellent wild sorrel, and a vast profusion of turnips and Sicilian radishes: these two last, having some resemblance to each other, were confounded by our people under the general name of turnips. We usually preferred the tops of the turnips to the roots, which were often stringy, though some of them were free from that exception, and remarkably good. These vegetables, with the fish and flesh we got here, and which I shall more particularly describe hereafter, were not only extremely grateful to our palates, after the long course of salt diet which we had been confined to, but were likewise of the most salutary consequence to our sick, in recovering and invigorating them, and of no mean service to us who were well, in destroying the lurking seeds of the scurvy, from which perhaps none of us were totally exempt, and in refreshing and restoring us to our wonted strength and activity.

To the vegetables I have already mentioned, of which we made perpetual use, I must add that we found many acres of ground covered with oats and clover. There were also some few cabbage-trees upon the island, as was observed before, but as they generally grew on the precipices, and in dangerous situations, and as it was necessary to cut down a large tree for every single cabbage, this was a dainty that we were able but rarely to indulge in.

The excellence of the climate and the looseness of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation; for if the ground be anywhere accidentally turned up, it is immediately overgrown with turnips and

Sicilian radishes. Mr. Anson therefore having with him garden-seeds of all kinds, and stones of different sorts of fruits, he, for the better accommodation of his countrymen who should hereafter touch here, sowed both lettuces, carrots, and other garden plants, and set in the woods a great variety of plum, apricot, and peach stones: and these last, he has been informed, have since thriven to a very remarkable degree, for some gentlemen, who in their passage from Lima to Old Spain were taken and brought to England, having procured leave to wait upon Mr. Anson, to thank him for his generosity and humanity to his prisoners, some of whom were their relations, they, in casual discourse with him about his transactions in the South Seas, particularly asked him if he had not planted a great number of fruit trees on the island of Juan Fernandes, for they told him their late navigators had discovered there numbers of peach-trees and apricot-trees, which being fruits before unobserved in that place, they concluded them to have been produced from kernels set by him.

This may in general suffice as to the soil and vegetable productions of this place; but the face of the country, at least of the north part of the island, is so extremely singular that I cannot avoid giving it a particular consideration.

I have already taken notice of the wild, inhospitable air with which it first appeared to us, and the gradual improvement of this uncouth landskip as we drew nearer, till we were at last captivated by the numerous beauties we discovered on the shore. And I must now add that we found, during the time of our residence there, that the inland parts of the island did no ways fall short of the sanguine prepossessions which we first entertained in their favour: for the woods, which

covered most of the steepest hills, were free from all bushes and underwood, and afforded an easy passage through every part of them, and the irregularities of the hills and precipices, in the northern part of the island, necessarily traced out by their various combinations a great number of romantic valleys, most of which had a stream of the clearest water running through them, that tumbled in cascades from rock to rock, as the bottom of the valley, by the course of the neighbouring hills, was at any time broken into a sudden sharp descent.

Some particular spots occurred in these valleys where the shade and fragrance of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, and the transparency and frequent falls of the neighbouring streams, presented scenes of such elegance and dignity as would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe. It is in this place, perhaps, that the simple productions of unassisted nature may be said to excel all the fictitious descriptions of the most animated imagination.

I shall finish this article with a short account of that spot where the commodore pitched his tent, and which he made choice of for his own residence, though I despair of conveying an adequate idea of its beauty. The piece of ground which he chose was a small lawn that lay on a little ascent, at the distance of about half a mile from the sea. In the front of his tent there was a large avenue cut through the woods to the seaside, which sloping to the water with a gentle descent, opened a prospect of the bay and the ships at anchor. This lawn was screened behind by a tall wood of myrtle sweeping round it, in the form of a theatre, the slope on which the wood stood rising with a much sharper ascent than the lawn itself, though not so much but that the hills and precipices within land towered up considerably above the tops of

the trees, and added to the grandeur of the view. There were, besides, two streams of crystal water, which ran on the right and left of the tent, within a hundred yards distance, and were shaded by the trees which skirted the lawn on either side, and completed the symmetry of the whole.

It remains now only that we speak of the animals and provisions which we met with at this place. Former writers have related that this island abounded with vast numbers of goats, and their accounts are not to be questioned, this place being the usual haunt of the buccaneers and privateers who formerly frequented those seas. And there are two instances—one of a Musquito Indian, and the other of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who were left here by their respective ships, and lived alone upon this island for some years, and consequently were no strangers to its produce.

Selkirk, who was the last, after a stay of between four and five years, was taken off the place by the *Duke* and *Duchess* privateers of Bristol, as may be seen at large in the journal of their voyage. His manner of life during his solitude was in most particulars very remarkable; but there is one circumstance he relates, which was so strangely verified by our own observation, that I cannot help reciting it. He tells us, amongst other things, that as he often caught more goats than he wanted he sometimes marked their ears and let them go. This was about thirty-two years before our arrival at the island. Now it happened that the first goat that was killed by our people at their landing had his ears slit, whence we concluded that he had doubtless been formerly under the power of Selkirk. This was indeed an animal of a most venerable aspect, dignified with an exceeding majestic beard, and with many other symptoms of

antiquity. During our stay on the island we met with others marked in the same manner, all the males being distinguished by an exuberance of beard and every other characteristic of extreme age.

But the great numbers of goats, which former writers describe to have been found upon this island, are at present very much diminished, as the Spaniards, being informed of the advantages which the buccaneers and privateers drew from the provisions which goat's flesh here furnished them with, have endeavoured to extirpate the breed, thereby to deprive their enemies of this relief. For this purpose they have put on shore great numbers of large dogs, who have increased apace and have destroyed all the goats in the accessible part of the country, so that there now remain only a few amongst the crags and precipices, where the dogs cannot follow them.

These are divided into separate herds of twenty or thirty each, which inhabit distinct fastnesses, and never mingle with each other. By this means we found it extremely difficult to kill them, and yet we were so desirous of their flesh, which we all agreed much resembled venison, that we got knowledge, I believe, of all their herds, and it was conceived, by comparing their numbers together, that they scarcely exceeded two hundred upon the whole island.

I remember we had once an opportunity of observing a remarkable dispute betwixt a herd of these animals and a number of dogs; for going in our boat into the eastern bay, we perceived some dogs running very eagerly upon the foot; and being willing to discover what game they were after, we lay upon our oars some time to view them, and at last saw them take to a hill, where looking a little further, we observed upon the ridge of it a herd of goats, which seemed drawn up for their reception.

There was a very narrow path skirted on each side by precipices, on which the master of the herd posted himself fronting the enemy, the rest of the goats being all behind him, where the ground was more open. As this spot was inaccessible by any other path, excepting where this champion had placed himself, the dogs, though they ran up-hill with great alacrity, yet when they came within about twenty yards of him, they found they durst not encounter him (for he would infallibly have driven them down the precipice), but gave over the chase, and quietly laid themselves down panting at a great rate. These dogs, who are masters of all the accessible parts of the island, are of various kinds, some of them very large, and are multiplied to a prodigious degree. They sometimes came down to our habitations at night, and stole our provision; and once or twice they set upon single persons, but assistance being at hand they were driven off without doing any mischief. As at present it is rare for goats to fall in their way, we conceived that they lived principally upon young seals, and indeed some of our people had the curiosity to kill dogs sometimes and dress them, and it seemed to be agreed that they had a fishy taste.

Goat's flesh, as I have mentioned, being scarce, we rarely being able to kill above one a day, and our people growing tired of fish (which, as I shall hereafter observe, abound at this place), they at last condescended to eat seals, which by degrees they came to relish, and called it lamb.

The seal, numbers of which haunt this island, hath been so often mentioned by former writers that it is unnecessary to say anything particular about them in this place. But there is another amphibious creature to be met with here, called a sea-lion, that bears some

resemblance to a seal, though it is much larger. This, too, we eat under the denomination of beef; and as it is so extraordinary an animal, I conceive it well merits a particular description.

They are in size, when arrived at their full growth, from twelve to twenty feet in length, and from eight to fifteen in circumference. They are extremely fat, so that after having cut through the skin, which is about an inch in thickness, there is at least a foot of fat before you can come at either lean or bones; and we experienced more than once that the fat of some of the largest afforded us a butt of oil.

They are likewise very full of blood, for if they are deeply wounded in a dozen places, there will instantly gush out as many fountains of blood, spouting to a considerable distance; and to try what quantity of blood they contained, we shot one first, and then cut its throat, and measuring the blood that came from him, we found that besides what remained in the vessels, which to be sure was considerable, we got at least two hogsheads.

Their skins are covered with short hair, of a light dun colour, but their tails and their fins, which serve them for feet on shore, are almost black; their fins or feet are divided at the ends like fingers, the web which joins them not reaching to the extremities, and each of these fingers is furnished with a nail. They have a distant resemblance to an overgrown seal, though in some particulars there is a manifest difference between them, especially in the males. These have a large snout or trunk hanging down five or six inches below the end of the upper jaw, which the females have not, and this renders the countenance of the male and female easy to be distinguished from each other, and besides, the

males are of a much larger size. The largest of these animals, which was found upon the island, was the master of the flock, and from his driving off the other males, and keeping a great number of females to himself, he was by the seamen ludicrously styled the Bashaw.

These animals divide their time equally between the land and sea, continuing at sea all the summer, and coming on shore at the setting in of the winter, where they reside during that whole season. In this interval they engender and bring forth their young, and have generally two at a birth, which they suckle with their milk, they being at first about the size of a full-grown seal.

During the time these sea-lions continue on shore, they feed on the grass and verdure which grows near the banks of the fresh-water streams; and, when not employed on feeding, sleep in herds in the most miry places they can find out. As they seem to be of a very lethargic disposition, and are not easily awakened, each herd was observed to place some of their males at a distance, in the nature of sentinels, who never failed to alarm them whenever any one attempted to molest or even to approach them; and they were very capable of alarming, even at a considerable distance, for the noise they make is very loud, and of different kinds, sometimes grunting like hogs, and at other times snorting like horses in full vigour.

They often, especially the males, have furious battles with each other, principally about their females; and we were one day extremely surprised by the sight of two animals, which at first appeared different from all we had ever observed, but, on a nearer approach, they proved to be two sea-lions, who had been goring each other with their teeth, and were covered over with

blood. And the Bashaw before mentioned, who generally lay surrounded with a seraglio of females, which no other male dared to approach, had not acquired that envied pre-eminence without many bloody contests, of which the marks still remained in the numerous scars which were visible in every part of his body. We killed many of them for food, particularly for their hearts and tongues, which we esteemed exceeding good eating, and preferable even to those of bullocks. In general there was no difficulty in killing them, for they were incapable either of escaping or resisting, as their motion is the most unwieldy that can be conceived, their blubber, all the time they are moving, being agitated in large waves under their skins. However, a sailor one day being carelessly employed in skinning a young sea-lion, the female from whence he had taken it came upon him unperceived, and getting his head in her mouth, she with her teeth scored his skull in notches in many places, and thereby wounded him so desperately, that, though all possible care was taken of him, he died in a few days.

These are the principal animals which we found upon the island: for we saw but few birds, and those chiefly hawks, blackbirds, owls, and humming birds. We saw not the pardela, which burrows in the ground, and which former writers have mentioned to be found here; but as we often met with their holes, we supposed that the dogs had destroyed them, as they have almost done the cats: for these were very numerous in Selkirk's time, but we saw not above one or two during our whole stay. However, the rats still keep their ground, and continue here in great numbers, and were very troublesome to us by infesting our tents nightly.

But that which furnished us with the most delicious

repasts at this island remains still to be described. This was the fish with which the whole bay was most plentifully stored, and with the greatest variety: for we found here cod of a prodigious size, and by the report of some of our crew, who had been formerly employed in the Newfoundland fishery, not in less plenty than is to be met with on the banks of that island. We caught also cavallies, gropers, large breams, maids, silver fish, congers of a peculiar kind, and above all, a black fish which we most esteemed, called by some a chimney-sweeper, in shape resembling a carp. The beach indeed is everywhere so full of rocks and loose stones that there is no possibility of haling the seyne; but with hooks and lines we caught what numbers we pleased, so that a boat with two or three lines would return loaded with fish in about two or three hours' time.

The only interruption we ever met with arose from great quantities of dog-fish and large sharks, which sometimes attended our boats and prevented our sport. Besides the fish we have already mentioned, we found here one delicacy in greater perfection, both as to size, flavour, and quantity, than is perhaps to be met with in any other part of the world. This was sea crayfish; they generally weighed eight or nine pounds apiece, were of a most excellent taste, and lay in such abundance near the water's edge, that the boat-hooks often struck into them in putting the boat to and from the shore.—COMMODORE ANSON (*Voyage Round the World*).

ANSON'S BOOK

By John Masefield

The book is one of the most popular of the English books of voyages. It is a pleasantly written work. The story is told with a grace and quietness "very grateful and refreshing." The story itself is remarkable. It bears witness to the often illustrated contrast between the excellence of Englishmen and the stupidity of their governors. The management of the squadron before it sailed gave continuous evidence of imbecility. Something fine in a couple of hundred "emaciated shipmates" drove them on to triumph through every possible disadvantage. In the general joy over their triumph, the imbecility was forgotten. There is something pathetic in the mismanagement of the squadron. The ships were sent to sea on the longest and most dangerous of voyages with no anti-scorbutics. When scurvy broke out the only medicines available were "the pill and drop of Dr. Ward" (very violent emetic purgatives), which came not from the government, but from Anson's own stores. In the absence of proper medicines, Anson produced these things, "and first try'd them on himself." This spirit in our captains and in our common men has borne us (so far) fairly triumphantly out of the bogs into which our stupidity so often drives us.

. . . . . .

Life at sea has always been, and may always be, a harder life than the hardest of shore lives.

Life ashore in the early and middle eighteenth century was, in the main, both hard and brutal. Society ashore

was made up of a little, brilliant, artificial class, a great, dull, honest, and hardworking mass, and a brutal, dirty, and debased rabble. Society at sea was like society ashore, except that, being composed of men, and confronted with the elements, and based on a grand ceremonial tradition, it was never brilliant, and never artificial. It was, in the main, an honest and hardworking society. Much in it was brutal, dirty, and debased; but it had always behind it an order and a ceremony grand, impressive, and unfaltering. That life in that society was often barbarous and disgusting cannot be doubted. The best men in the ships were taken by force from the merchant service. The others were gathered by press-gangs and gaol-deliveries. They were knocked into shape by brutal methods and kept in hand by brutal punishments. The officers were not always gentlemen; and when they were, they were frequently incompetent. The administration was scandalously corrupt. The ships were unhealthy, the food foul, the pay small, and the treatment cruel. The attractions of the service seem to have been these: the chance of making a large sum of prize-money, and the possibility of getting drunk once a day on the enormous daily ration of intoxicating liquor. The men were crammed together into a dark, stinking, confined space, in which privacy was impossible, peace a dream, and cleanliness a memory. Here they were fed on rotten food, till they died by the score, as this book testifies.

"We sent," says Mr. Walter, chaplain in the *Centurion*, "about eighty sick from the *Centurion*; and the other ships, I believe, sent nearly as many, in proportion. . . . As soon as we had performed this necessary duty, we scraped our decks, and gave our ship a thorough cleaning; then smoked it between decks, and after all

washed every part well with vinegar. These operations were extremely necessary for correcting the noisome stench on board, and destroying the vermin; for . . . both these nuisances had increased upon us to a very loathsome degree."

"The Biscuit," says Mr. Thomas, the teacher of mathematics in the *Centurion*, "(was) so worm-eaten it was scarce anything but dust, and a little blow would reduce it to that immediately; our Beef and Pork was likewise very rusty and rotten, and the surgeon endeavoured to hinder us from eating any of it, alleging it was, tho' a slow, yet a sure Poison."

That tradition and force of will could keep life efficient, and direct it to great ends, in such circumstances, deserves our admiration and our reverence.

CAPTAIN COOK DISCOVERS NEW SOUTH WALES

They sailed from Cape Farewell on the 31st of March, 1770, and had fine weather and a fair wind till the 9th of April, when they saw a tropic bird. On the 16th a small land-bird perched on the rigging, from which they concluded they were near land; but found no ground with one hundred and twenty fathoms. At six o'clock in the morning of the 19th they discovered land four or five leagues distant; the southernmost part of which was called Point Hicks, in compliment to the first lieutenant. At noon they discovered another point of the same land, rising in a round hillock, extremely like the Ram-Head

at the entrance of Plymouth Sound, for which reason Captain Cook gave it the same name. What they had yet seen of the land was low and even; and the inland parts were green, and covered with wood. They now saw three waterspouts at the same time, one of which continued a quarter of an hour.

On the 27th they saw several of the inhabitants walking along the shore, four of them carrying a canoe on their shoulders; but as they did not attempt coming off to the ship, the captain took Messrs. Banks and Solander and Tupia in the yawl, to that part of the shore where the natives appeared, near which four small canoes laid close inland. The Indians sat on the rocks till the yawl was within a quarter of a mile of the shore, and then ran away into the woods. The surf beating violently on the beach, prevented the boat from landing.

At five in the evening they returned to the ship, and, a light breeze springing up, they sailed to the northward, where they discovered several people on shore. They brandished their weapons, and threw themselves into threatening attitudes. They talked to each other with great emotion; and each of them held a kind of scimitar in his hand.

They anchored opposite a village of about eight houses, and observed an old woman and three children come out of a wood, laden with fuel: all of them were quite naked. The old woman frequently looked at the ship with the utmost indifference, and, as soon as she had made a fire, they set about dressing their dinner with perfect composure.

Having formed a design of landing, the boats were manned; and they had no sooner come near the shore, than two men advanced, as if to dispute their setting foot on land. Captain Cook threw them beads, nails,

and other trifles, which they took up and seemed to be delighted with. He then made signs that he wanted water, and used every possible means to convince them that no injury was intended. They now made signs to the boat's crew to land, on which they put the boat in; but they had no sooner done so, than the two Indians came again to oppose them. A musket was now fired between them, on the report of which one of them dropped a bundle of lances, which he instantly snatched up again. One of them then threw a stone at the boat, on which Captain Cook ordered a musket, loaded with small shot, to be fired, which wounded the eldest of them on the legs; he retired with speed. The people in the boats now landed, imagining that the wound which this man had received would put an end to the contest; in this, however, they were mistaken, for he immediately returned with a kind of shield, and advancing with great intrepidity, they both discharged their lances at the boat's crew, but did not wound any of them. Another musket was now fired at them; on which they threw another lance, and then took to their heels. The crew now went up to the huts, in one of which they found the children, who had secreted themselves behind some bark. Here they left some pieces of cloth, ribbons, beads, and other things; and taking several of the lances, re-embarked in the boat.

They now sailed to the north point of the bay, where they found plenty of fresh water. Some men having been sent to get wood and water, they no sooner came on board to dinner, than the natives came down to the place, and examined the casks with great attention, but did not offer to remove them.

On Tuesday, May the 1st, the south point of the bay was named Sutherland Point, one of the seamen of the

name of Sutherland having died that day, and been buried on shore. This day Captain Cook, Messrs. Banks, Solander, and a few other gentlemen, went on shore, and left more presents in the huts, such as looking-glasses, combs, etc., but the former presents had not been taken away. The second lieutenant, Mr. Gore, having been with a boat to dredge for oysters saw some Indians, who made signs for him to come on shore, which he declined. Having finished his business he sent the boat away, and went by land with a midshipman, to join the party that was getting water. In their way they met with more than twenty of the natives, who followed them so close as to come within a few yards of them. Mr. Gore stopped and faced them; on which the Indians stopped also, and when he proceeded again they followed him; but they did not attack him, though they had each man his lance. The Indians coming in sight of the waterers, stood still at the distance of a quarter of a mile, while Mr. Gore and his companion reached their shipmates in safety.

Tupia, having learnt to shoot, frequently strayed alone to shoot parrots, and the Indians constantly fled from him with as much precipitation as from the English.

They fished with great success here, and the second lieutenant struck what is called the sting-ray, which weighed near two hundred and fifty pounds. Soon after a fish of the same kind was caught which weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

While Captain Cook remained in the harbour, the English colours were displayed on shore daily, and the name of the ship, with the date of the year, was carved on a tree near the place where they took in their water.

They sailed from Botany Bay, as Captain Cook had named this place, on the 6th of May 1770; at noon were

off a harbour, which they called Port Jackson, and in the evening near a bay, to which they gave the name of Broken Bay. On the 13th, they saw the smoke of many fires on a point of land, which was therefore called Smoky Cape. As they proceeded northward from Botany Bay, the land appeared high and well covered with wood. Two days after, the captain discovered a high point of land, which he called Cape Byron.

They had, for some days past, seen the sea-birds, called boobies, which, from half an hour before sunrising, to half an hour after, were continually passing the ship in large flights; from which it was conjectured that there was a river or inlet of shallow water to the southward, where they went to feed in the day, returning in the evening to some islands to the northward. In honour of Captain Hervey, this bay was called Hervey's Bay.

The captain and Tupia, with a party, went on shore the 23rd. They landed a little within the point of a bay, which led into a large lagoon, by the sides of which grows the true mangrove. There were many nests of a singular kind of ant, as green as grass, in the branches of these mangroves, which likewise afforded shelter for immense numbers of green caterpillars—their bodies were covered with hairs, which, on the touch, gave a pain similar to the sting of a nettle, but much more acute. They saw, among the sand-banks, many birds larger than swans, which they imagined were pelicans; and they shot a kind of bustard, which weighed seventeen pounds. This bird proved very delicate food, and gave a name to the place, which was called Bustard Bay. They likewise shot a duck of a most beautiful plumage, with a white beak. They found vast numbers of oysters of various sorts, and, among the rest, some hammer oysters of a curious kind. While they were in the woods,

several of the natives came down and took a survey of the ship, and then departed. They sailed the next morning, and on the day following were abreast of a point, which lying immediately under the tropic, the captain called Cape Capricorn, on the west side of which they saw an amazing number of birds resembling the pelican, some of which were near five feet high.

On the 27th, in the morning, they sailed to the northward, and to the northernmost point of land Captain Cook gave the name of Cape Manifold, from the number of high hills appearing above it. Between this cape and the shore is a bay called Keppel's Bay, and some islands bearing the same name. In this place the captain intended to lay the ship ashore and clean her bottom; and accordingly landed, in search of a proper place for the purpose. They found walking extremely incommodious, the ground being covered with grass, the seeds of which were sharp and bearded. They were likewise tormented with the perpetual stinging of mosquitoes. In the interior parts of the country they found gum-trees, on the branches of which were white ants' nests formed of clay, as big as a bushel. On another tree they found black ants, which formed their lodging in the body of it, after they had eaten away the pith; yet the trees were in a flourishing condition. They found butterflies in such incredible numbers, that whichever way they looked, many thousands were to be seen in the air; while every bough and twig was covered with multitudes. They likewise discovered on dry ground, where it was supposed to have been left by the tide, a fish about the size of a minnow, having two strong breast fins, with which it leaped away as nimbly as a frog. There being no good water to be found here they did not lay the ship ashore, as they intended.

After passing Cape Cleveland, they ranged northward along the shore, towards a cluster of islands, on one of which about forty men, women, and children were standing together, and looking at the ship with a curiosity never observed among these people before. Here Messrs. Banks and Solander went on shore with Captain Cook, whose chief view was to procure water, which not being easily to be got, they soon returned on board, and the next day arrived near Trinity Bay, so called because it was discovered on Trinity Sunday. As no accident of any moment had befallen our adventurers, during a navigation of more than 1300 miles, upon a coast everywhere abounding with the most dangerous rocks and shoals, no name expressive of distress had hitherto been given to any cape or point of land which they had seen. But they now gave the name of Cape Tribulation to a point which they had just discovered, as they here became acquainted with misfortune.[1] This cape is in 16° 6′ south latitude, and 214° 39′ west longitude.

To avoid the danger of some rocks, they shortened sail, and kept standing off from six o'clock in the evening till near nine, with a fine breeze, and bright moon. They had got from fourteen into twenty-one fathoms water, when suddenly they fell into twelve, ten, and eight fathoms, in a few minutes. Every man was instantly ordered to his station, and they were on the point of anchoring, when, on a sudden, they had again deep water, so that they thought all danger was at an end,

[1] "The shore between Cape Grafton and the northern point of land in sight forms a large but not very deep bay, which I named *Trinity Bay*, after the day on which it was discovered; the north point, *Cape Tribulation*, because here began all our troubles." — Extract, *Captain Cook's Journal, — Records, Admiralty, Whitehall*, p. 262.

concluding they had sailed over the tail of some shoals which they had seen in the evening. In less than an hour, however, the water shallowed at once from twenty to seventeen fathoms; and, before soundings could be again taken, the ship struck against a rock, and remained fixed but from the motion given her from the beating of the surge. Every one was instantly on deck, with countenances fully expressive of the agitation of their minds. As they knew they were not near the shore, they concluded they had struck against a rock of coral, the points of which being sharp, and the surface so rough, as to grind away whatever is rubbed against it, though with a gentle motion, they had reason to dread the horror of their situation.

The sails being taken in, and boats hoisted out to examine the depth of water, they found that the ship had been carried over a ledge of the rock, and lay in a hollow within it. She beat so violently that the crew could scarcely keep on their legs. The moon now shone bright, by the light of which they could see the sheathing boards float from the bottom of the vessel, till at length the false keel followed, so that they expected instant destruction. Their best chance of escaping seemed now to be by lightening her. They therefore instantly started the water in the hold, and pumped it up. The decayed stores, oil-jars, casks, ballast, six of their guns, and other things, were thrown overboard, in order to get at the heavier articles; and in this business they were employed till daybreak, during all which time it was observed that not an oath was sworn, so much were the minds of the sailors impressed with a sense of their danger.

At daylight they saw land at eight leagues' distance; but not a single island between them and the main; so that the destruction of the greater part of them would

have been inevitable, had the ship gone to pieces. It happened, however, that the wind died away to a dead calm before noon. As they expected high water at eleven o'clock, everything was prepared to make another effort to free the ship; but the tide fell so much short of that in the night, that she did not float by eighteen inches, though they had thrown overboard near fifty tons weight; they now, therefore, renewed their toil, and threw overboard everything that could be possibly spared. As the tide fell, the water poured in so rapidly, that they could scarcely keep her free by the constant working of two pumps. Their only hope now depended on the midnight tide, and preparations were accordingly made for another effort to get the ship off. The tide began to rise at five o'clock, when the leak likewise increased to such a degree that three pumps were kept going till nine o'clock, at which time the ship righted; but so much water had been admitted by the leak, that they expected she would sink as soon as the water should bear her off the rock.

Their situation was now deplorable beyond description, and the imagination must paint what would baffle the powers of language to describe. They knew that when the fatal moment should arrive, all authority would be at an end. The boats were incapable of conveying them all on shore, and they dreaded a contest for the preference, as more shocking than the shipwreck itself; yet, it was considered, that those who might be left on board, would eventually meet with a milder fate than those who, by gaining the shore, would have no chance but to linger the remains of life among the rudest savages in the universe, and in a country where firearms would barely enable them to support a wretched existence.

At twenty minutes after ten the ship floated, and was heaved into deep water; when they were happy to find she did not admit more water than she had done before; yet, as the leak had for a considerable time gained on the pumps, there was now three feet nine inches water in the hold. By this time the men were so worn by fatigue of mind and body, that none of them could pump more than five or six minutes at a time, and then threw themselves, quite spent, on the deck. The succeeding man being fatigued in his turn, threw himself down in the same manner, while the former jumped up and renewed his labour; thus mutually struggling for life, till the following accident had like to have given them up a prey to absolute despair.

Between the inside lining of the ship's bottom and the outside planking there is a space of about seventeen or eighteen inches. The man who had hitherto taken the depth of water at the well, had taken it no farther than the ceiling; but being now relieved by another person, who took the depth to the outside planking, it appeared by this mistake that the leak had suddenly gained upon the pumps, the whole difference between the two plankings. This circumstance deprived them of all hopes, and scarce any one thought it worth while to labour for the longer preservation of a life which must so soon have a period. But the mistake was soon discovered; and the joy arising from such unexpected good news inspired the men with so much vigour, that before eight o'clock in the morning they had pumped out considerably more water than they had shipped. They now talked confidently of getting the ship into some harbour, and set heartily to work to get in their anchors; one of which, and the cable of another, they lost. Having a good

breeze from the sea, they got under sail at eleven o'clock, and stood for the land.[1]

As they could not discover the exact situation of the leak, they had no prospect of stopping it within side of the vessel; but the following expedient, which one of the midshipmen had formerly seen tried with success, was adopted. They took an old studding-sail, and having mixed a large quantity of oakum and wool, chopped small, it was stitched down in handfuls on the sail, as light as possible; the dung of their sheep and other filth being spread over it. Thus prepared, the sail was hauled under the ship by ropes, which kept it extended till it came under the leak, when the suction carried in

[1] "Such are the vicissitudes attending this kind of service, and must always attend an unknown navigation, was it not for the pleasure which naturally results to a man from being the first discoverer; even was it nothing more than sand and shoals, this service would be insupportable, especially in far distant parts like this, short of provisions, and almost every other necessary. The world will hardly admit of an excuse for a man leaving a coast unexplored he has once discovered. If dangers are his excuse, he is then charged with timorousness and want of perseverance, and at once pronounced the unfittest man in the world to be employed as a discoverer. If, on the other hand, he boldly encounters all the dangers and obstacles he meets, and is unfortunate enough not to succeed, he is then charged with temerity and want of conduct. The former of these aspersions cannot with justice be laid to my charge; and if I am fortunate enough to surmount all the dangers we may meet, the latter will never be brought in question. I must own, I have engaged more among the islands and shoals upon this coast than may be thought with prudence I ought to have done, with a single ship, and everything considered; but if I had not, we should not have been able to give any better account of the one half of it, than if we had never seen it; that is, we should not have been able to say whether it consisted of main land or islands; and as to its produce, we must have been totally ignorant of, as being inseparable with the other."—Extract, *Captain Cook's Journal,—Records, Admiralty, Whitehall*, p. 291.

the oakum and wool from the surface of the sail. This experiment succeeded so well, that instead of three pumps, the water was easily kept under with one.

They hitherto had no further view than to run the ship into a harbour, and build a vessel from her materials in which they might reach the East Indies; but they now began to think of finding a proper place to repair her damage, and then to pursue their voyage on its original plan. At six in the evening they anchored seven leagues from the shore; and next morning they passed two islands, which were called Hope Islands. In the afternoon the master was sent out with two boats to sound, and search for a harbour where the ship might be repaired. They anchored at sunset in four fathoms, two miles from the shore. One of the mates being out in the pinnace, returned at nine o'clock, reporting that he had found just such a harbour as was wanted, at the distance of two leagues.

At six o'clock the next morning they sailed, and soon anchored about a mile from the shore, when the captain went out and found the channel very narrow, but the harbour was better adapted to their present purpose than any place they had seen in the whole course of their voyage. As it blew very fresh this day and the following night, they could not venture to run into the harbour, but remained at anchor during the two succeeding days.

The men by this time began to be afflicted with the scurvy, and their Indian friend, Tupia, was so bad with it, that he had livid spots on both his legs. Mr. Green, the astronomer, was likewise ill of the same disorder; so that their being detained from landing was every way disagreeable. The wind continued fresh till the 17th, but they then resolved to push in for the harbour, and, with some difficulty, moored the ship alongside of a beach.

Next morning they erected a tent for the sick, several of whom were brought on shore as soon as it was ready for their reception. They likewise built a tent to hold the provisions and stores, which were landed the same day. The boat was now despatched in search of fish for the refreshment of the sick, but she returned without getting any.

The captain ordered the smith's forge to be set up, and directed the armourer to prepare the necessary iron work for the repair of the vessel. He likewise ordered out the officers' stores and water, in order to lighten the ship. Same day Mr. Banks crossed the river to view the country, which was little else than sand-hills. He saw vast flocks of crows and pigeons, of the latter of which he shot several, which were most beautiful birds.

Early in the morning of the 22nd, the tide left the ship, and they proceeded to examine the leak, when they found that the rocks had cut through four planks into the timbers, and that three other planks were damaged. In these breaches, not a splinter was to be seen, the whole being smooth, as if cut away by an instrument: but the preservation of the vessel was owing to a very singular circumstance. One of the holes was large enough to have sunk her, even with eight pumps constantly at work; but this hole was, in a great measure, stopped up by the fragment of the rock being left sticking in it. They likewise found some pieces of oakum, wool, etc., which had got between the timbers, and stopped many parts of the leak, which had been left open by the stone. Exclusive of the leak, great damage was done to various parts of the ship's bottom.

While the smiths and carpenters were engaged, some of the crew were sent across the river to shoot pigeons for the sick. These people found a stream of fresh water,

discovered many Indian houses, and had sight of a mouse-coloured animal, extremely swift, and about the size of a greyhound. Next day many of the crew saw the animal above-mentioned; and one of the seamen declared he had seen the devil, which he described in the following words: "He was as large," says he, "as a one gallon keg, and very like it; he had horns and wings, yet he crept so slowly through the grass, that if I had not been *afeared*, I might have touched him." It appeared afterward that this poor fellow had seen a bat, which is almost black, and as large as a partridge; and his own apprehensions had furnished his devil with horns.

A midshipman saw a wolf exactly resembling those of America. Mr. Gore also saw two straw-coloured animals, of the size of a hare, but shaped like a dog. So much fish was taken, that each man had two pounds and a half; and plenty of greens were gathered, which being boiled with the pease, their fare was deemed excellent.

Cockles were found by the master so large, that one of them was more than sufficient for two men; and likewise plenty of other shell fish, of which he brought a supply to the ship.

Mr. Banks and a party made an excursion up a river, and saw several animals, one of which was judged to be a wolf. At night they made a fire, and took up their quarters on the banks of the river; but the night was rendered extremely disagreeable by the stings of the mosquitoes. At break of day they set out in search of game, and saw four animals, two of which were chased by Mr. Banks's greyhound; but they greatly outstripped him in speed. It was observed of this animal, that he leaped or bounded forward on two legs, instead of running on four.

The tide favouring their return, they lost no time in getting back to the ship. The master, who had been seven leagues at sea, returned soon after, bringing with him three turtle, which he took with a boat-hook, and which, together, weighed near eight hundred pounds.

In the morning, four Indians, in a small canoe, were within sight. They soon came quite alongside the ship; and having received presents, landed where Tupia and a few sailors were on shore. They had each two lances, and a stick with which they throw them. Advancing towards them, Tupia persuaded them to lay down their arms, and sit by him, which they readily did.

These men were of the common stature, with very small limbs; their complexion a deep chocolate; their hair black, either lank or curled, but not of the wool kind.

The visit of three of these Indians was renewed the next morning, and they brought with them a fourth, whom they called Yaparico, who appeared to be a person of some consequence. The bone of a bird, about six inches long, was thrust through the gristle of his nose; and, indeed, all the inhabitants of this place had their noses bored, for the reception of such an ornament. These people being quite naked, the captain gave one of them an old shirt, which he bound round his head like a turban, instead of using it to cover any part of his body. The canoe was about ten feet long, and calculated to hold four persons; and when it was in shallow water, they moved it by means of poles.

On the 14th, Mr. Gore shot one of the mouse-coloured animals above mentioned. The skin of this beast, which is called Kangaroo, is covered with short fur; the head and ears are somewhat like those of a hare: this animal was dressed for dinner, and proved fine eating.

The natives being now become familiar with the ship's crew, one of them was desired to throw his lance, which he did with such dexterity and force, that though it was not above four feet from the ground, at the highest, it penetrated deeply into a tree at the distance of fifty yards. On the 19th, they saw several of the women, who, as well as the men, were quite naked. They were this day visited by ten of the natives, who seemed resolved to have one of the turtle that was on board, which being refused, they expressed the utmost rage and resentment. At length they laid hands on two of the turtles, and drew them to the side of the ship where the canoe lay; but the sailors took them away. They made several similar attempts, but being equally unsuccessful, they leaped suddenly into their canoe and rowed off. At this instant the captain with Mr. Banks and five or six seamen went ashore, where they arrived before the Indians. As soon as the Indians landed, one of them snatched a firebrand from under a pitch-kettle, and running to the windward of what effects were on shore, set fire to the dry grass, which burnt rapidly, damaged the smith's forge, and endangered one of the tents. Appearing determined on farther mischief, a musket loaded with small shot was now fired, and one of them being wounded, they ran off.

The natives continuing still in sight, a musket charged with ball was fired near them: upon hearing which they soon got out of sight: but their voices being soon heard in the woods, the captain, with a few of the men, went to meet them. When they were in sight of each other, both parties stopped, except an old Indian, who advanced before the rest a little way, and speaking a few words, retreated to his brethren. The English having seized some of their darts, followed them about a mile, and then

sat down; the Indians sitting about a hundred yards from them. The old man again came forward, having in his hand a lance with a point. He stopped and spoke several times; on which the captain made signs of friendship. The old Indian now turned to his companions, and having spoken to them, they placed their lances against a tree, and came forward as if in friendship; whereupon their darts, which had been taken, were returned, and the whole quarrel seemed to be at an end. When Captain Cook got on board, he saw the woods burning at the distance of two miles from the fire thus kindled by the natives.

The master having been sent to search for a passage to the northward, returned with an account that he could not find any. By the night of the 20th, the fire had extended many miles round them on the hills. The next day one of the seamen, who had strayed from his company, met with four Indians at dinner; he was alarmed at this unexpected meeting, but had prudence enough to conceal his apprehensions, and sitting down by them, gave them his knife, which having all looked at, they returned. He would then have left them; but they chose to detain him, till, by feeling his hands and face, they were convinced he was made of flesh and blood like themselves. They then dismissed him, directing him the nearest way to the ship.

On the 4th of August they put to sea, and at noon came to an anchor, when the captain gave the name of Cape Bedford to the northernmost point of land in sight, and that of Endeavour River to the harbour which they had quitted. The provisions they obtained, while in this harbour, consisted of turtle, oysters of three different sorts, large cavalhe or scomber, large mullets, some flat fish, a great number of small scombri,

and skate or ray-fish; purslain, wild beans, the tops of cocoas, and cabbage palms. Of quadrupeds there are goats, wolves, and polecats, and a spotted animal of the viverra kind. Dogs are the only tame animals.

During the six following days, they struggled incessantly to sail safely past the shoals and breakers, by which they were every way surrounded. After a conversation held among the officers, it was their concurrent opinion, that it would be best to leave the coast, and stand out to sea; and in consequence of these sentiments, they sailed on the 13th of August 1770, and got in an open sea, after having been surrounded by dreadful shoals and rocks for nearly three months. They had now sailed above a thousand miles, during all which run they had been obliged to keep sounding, without intermission; a circumstance which, it is supposed, never happened to any ship but the *Endeavour*. Captain Cook observes in his *Journal* that they were made "quite easy at being freed from fears of shoals, etc., after having been entangled among them more or less ever since the 26th May, in which time they had sailed 360 leagues without ever having had a man out of the chains heaving the lead when the ship was under sail." [1]

Having anchored on the 14th, they steered a westerly course on the following day, to get sight of the land, that a passage between that land and New Guinea might not be missed, if there was any such passage. They stood northward till midnight. When daylight came on, they saw a dreadful surf break at a vast height, within a mile of the ship, towards which the rolling waves carried her with great rapidity. Thus distressed, the boats were sent ahead to tow, and the head of the vessel was brought

[1] *Captain Cook's Journal*, p. 287.—*Records, Admiralty, Whitehall.*

about, but not till she was within one hundred yards of the rock, between which and her there was nothing left but the chasm made by the last wave which had washed her side. In the moment they expected instant destruction, a breeze, hardly discernible, aided the boats in getting the vessel in an oblique direction from the rock.

At this time a small opening was seen in the reef, and a young officer being sent to examine it, found that there was smooth water on the other side of the rocks. Animated by the hope of preserving life, they now attempted to pass the opening; but this was impossible; for it having become high water in the interim, the ebb tide rushed through it with amazing impetuosity, carrying the ship to a considerable distance from the reef. When the ebb tide was spent, the tide of flood again drove the vessel very near the rocks; so that their prospect of destruction was renewed, when they discovered another opening, and a light breeze springing up, they entered it, and were driven through it with a rapidity that prevented the ship from striking against either side of the channel.

The name Providential Channel was given to the opening through which the ship had thus escaped the most imminent dangers.[1] A high promontory on the main land, in sight, was denominated Cape Weymouth, and a bay near it Weymouth Bay. This day the boats went out to fish, and met with great success, particularly in catching cockles; some of which were of such an amazing size, as to require the strength of two men to move them.

[1] " . . . this truly terrible situation not one man ceased to do his utmost, and that with as much calmness as if no danger had been near."—Extract, *Captain Cook's Journal,—Records, Admiralty, Whitehall,* p. 289.

On the 21st, several islands were discovered, which were called York Isles. In the afternoon they anchored between some islands, and observed that the channel now began to grow wider. They observed two distant points, between which no land could be seen; so that the hope of having at length explored a passage into the Indian Sea began to animate every breast.

The captain and his company now ascended a hill, upon one of these islands, from whence they had a view of near forty miles, in which space there was nothing that threatened to oppose their passage; so that the certainty of a channel seemed to be almost ascertained. Previous to their leaving the island, Captain Cook displayed the English colours, and took possession of all the eastern coast of the country, by the name of New South Wales, for his sovereign the King of Great Britain.—*Captain Cook's Voyages.*

ON A SOUTH AMERICAN ESTANCIA

Charles Darwin (1809–1882) sailed in 1831 as naturalist on the *Beagle*, which visited the Cape de Verde and other islands of the Atlantic, and then surveyed on the South American coasts and adjacent islands (including the Galapagos), afterwards visiting Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Keeling Island, Maldives, Mauritius, St. Helena, Ascension and Brazil. Darwin's work on the geology of the countries visited, and that on coral islands, is described in *The Voyage of the "Beagle,"* from which the following extract is taken.

November 14th.—We left Monte Video in the afternoon. I intended to proceed to Colonia del Sacramiento, situated on the northern bank of the Plata and opposite to Buenos Ayres, and thence, following up the Uruguay,

to the village of Mercedes on the Rio Negro (one of the many rivers of this name in South America), and from this point to return direct to Monte Video. We slept at the house of my guide at Canelones. In the morning we rose early, in the hopes of being able to ride a good distance; but it was a vain attempt, for all the rivers were flooded. We passed in boats the streams of Canelones, St. Lucia, and San José, and thus lost much time. On a former excursion I crossed the Lucia near its mouth, and I was surprised to observe how easily our horses, although not used to swim, passed over a width of at least six hundred yards. On mentioning this at Monte Video, I was told that a vessel containing some mountebanks and their horses, being wrecked in the Plata, one horse swam seven miles to the shore. In the course of the day I was amused by the dexterity with which a Gaucho forced a restive horse to swim a river. He stripped off his clothes, and jumping on its back, rode into the water till it was out of its depth; then slipping off over the crupper, he caught hold of the tail, and as often as the horse turned round, the man frightened it back by splashing water in its face. As soon as the horse touched the bottom on the other side, the man pulled himself on, and was firmly seated, bridle in hand, before the horse gained the bank. A naked man on a naked horse is a fine spectacle; I had no idea how well the two animals suited each other. The tail of a horse is a very useful appendage; I have passed a river in a boat with four people in it, which was ferried across in the same way as the Gaucho. If a man and horse have to cross a broad river, the best plan is for the man to catch hold of the pommel or mane, and help himself with the other arm.

We slept and stayed the following day at the post of

Cufre. In the evening the postman or letter-carrier arrived. He was a day after his time, owing to the Rio Rozario being flooded. It would not, however, be of much consequence; for, although he had passed through some of the principal towns in Banda Oriental, his luggage consisted of two letters! The view from the house was pleasing; an undulating green surface, with distant glimpses of the Plata. I find that I look at this province with very different eyes from what I did upon my first arrival. I recollect I then thought it singularly level; but now, after galloping over the Pampas, my only surprise is, what could have induced me ever to have called it level. The country is a series of undulations, in themselves perhaps not absolutely great, but, as compared to the plains of St. Fé, real mountains. From these inequalities there is an abundance of small rivulets, and the turf is green and luxuriant.

November 17th.—We crossed the Rozario, which was deep and rapid, and passing the village of Colla, arrived at midday at Colonia del Sacramiento. The distance is twenty leagues, through a country covered with fine grass, but poorly stocked with cattle or inhabitants. I was invited to sleep at Colonia, and to accompany on the following day a gentleman to his estancia, where there were some limestone rocks. The town is built on a stony promontory something in the same manner as at Monte Video. It is strongly fortified, but both fortifications and town suffered much in the Brazilian war. It is very ancient; and the irregularity of the streets, and the surrounding groves of old orange and peach trees, gave it a pretty appearance. The church is a curious ruin; it was used as a powder-magazine, and was struck by lightning in one of the ten thousand thunder-storms of the Rio Plata. Two-thirds of the

building were blown away to the very foundation; and the rest stands a shattered and curious monument of the united powers of lightning and gunpowder. In the evening I wandered about the half-demolished walls of the town. It was the chief seat of the Brazilian war;—a war most injurious to this country, not so much in its immediate effects, as in being the origin of a multitude of generals and all other grades of officers. More generals are numbered (but not paid) in the United Provinces of La Plata than in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. These gentlemen have learned to like power, and do not object to a little skirmishing. Hence there are many always on the watch to create disturbance and to overturn a government which as yet has never rested on any stable foundation. I noticed, however, both here and in other places, a very general interest in the ensuing election for the President; and this appears a good sign for the prosperity of this little country. The inhabitants do not require much education in their representatives; I heard some men discussing the merits of those for Colonia; and it was said that, "although they were not men of business, they could all sign their names": with this they seemed to think every reasonable man ought to be satisfied.

18*th*.—Rode with my host to his estancia, at the Arroyo de San Juan. In the evening we took a ride round the estate: it contained two square leagues and a half, and was situated in what is called a rincon; that is, one side was fronted by the Plata, and the two others guarded by impassable brooks. There was an excellent port for little vessels, and an abundance of small wood, which is valuable as supplying fuel to Buenos Ayres. I was curious to know the value of so complete an estancia. Of cattle there were 3000, and it would well support

three or four times that number; of mares 800, together with 150 broken-in horses, and 600 sheep. There was plenty of water and limestone, a rough house, excellent corrals, and a peach orchard. For all this he had been offered 2000*l.*, and he only wanted 500*l.* additional, and probably would sell it for less. The chief trouble with an estancia is driving the cattle twice a week to a central spot, in order to make them tame, and to count them. This latter operation would be thought difficult where there are ten or fifteen thousand head together. It is managed on the principle that the cattle invariably divide themselves into little troops of from forty to one hundred. Each troop is recognised by a few peculiarly marked animals, and its number is known: so that, one being lost out of ten thousand, it is perceived by its absence from one of the tropillas. During a stormy night the cattle all mingle together; but the next morning the tropillas separate as before; so that each animal must know its fellow out of ten thousand others.

On two occasions I met with in this province some oxen of a very curious breed, called nata or niata. They appear externally to hold nearly the same relation to other cattle which bull or pug dogs do to other dogs. Their forehead is very short and broad, with the nasal end turned up, and the upper lip much drawn back; their lower jaws project beyond the upper, and have a corresponding upward curve; hence their teeth are always exposed. Their nostrils are seated high up and are very open; their eyes project outwards. When walking they carry their heads low, on a short neck; and their hinder legs are rather longer compared with the front legs than is usual. Their bare teeth, their short heads, and upturned nostrils give them the most ludicrous self-confident air of defiance imaginable.

Since my return, I have procured a skeleton head, through the kindness of my friend Captain Sulivan, R.N., which is now deposited in the College of Surgeons.[1]

November 19th.—Passing the valley of Las Vacas, we slept at a house of a North American, who worked a lime-kiln on the Arroyo de las Vivoras. In the morning we rode to a projecting headland on the banks of the river, called Punta Gorda. On the way we tried to find a jaguar. There were plenty of fresh tracks, and we visited the trees on which they are said to sharpen their claws; but we did not succeed in disturbing one. From this point the Rio Uruguay presented to our view a noble volume of water. From the clearness and rapidity of the stream, its appearance was far superior to that of its neighbour the Parana. On the opposite coast, several branches from the latter river entered the Uruguay. As the sun was shining, the two colours of the waters could be seen quite distinct.

In the evening we proceeded on our road towards Mercedes on the Rio Negro. At night we asked permission to sleep at an estancia at which we happened to arrive. It was a very large estate, being ten leagues square, and the owner is one of the greatest landowners in the country. His nephew had charge of it, and with him there was a captain in the army, who the other day ran away from Buenos Ayres. Considering their station, their conversation was rather amusing. They expressed, as was usual, unbounded astonishment at the globe being round, and could scarcely credit that a hole would, if deep enough, come out on the other side. They had, however, heard of a country where there were six months of light and six of darkness, and where the inhabitants

[1] Mr. Waterhouse has drawn up a detailed description of this head, which I hope he will publish in some journal.

*D
A jaguar is an American carnivorous animal
of the cat family but much larger
than the American continent.

were very tall and thin! They were curious about the price and condition of horses and cattle in England. Upon finding out we did not catch our animals with the lazo, they cried out, "Ah, then, you use nothing but the bolas": the idea of an enclosed country was quite new to them. The captain at last said, he had one question to ask me, which he should be very much obliged if I would answer with all truth. I trembled to think how deeply scientific it would be: it was, "Whether the ladies of Buenos Ayres were not the handsomest in the world." I replied, like a renegade, "Charmingly so." He added, "I have one other question: Do ladies in any other part of the world wear such large combs?" I solemnly assured him that they did not. They were absolutely delighted. The captain exclaimed, "Look there! a man who has seen half the world says it is the case; we always thought so, but now we know it." My excellent judgment in combs and beauty procured me a most hospitable reception; the captain forced me to take his bed, and he would sleep on his recado.

21*st*.—Started at sunrise, and rode slowly during the whole day. The geological nature of this part of the province was different from the rest, and closely resembled that of the Pampas. In consequence, there were immense beds of the thistle, as well as of the cardoon: the whole country, indeed, may be called one great bed of these plants. The two sorts grow separate, each plant in company with its own kind. The cardoon is as high as a horse's back, but the Pampas thistle is often higher than the crown of the rider's head. To leave the road for a yard is out of the question; and the road itself is partly, and in some cases entirely, closed. Pasture, of course there is none; if cattle or horses once enter the bed, they are for the time com-

pletely lost. Hence it is very hazardous to attempt to drive cattle at this season of the year; for when jaded enough to face the thistles, they rush among them, and are seen no more. In these districts there are very few estancias, and these few are situated in the neighbourhood of damp valleys, where fortunately neither of these overwhelming plants can exist. As night came on before we arrived at our journey's end, we slept at a miserable little hovel inhabited by the poorest people. The extreme though rather formal courtesy of our host and hostess, considering their grade of life, was quite delightful.

November 22nd.—Arrived at an estancia on the Berquelo belonging to a very hospitable Englishman, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my friend Mr. Lumb. I stayed here three days. One morning I rode with my host to the Sierra del Pedro Flaco, about twenty miles up the Rio Negro. Nearly the whole country was covered with good though coarse grass, which was as high as a horse's belly; yet there were square leagues without a single head of cattle. The province of Banda Oriental, if well stocked, would support an astonishing number of animals; at present the annual export of hides from Monte Video amounts to three hundred thousand; and the home consumption, from waste, is very considerable. An estanciero told me that he often had to send large herds of cattle a long journey to a salting establishment, and that the tired beasts were frequently obliged to be killed and skinned; but that he could never persuade the Gauchos to eat of them, and every evening a fresh beast was slaughtered for their suppers! The view of the Rio Negro from the Sierra was more picturesque than any other which I saw in this province. The river, broad, deep and rapid, wound at the foot of a rocky precipitous

cliff: a belt of wood followed its course, and the horizon terminated in the distant undulations of the turf-plain.

When in this neighbourhood, I several times heard of the Sierra de las Cuentas: a hill distant many miles to the northward. The name signifies hill of beads. I was assured that vast numbers of little round stones, of various colours, each with a small cylindrical hole, are found there. Formerly the Indians used to collect them, for the purpose of making necklaces and bracelets—a taste, I may observe, which is common to all savage nations, as well as to the most polished. I did not know what to understand from this story, but upon mentioning it at the Cape of Good Hope to Dr. Andrew Smith, he told me that he recollected finding on the south-eastern coast of Africa, about one hundred miles to the eastward of St. John's River, some quartz crystals with their edges blunted from attrition, and mixed with gravel on the sea-beach. Each crystal was about five lines in diameter, and from an inch to an inch and a half in length. Many of them had a small canal extending from one extremity to the other, perfectly cylindrical, and of a size that readily admitted a coarse thread or a piece of fine catgut. Their colour was red or dull white. The natives were acquainted with this structure in crystals. I have mentioned these circumstances because, although no crystallised body is at present known to assume this form, it may lead some future traveller to investigate the real nature of such stones.

While staying at this estancia, I was amused with what I saw and heard of the shepherd-dogs of the country.[1] When riding, it is a common thing to meet a

[1] M. A. d'Orbigny has given nearly a similar account of these dogs, tom. I. p. 175.

large flock of sheep guarded by one or two dogs, at the distance of some miles from any house or man. I often wondered how so firm a friendship had been established. The method of education consists in separating the puppy, while very young, from the bitch, and in accustoming it to its future companions. An ewe is held three or four times a day for the little thing to suck, and a nest of wool is made for it in the sheep-pen; at no time is it allowed to associate with other dogs, or with the children of the family. From this education it has no wish to leave the flock, and just as another dog will defend its master, man, so will these the sheep. It is amusing to observe, when approaching a flock, how the dog immediately advances barking, and the sheep all close in his rear, as if round the oldest ram. These dogs are also easily taught to bring home the flock at a certain hour in the evening. Their most troublesome fault, when young, is their desire of playing with the sheep; for in their sport they sometimes gallop their poor subjects most unmercifully.

The shepherd-dog comes to the house every day for some meat, and as soon as it is given him, he skulks away as if ashamed of himself. On these occasions the house-dogs are very tyrannical, and the least of them will attack and pursue the stranger. The minute, however, the latter has reached the flock, he turns round and begins to bark, and then all the house-dogs take very quickly to their heels. In a similar manner a whole pack of the hungry wild dogs will scarcely ever (and I was told by some never) venture to attack a flock guarded by even one of these faithful shepherds. The whole account appears to me a curious instance of the pliability of the affections in the dog; and yet, whether wild or however educated, he has a feeling of

respect or fear for those that are fulfilling their instinct of association. For we can understand on no principle the wild dogs being driven away by the single one with its flock, except that they consider, from some confused notion, that the one thus associated gains power, as if in company with its own kind. F. Cuvier has observed, that all animals that readily enter into domestication, consider man as a member of their own society, and thus fulfil their instinct of association. In the above case the shepherd-dog ranks the sheep as its fellow-brethren, and thus gains confidence; and the wild dogs, though knowing that the individual sheep are not dogs, but are good to eat, yet partly consent to this view when seeing them in a flock with a shepherd-dog at their head.

One evening a "domidor" (a subduer of horses) came for the purpose of breaking-in some colts. I will describe the preparatory steps, for I believe they have not been mentioned by other travellers. A troop of wild young horses is driven into the corral, or large enclosure of stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse, which as yet had never felt bridle or saddle. I conceive, except by a Gaucho, such a feat would be utterly impracticable. The Gaucho picks out a full-grown colt; and as the beast rushes round the circus, he throws his lazo so as to catch both the front legs. Instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and whilst struggling on the ground, the Gaucho, holding the lazo tight, makes a circle, so as to catch one of the hind legs, just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front legs: he then hitches the lazo, so that the three are bound together. Then sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle, without a bit, to the lower jaw: this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eye-holes at the end of the reins, and

several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leathern thong, fastened by a slip-knot. The lazo, which bound the three together, being then loosed, the horse rises with difficulty. The Gaucho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater) he holds the animal's head, whilst the first puts on the horse cloths and saddle, and girths the whole together. During this operation, the horse, from dread and astonishment at thus being bound round the waist, throws himself over and over again on the ground, and, till beaten, is unwilling to rise. At last, when the saddling is finished, the poor animal can hardly breathe from fear, and is white with foam and sweat. The man now prepares to mount by pressing heavily on the stirrup, so that the horse may not lose its balance; and at the moment that he throws his leg over the animal's back, he pulls the slip-knot binding the front legs, and the beast is free. Some "domidors" pull the knot while the animal is lying on the ground, and, standing over the saddle, allow him to rise beneath them. The horse, wild with dread, gives a few most violent bounds, and then starts off at full gallop: when quite exhausted, the man, by patience, brings him back to the corral, where, reeking hot and scarcely alive, the poor beast is let free. Those animals which will not gallop away, but obstinately throw themselves on the ground, are by far the most troublesome. This process is tremendously severe, but in two or three trials the horse is tamed. It is not, however, for some weeks that the animal is ridden with the iron bit and solid ring, for it must learn to associate the will of its rider with the feel of the rein, before the most powerful bridle can be of any service.

Animals are so abundant in these countries, that humanity and self-interest are not closely united; therefore I fear it is that the former is here scarcely known. One day, riding in the Pampas with a very respectable "Estanciero," my horse, being tired, lagged behind. The man often shouted to me to spur him. When I remonstrated that it was a pity, for the horse was quite exhausted, he cried out: "Why not?—never mind—spur him—it is *my* horse." I had then some difficulty in making him comprehend that it was for the horse's sake, and not on his account, that I did not choose to use my spurs. He exclaimed, with a look of great surprise, "Ah, Don Carlos, que cosa?" (What is the matter?) It was clear that such an idea had never before entered his head.

The Gauchos are well known to be perfect riders. The idea of being thrown, let the horse do what it likes, never enters their head. Their criterion of a good rider is, a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse falls, alights on his own feet, or can perform other such exploits. I have heard of a man betting that he would throw his horse down twenty times, and that nineteen times he would not fall himself. I recollect seeing a Gaucho riding a very stubborn horse, which three times successively reared so high as to fall backwards with great violence. The man judged with uncommon coolness the proper moment for slipping off, not an instant before or after the right time; and as soon as the horse got up, the man jumped on his back, and at last they started at a gallop. The Gaucho never appears to exert any muscular force. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping along at a rapid pace, and thought to myself, "Surely if the horse starts, you appear so careless on your seat, you must fall." At

this moment, a male ostrich sprang from its nest right beneath the horse's nose: the young colt bounded on one side like a stag; but as for the man, all that could be said was, that he started and took fright with his horse.

In Chile and Peru more pains are taken with the mouth of the horse than in La Plata, and this is evidently a consequence of the more intricate nature of the country. In Chile a horse is not considered perfectly broken till he can be brought up standing, in the midst of his full speed, on any particular spot,—for instance, on a cloak thrown on the ground: or, again, he will charge a wall, and rearing, scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely reined by a forefinger and thumb, taken at full gallop across a courtyard, and then made to wheel round the post of a verandah with great speed, but at so equal a distance, that the rider, with outstretched arm, all the while kept one finger rubbing the post. Then making a demi-volte in the air, with the other arm outstretched in a like manner, he wheeled round, with astonishing force, in an opposite direction.

Such a horse is well broken; and although this at first may appear useless, it is far otherwise. It is only carrying that which is daily necessary into perfection. When a bullock is checked and caught by the lazo, it will sometimes gallop round and round in a circle, and the horse being alarmed at the great strain, if not well broken, will not readily turn like the pivot of a wheel. In consequence many men have been killed; for if the lazo once takes a twist round a man's body, it will instantly, from the power of the two opposed animals, almost cut him in twain. On the same principle the races are managed; the course is only two or three hundred yards long, the wish being to have horses that can make a

rapid dash. The race-horses are trained not only to stand with their hoofs touching a line, but to draw all four feet together, so as at the first spring to bring into play the full action of the hind-quarters. In Chile I was told an anecdote, which I believe was true; and it offers a good illustration of the use of a well-broken animal. A respectable man riding one day met two others, one of whom was mounted on a horse which he knew to have been stolen from himself. He challenged them; they answered him by drawing their sabres and giving chase. The man, on his good and fleet beast, kept just ahead: as he passed a thick bush he wheeled round it, and brought up his horse to a dead check. The pursuers were obliged to shoot on one side and ahead. Then instantly dashing on, right behind them, he buried his knife in the back of one, wounded the other, recovered his horse from the dying robber, and rode home. For these feats of horsemanship two things are necessary: a most severe bit, like the Mameluke, the power of which, though seldom used, the horse knows full well; and large blunt spurs, that can be applied either as a mere touch, or as an instrument of extreme pain. I conceive that with English spurs, the slightest touch of which pricks the skin, it would be impossible to break in a horse after the South American fashion.

At an estancia near Las Vacas large numbers of mares are weekly slaughtered for the sake of their hides, although worth only five paper dollars, or about half-a-crown, apiece. It seems at first strange that it can answer to kill mares for such a trifle; but as it is thought ridiculous in this country ever to break in or ride a mare, they are of no value except for breeding. The only thing for which I ever saw mares used, was to tread out wheat from the ear; for which purpose they were driven round

a circular enclosure, where the wheat-sheaves were strewed. The man employed for slaughtering the mares happened to be celebrated for his dexterity with the lazo. Standing at the distance of twelve yards from the mouth of the corral, he has laid a wager that he would catch by the legs every animal, without missing one, as it rushed past him. There was another man who said he would enter the corral on foot, catch a mare, fasten her front legs together, drive her out, throw her down, kill, skin, and stake the hide for drying (which latter is a tedious job); and he engaged that he would perform this whole operation on twenty-two animals in one day. Or he would kill and take the skin off fifty in the same time. This would have been a prodigious task, for it is considered a good day's work to skin and stake the hides of fifteen or sixteen animals.

November 26th.—I set out on my return in a direct line for Monte Video. Having heard of some giant's bones at a neighbouring farm-house on the Sarandis, a small stream entering the Rio Negro, I rode there accompanied by my host, and purchased for the value of eighteen pence the head of the Toxodon. When found it was quite perfect; but the boys knocked out some of the teeth with stones, and then set up the head as a mark to throw at. By a most fortunate chance I found a perfect tooth, which exactly fitted one of the sockets in this skull, embedded by itself on the banks of the Rio Tercero, at the distance of about 180 miles from this place. I found remains of this extraordinary animal at two other places, so that it must formerly have been common. I found here, also, some large portions of the armour of a gigantic armadillo-like animal, and part of the great head of a Mylodon. The bones of this head are so fresh, that they contain,

according to the analysis by Mr. T. Reeks, seven per cent. of animal matter; and when placed in a spirit-lamp, they burn with a small flame. The number of the remains embedded in the grand estuary deposit which forms the Pampas and covers the granitic rocks of Banda Oriental, must be extraordinarily great. I believe a straight line drawn in any direction through the Pampas would cut through some skeleton or bones. Besides those which I found during my short excursions, I heard of many others, and the origin of such names as "the stream of the animal," "the hill of the giant," is obvious. At other times I heard of the marvellous property of certain rivers, which had the power of changing small bones into large; or, as some maintained, the bones themselves grew. As far as I am aware, not one of these animals perished, as was formerly supposed, in the marshes or muddy river-beds of the present land, but their bones have been exposed by the streams intersecting the subaqueous deposit in which they were originally embedded. We may conclude that the whole area of the Pampas is one wide sepulchre of these extinct gigantic quadrupeds.

By the middle of the day, on the 28th, we arrived at Monte Video, having been two days and a half on the road. The country for the whole way was of a very uniform character, some parts being rather more rocky and hilly than near the Plata. Not far from Monte Video we passed through the village of Las Pietras, so named from some large rounded masses of syenite. Its appearance was rather pretty. In this country a few fig-trees round a group of houses, and a site elevated a hundred feet above the general level, ought always to be called picturesque.—CHARLES DARWIN (*Voyage of the "Beagle"*).

SPANISH BANDITTI

Richard Ford (1796–1858) went to live in Spain in the early thirties of the nineteenth century, owing to his wife's delicate health, lodged among the ruined splendours of the Alhambra, and from thence made many journeys through the length and breadth of the peninsula. One of the fruits of these excursions was his book *Gatherings from Spain*, one of the most charming travel-books in our language, from which the following extract is taken.

As it was our fate to have wandered up and down the Peninsula when Ferdinand VII. was king of the Spains, and Jose Maria, at whose name old men and women there tremble yet, was autocrat of Andalucia, the moment was propitious for studying the philosophy of Spanish banditti, and our speculations were much benefited by a fortunate acquaintance with the redoubtable chief himself, from whom, as well as from many of his intelligent followers, we received much kindness and valuable information, which is acknowledged with thankfulness.

Historically speaking, Spain has never enjoyed a good character in this matter of the highway; it had but an indifferent reputation in the days of antiquity, but then, as now, it was generally the accusation of foreigners. The Romans, who had no business to invade it, were harassed by the native guerrilleros, those undisciplined bands who waged the "little war," which Iberia always did. Worried by these unmilitary voltigeurs, they called all Spaniards who resisted them *latrones*; just as the French invaders, from the same reasons, called them *ladrones* or brigands, because they had no uniform; as if the wearing a schako given by a plundering marshal

could convert a pillager into an honest man, or the want of it could change into a thief, a noble patriot who was defending his own property and country; but *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*, say the French, and *aunique la mona se viste de seda, mona se queda*, although a monkey dresses in silk, monkey it remains, rejoin the Spaniards.

Armed men are in fact the weed of the soil of Spain, in peace or war; to have their hand against all mankind seems to be an instinct in every descendant of Ishmael, and particularly among this Quixotic branch, whose knight-errants, reformers on horseback, have not unfrequently been robbers in the guise of gentlemen. During the war against Buonaparte, the Peninsula swarmed with insurgents, many of whom were inspired, by a sense of loyalty, with indignation at their outraged religion, and with a deep-rooted national loathing of the *gabacho*,[1] and good service did these Minas and Co. do to the cause of their lawful king; but others used patriotic professions as specious cloaks to cover their instinctive passion for a lawless and freebooting career, and before the liberation of the country was effected, had become formidable to all parties alike. The Duke of Wellington, with his characteristic sagacity, foresaw, at his victorious conclusion of the struggle, how difficult it would be to weed out "this strange fruit borne on a tree grafted by patriotism." The transition from murdering a Frenchman, to plundering a stranger, appeared a simple process to these patriotic scions, whose numbers were swelled with all who were, or who considered themselves to be, ill used—with all who could not dig, and were ashamed to beg. The evil was diminished during the latter years of the reign of Ferdinand VII., when the old hands began to die off, and an advance in

[1] French.

social improvement was unquestionably general, before which these lawless occupations gave way, as surely as wild animals of prey do before improved cultivation. These evils, that are abated by internal quiet and the continued exertions of the authorities, increase with troubled times, which, as the tempest calls forth the stormy petrel, rouse into dangerous action the worst portions of society, and create a sort of civil cachexia, as we now see in Ireland.

Another source was, not to say is, Gibraltar, that hotbed of contraband, that nursery of the smuggler, the *prima materia* of a robber and murderer. The financial ignorance of the Spanish government calls him in, to correct the errors of Chancellors of Exchequers—*trovata la legge, trovato l'inganno.*[1] The fiscal regulations are so ingeniously absurd, complicated, and vexatious, that the honest, legitimate merchant is as much embarrassed as the irregular trader is favoured. The operation of excessive duties on objects which people must, and therefore will have, is as strikingly exemplified in the case of tobacco in Andalucia, as it is in that and many other articles on the Kent and Sussex coasts: in both countries the fiscal scourge leads to breaches of the peace, injury to the fair dealer, and loss to the revenue: it renders idle, predatory and ferocious, a peasantry which, under a wiser system, and if not exposed to overpowering temptation, might become virtuous and industrious. In Spain the evasion of such laws is only considered as cheating those who cheat the people; the villagers are heart and soul in favour of the smuggler, as they are of the poacher in England; all their prejudices are on his side. Some of the mountain curates,

[1] Italian proverbial saying to the effect that the law is full of mistakes or, to quote Dickens, is "a hass."

whose flocks are all in that line, deal with the crime in their sermons as a conventional, not a moral, one; and, like other people, decorate their mantelpieces with a painted clay figure of the sinner in his full *majo* dress. The smuggler himself, so far from feeling degraded, enjoys the reputation which attends success in personal adventure, among a people proud of individual prowess; he is the hero of the Spanish stage, and comes on equipped in full costume, with his blunderbuss, to sing the well-known *Yo! que soy contrabandista! yo ho!* to the delight of all listeners from the Straits to the Bidasoa, custom-house officers not excepted.

The prestige of such a theatrical exhibition, like the "Robbers" of Schiller, is enough to make all the students of Salamanca take to the high-road. The *contrabandista* is the Turpin, the Macheath of reality, and those heroes of the old ballads and theatres of England, who have disappeared more in consequence of enclosures, rapid conveyances, and macadamisation (for there is nothing so hateful to a highwayman as gas and a turnpike), than from fear of the prison or the halter. The writings of Smollett, the recollections of many now alive of the dangers of Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common, recall scenes of life and manners from which we have not long emerged, and which have still more recently been corrected in Spain. The *contrabandista* in his real character is welcome in every village; he is the newspaper and channel of intelligence; he brings tea and gossip for the curate, money and cigars for the attorney, ribands and cottons for the women; he is magnificently dressed, which has a great charm for all Moro-Iberian eyes; he is bold and resolute—"none but the brave deserve the fair"; a good rider and shot; he knows every inch of the intricate country, wood or water, hill

or dale; in a word, he is admirably educated for the high-road—for what Froissart, speaking of the celebrated Amerigot Tetenoire, calls "a fayre and godlie life." And the transition from plundering the king's revenue, to taking one of his subjects' purse on the highway, is easy.

Many circumstances combined to make this freebooting career popular among the lower classes. The delight of power, the exhibition of daring and valour, the temptation of sudden wealth, always so attractive to half-civilised nations, who prefer the rich spoil won by the bravery of an hour, to that of the drudgery of years; the gorgeous apparel, the lavish expenditure, the song, the wassail, the smiles of the fair, and all the joyous life of liberty, freemasonry, and good fellowship, operated with irresistible force on a warlike, energetic and imaginative population.

This smuggling was the origin of Jose Maria's career, who rose to the highest rank and honours of his profession, as did *Napoléon le Grand* and "Jonathan Wild the Great," and principally, as Fielding says of his hero, by a power of doing mischief, and a principle of considering honesty to be a corruption of *honosty*, the qualities of an ass (ὄνος). But it is a great mistake to suppose that there always are men fitted to be captains of formidable gangs; nature is chary in the production of such specimens of dangerous grandeur, and as ages may elapse before the world is cursed with another Alaric, Buonaparte, or Wild, so years may pass before Spain witnesses again another Jose Maria.

The *Ladron en grande*, the robber on a great scale, is the grandee of the first class in his order; he is the captain of a regularly-organised band of followers, from eight to fourteen in number, well armed and mounted,

and entirely under command and discipline. These are very formidable; and as they seldom attack any travellers except with overwhelming forces, and under circumstances of ambuscade and surprise, where everything is in their favour, resistance is generally useless, and can only lead to fatal accidents. Never, for the sake of a *sac de nuit*, risk being sent to Erebus; submit, therefore, at once and with good grace to the summons, which will take no denial, of *abajo*, down, *boca á tierra*, mouth to the earth. Those who have a score or so of dollars, four or five pounds, the loss of which will ruin no man, are very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured surrender not only prevents any bad treatment, but secures even civility during the disagreeable operation; pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence compared to civil words, as Mr. Cribb used to say. The Spaniard, by nature high-bred and a *caballero*, responds to any appeal to qualities of which he thinks his nation has reason to be proud; he respects coolness of manner, in which bold men, although robbers, sympathise. Why should a man, because he loses a few dollars, lose also his presence of mind or temper, or perhaps life? Nor are these grandees of the system without a certain magnanimity, as Cervantes knew right well. Witness his graphic account of Roque Guinart, whose conduct to his victims and behaviour to his comrades tallied, to our certain knowledge, with that observed by Jose Maria, and was perfectly analogous to the similar traits of character exhibited by the Italian bandit Ghino de Tacco, the immortalised by Dante, as well as by our Robin Hood and Diana's foresters. Being strong, they could afford to be generous and merciful.

Notwithstanding these moral securities, if only by

way of making assurance doubly sure, an Englishman will do well when travelling in exposed districts to be provided with a decent bag of dollars, which makes a handsome purse, feels heavy in the hands, and is that sort of amount which the Spanish brigand thinks a native of our proverbially rich country ought to have with him on his travels. He has a remarkable tact in estimating from the look of an individual, his equipage, etc., how much ready money it is befitting his condition for him to have about him; if the sum should not be enough, he resents severely his being robbed of the regular perquisite to which he considers himself entitled by the long-established usage of the high-road. The person unprovided altogether with cash is generally made a severe example of, *pour encourager les autres*, either by being well beaten or stripped to the skin, after the fashion of the thieves of old, near Jericho. The traveller should have a watch of some kind—one with a gaudy gilt chain and seals is the best suited; not to have one exposes him to more indignities than a scantily-filled purse. The money may have been spent, but the absence of a watch can only be accounted for by a premeditated intention of not being robbed of it, which the *ladron* considers as a most unjustifiable attempt to defraud him of his right.

The Spanish *ladrones* are generally armed with a blunderbuss, that hangs at their high-peaked saddles, which are covered with a white or blue fleece, emblematical enough of shearing propensities; therefore, perhaps, the order of the golden fleece has been given to certain foreigners, in reward for having eased Spain of her independence and Murillos. Their dress is for the most part very rich, and in the highest style of the fancy; hence they are the envy and models of the lower

classes, being arrayed after the fashion of the smuggler, or the bull-fighter, or in a word, the *majo* or dandy of Andalucia, which is the home and headquarters of all those who aspire to the elegant accomplishments and professions just alluded to. The next class of robbers —omitting some minor distinctions, such as the *salteadores*, or two or three persons who lie in ambuscade and *jump out* on the unprepared traveller—is the *ratero*, "the rat." He is not brought regularly up to the profession and organised, but takes to it on a sudden, and for the special occasion which, according to the proverb, makes a thief, *La ocasion hace el ladron*; and having committed his petty larceny, returns to his pristine occupation or avocation.

The *raterillo*, or small rat, is a skulking footpad, who seldom attacks any but single and unprotected passengers, who, if they get robbed, have no one to blame but themselves; for no man is justified in exposing Spaniards to the temptation of doing a little something in that line. The shepherd with his sheep, the ploughman at his plough, the vine-dresser amid his grapes, all have their gun, ostensibly for their individual protection, which furnishes means of assault and battery against those who have no other defence but their legs and virtue. These self-same extemporaneous thieves are, however, remarkably civil to armed and prepared travellers; to them they touch their hats, and exclaim, "Good day to you, my lord knight," and "May your grace go with God," with all that innocent simplicity which is observable in pastorals, opera-ballets, and other equally correct representations of rural life. These rats are held in as profound contempt by the higher classes of the profession, as political ones used to be, before parties were betrayed by turncoats, who, with

tails and without, deserted to the enemies' camp. The *ladron en grande* looks down on the sneaking competitor as a regular M.D. and member of the College of Physicians does on a quack, who presumes to take fees and kill without a licence. However despicable, these rats are very dangerous; lacking the generous feeling which the possession of power and united force bestows, they have the cowardice and cruelty of weakness: hence they frequently murder their victim, because dead men tell no tales.

The distinction between these higher and lower classes of rogues will be better understood by comparing the Napoleon of war with the Napoleon of peace. The Corsican was the *ladron en grande*; he warred against mankind, he led his armed followers to pillage and plunder, he made his den the receiving house of the stolen goods of the Continent: but he did it openly and manfully by his own right hand and good sword; and valour and audacity are qualities too high and rare not to command admiration—qualified, indeed, when so misapplied. Louis-Philippe is a *ratero*, who, skulking under disguise of amity and good faith, works out in the dark, and by cunning, his ends of avarice and ambition; who, acting on the artful dodger (no) principle, while kissing the Queen, picks her pocket of a crown.

It must be stated for the purposes of history that at the time when Spain was, or was said to be, overrun with rats and robbers, there was, as Spaniards have it, a remedy for everything except death; and as the evils were notorious, it was natural that means of prevention should likewise exist. If the state of things had been so bad as exaggerated report would infer, it would have been impossible that any travelling or traffic could have been managed in the Peninsula. The mails and

diligences, being protected by government, were seldom attacked, and those who travelled by other methods, and had proper recommendations, seldom failed in being provided by the authorities with a sufficient escort. A regular body of men was organised for that purpose; they were called *Miguelites*, from, it is said, one Miguel de Prats, an armed satellite of the famous or infamous Cæsar Borgia. In Catalonia they are called *Mozos de la Escuadra*, "Lads of the squadron, land marines"; they are the modern *Hermandad*, the brotherhood which formed the old Spanish rural armed police. Composed of picked and most active young men, they served on foot, under the orders of the military powers; they were dressed in a sort of half uniform and half *majo* costume. Their gaiters were black instead of yellow, and their jackets of blue trimmed with red. They were well armed with a short gun and a belt round the waist in which the ammunition was placed, a much more convenient contrivance than our cartouche-box; they had a sword, a cord for securing prisoners, and a single pistol, which was stuck in their sashes, at their backs. This corps was on a perfect par with the robbers, from whom some of them were chosen; indeed, the common condition of the *indulto*, or pardon to robbers, is to enlist, and extirpate their former associates—set a thief to catch a thief; both the honest and renegade *Miguelites* hunted *la mala gente*, as gamekeepers do poachers. The robbers feared and respected them; an escort of ten or twelve *Miguelites* might brave any number of banditti, who never or rarely attack where resistance is to be anticipated; and in travelling through suspected spots these escorts showed singular skill in taking every precaution, by throwing out skirmishers in front and at the sides. They covered

in their progress a large space of ground, taking care never to keep above two together, nor more distant from each other than gun-shot; rules which all travellers will do well to remember, and to enforce on all occasions of suspicion. The rare instances in which Englishmen, especially officers of the garrison of Gibraltar, have been robbed, have arisen from a neglect of this precaution; when the whole party ride together they may be all caught at once, as in a casting-net.

It may be remarked that Spanish robbers are very shy in attacking armed English travellers, and particularly if they appear on their guard. The robbers dislike fighting, and the more as they do so at a disadvantage, from having a halter round their necks, and they hate danger, from knowing what it is: they have no chivalrous courage, nor any more abstract notions of fair play than a Turk or a tiger, who are too uncivilised to throw away a chance; accordingly, they seldom join issue where the defendants seem pugnacious, which is likely to be the case with Englishmen. They also peculiarly dislike English guns and gunpowder, which, in fact, both as arms and ammunition, are infinitely superior to those of Spain. Though three or four Englishmen had nothing to fear, yet where there were ladies it was better to be provided with an escort of *Miguelites*. These men have a keen and accurate eye, and were always on the look-out for prints of horses and other signs, which, escaping the notice of superficial observers, indicated to their practised observations the presence of danger. They were indefatigable, keeping up with a carriage day and night, braving heat and cold, hunger and thirst. As they were maintained at the expense of the government, they were not, strictly speaking, entitled to any remuneration from those

travellers whom they were directed to escort; it was, however, usual to give to each man a couple of pesetas a day, and a dollar to their leader. The trifling addition of a few cigars, a *bota* or two of wine, some rice and dried cod-fish for their evening meal, was well bestowed; exercise sharpened their appetites; and they were always proud to drink to their master's long life and purse, and protect both.

Those, whether natives or foreigners, who could not obtain or afford the expense of an escort to themselves, availed themselves of the opportunity of joining company with some party who had one. It is wonderful how soon the fact of an escort being granted was known, and how the number of travellers increased, who were anxious to take advantage of the convoy. As all go armed, the united allied forces became more formidable as the number increased, and the danger became less. If no one happened to be travelling with an escort, then travellers waited for the passage of troops, for the government's sending money, tobacco, or anything else which required protection. If none of these opportunities offered, all who were about to travel joined company. This habit of forming caravans is very Oriental, and has become quite national in Spain, insomuch that it is almost impossible to travel alone, as others will join; weaker and smaller parties will unite with all stronger and larger companies whom they meet going the same road, whether the latter like it or not. The muleteers are most social and gregarious amongst each other, and will often endeavour to derange their employer's line of route, in order to fall in with that of their chance-met comrades. The caravan, like a snowball, increases in bulk as it rolls on; it is often pretty considerable at the very outset, for, even before

starting, the muleteers and proprietors of carriages, being well known to each other, communicate mutually the number of travellers which each has got.

Travelling in out-of-the-way districts in a *coche de colleras*, and especially if accompanied with a baggage waggon, exposes the party to be robbed. When the caravan arrives in the small villages it attracts immediate notice, and if it gets wind that the travellers are foreigners, they are supposed to be laden with gold and booty. Such an arrival is a rare event; the news spreads like wildfire, and collects all the *mala gente*, the bad set of idlers and loiterers, who act as spies, and convey intelligence to their confederates; again, the bulk of the equipage, the noise and clatter of men and mules, is seen and heard from afar, by robbers if there be any, who lurk in hiding-places or eminences, and are well provided with telescopes, besides with longer and sharper noses which, as Gil Blas says, smell coin in travellers' pockets, while the slow pace and impossibility of flight renders such a party an easy prey to well-mounted horsemen.—RICHARD FORD (*Gatherings from Spain*).

ON THE LOWER AMAZON

The naturalist, Henry Walter Bates, left England in April 1848, in company with Mr. A. R. Wallace, on an expedition up the Amazon for the purpose of investigating the natural history of the vast forests of that region. He stayed for eleven years in South America and was able to contribute to science a detailed knowledge of no fewer than 8000 species hitherto unknown. Bates's book, *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*, was published in 1863.

A TRADER of Obydos, named Penna, was about proceeding in a cuberta laden with merchandise to the Rio Negro, intending to stop frequently on the road; so I bargained with him for a passage. He gave up a part of the toldo, or fore-cabin as it may be called, and here I slung my hammock and arranged my boxes, so as to be able to work as we went along. The stoppages I thought would be an advantage as I could collect in the woods whilst he traded, and thus acquire a knowledge of the productions of many places on the river which in a direct voyage it would be impossible to do. I provided a stock of groceries for two months' consumption; and after the usual amount of unnecessary fuss and delay on the part of the owner, we started on the 19th of November. Penna took his family with him: this comprised a smart, lively mameluco woman, named Catarina, whom we called Senhora Katita, and two children. The crew consisted of three men, one a sturdy Indian, another a Cafuzo, godson of Penna, and the third, our best hand, a steady good-natured mulatto, named Joaquim. My boy Luco was to assist in rowing and so forth. Penna was a timid middle-aged man, a white with a slight cross of Indian; when he was surly

and obstinate, he used to ask me to excuse him on account of the Tapuyo blood in his veins. He tried to make me as comfortable as the circumstances admitted, and provided a large stock of eatables and drinkables; so that altogether the voyage promised to be a pleasant one.

On leaving the port of Obydos we crossed over to the right bank, and sailed with a light wind all day, passing numerous houses, each surrounded by its grove of cacao trees. On the 20th we made slow progress. After passing the high land at the mouth of the Trombetas, the banks were low, clayey, or earthy on both sides. The breadth of the river varies hereabout from two and a half to three miles, but neither coast is the true *terra firma*. On the northern side a by-channel runs for a long distance inland, communicating with the extensive lake of Faro; on the south, three channels lead to the similar fresh-water sea of Villa Franca; these are in part arms of the river, so that the land they surround consists, properly speaking, of islands. When this description of land is not formed wholly of river deposit, as sometimes happens, or is raised above the level of the highest floods, it is called *Ygapó alto*, and is distinguished by the natives from the true islands of mid-river, as well as from the *terra firma*. We landed at one of the cacao plantations. The house was substantially built; the walls formed of strong upright posts, lathed across, plastered with mud and whitewashed, and the roof tiled. The family were mamelucos, and seemed to be an average sample of the poorer class of cacao growers. All were loosely dressed and bare-footed. A broad verandah extended along one side of the house, the floor of which was simply the well-trodden earth; and here hammocks were slung between the bare upright supports, a large rush mat

being spread on the ground, upon which the stout matron-like mistress, with a tame parrot perched upon her shoulder, sat sewing with two pretty little mulatto girls. The master, coolly clad in shirt and drawers, the former loose about the neck, lay in his hammock smoking a long gaudily-painted wooden pipe. The household utensils, earthenware jars, water-pots and saucepans, lay at one end, near which was a wood fire, with the ever-ready coffee-pot simmering on the top of a clay tripod. A large shed stood a short distance off, embowered in a grove of banana, papaw, and mango trees; and under it were the ovens, troughs, sieves, and all other apparatus for the preparation of mandioca. The cleared space around the house was only a few yards in extent; beyond it lay the cacao plantations, which stretched on each side parallel to the banks of the river. There was a path through the forest which led to the mandioca fields, and several miles beyond to other houses on the banks of an interior channel. We were kindly received, as is always the case when a stranger visits these out-of-the-way habitations; the people being invariably civil and hospitable. We had a long chat, took coffee, and on departing one of the daughters sent a basket full of oranges for our use down to the canoe.

The cost of a cacao plantation in the Obydos district is after the rate of 240 reis or sixpence per tree, which is much higher than at Cametá, where I believe the yield is not so great. The forest here is cleared before planting, and the trees are grown in rows. The smaller cultivators are all very poor. Labour is scarce; one family generally manages its own small plantation of 10,000 to 15,000 trees, but at the harvest time neighbours assist each other. It appeared to me to be an easy, pleasant life;

the work is all done under shade, and occupies only a few weeks in the year. The incorrigible nonchalance and laziness of the people alone prevent them from surrounding themselves with all the luxuries of a tropical country. They might plant orchards of the choicest fruit-trees around their houses, grow Indian corn, and rear cattle and hogs, as intelligent settlers from Europe would certainly do, instead of indolently relying solely on the produce of their small plantations, and living on a meagre diet of fish and farinha. In preparing the cacao they have not devised any means of separating the seeds well from the pulp, or drying it in a systematic way; the consequence is that, although naturally of good quality, it moulds before reaching the merchants' stores, and does not fetch more than half the price of the same article grown in other parts of tropical America. The Amazons region is the original home of the principal species of chocolate tree, the *Theobroma cacao*; and it grows in abundance in the forests of the upper river. The cultivated crop appears to be a precarious one; little or no care, however, is bestowed on the trees, and even weeding is done very inefficiently. The plantations are generally old, and have been made on the low ground near the river, which renders them liable to inundation when this rises a few inches more than the average. There is plenty of higher land quite suitable to the tree, but it is uncleared, and the want of labour and enterprise prevents the establishment of new plantations.

We passed the last houses in the Obydos district on the 20th, and the river scenery then resumed its usual wild and solitary character, which the scattered human habitations relieved, although in a small degree. We soon fell into a regular mode of life on board our little ark. Penna would not travel by night; indeed, our

small crew, wearied by the day's labour, required rest, and we very rarely had wind in the night. We used to moor the vessel to a tree, giving out plenty of cable, so as to sleep at a distance from the banks and free of mosquitoes, which, although swarming in the forest, rarely came many yards out into the river at this season of the year. The strong current at a distance of thirty or forty yards from the coast steadied the cuberta head to stream, and kept us from drifting ashore. We all slept in the open air, as the heat of the cabins was stifling in the early part of the night. Penna, Senhora Katita, and I slung our hammocks in triangle between the mainmast and two stout poles fixed in the raised deck. A sheet was the only covering required, besides our regular clothing; for the decrease of temperature at night on the Amazons is never so great as to be felt otherwise than as a delightful coolness after the sweltering heat of the afternoons. We used to rise when the first gleam of dawn showed itself above the long, dark line of forest. Our clothes and hammocks were then generally soaked with dew, but this was not felt to be an inconvenience. The Indian Manoel used to revive himself by a plunge in the river, under the bows of the vessel. It is the habit of all Indians, male and female, to bathe early in the morning; they do it sometimes for warmth's sake, the temperature of the water being often considerably higher than that of the air. Penna and I lolled in our hammocks, whilst Katita prepared the indispensable cup of strong coffee, which she did with wonderful celerity, smoking meanwhile her early morning pipe of tobacco. Liberal owners of river craft allow a cup of coffee sweetened with molasses, or a ration of cashaça, to each man of their crews; Penna gave them coffee. When all were served, the day's work

began. There was seldom any wind at this early hour; so if there was still water along the shore the men rowed, if not there was no way of progressing but by espia. In some places the currents ran with great force close to the banks, especially where these receded to form long bays or *enseadas*, as they are called, and then we made very little headway. In such places the banks consist of loose earth, a rich crumbly vegetable mould supporting a growth of most luxuriant forest, of which the currents almost daily carry away large portions, so that the stream for several yards out is encumbered with fallen trees, whose branches quiver in the current. When projecting points of land were encountered, it was impossible, with our weak crew, to pull the cuberta against the whirling torrents which set round them; and in such cases we had to cross the river, drifting often with the current, a mile or two lower down on the opposite shore. There generally sprang a light wind as the day advanced, and then we took down our hammocks, hoisted all sail, and bowled away merrily. Penna generally preferred to cook the dinner ashore, when there was little or no wind. About midday on these calm days we used to look out for a nice shady nook in the forest, with cleared space sufficient to make a fire upon. I then had an hour's hunting in the neighbouring wilderness, and was always rewarded by the discovery of some new species. During the greater part of our voyage, however, we stopped at the house of some settler, and made our fire in the port. Just before dinner it was our habit to take a bath in the river, and then, according to the universal custom on the Amazons, where it seems to be suitable on account of the weak fish diet, we each took half a tea-cup full of neat cashaça, the "abre" or "opening," as it is called, and set to on

our mess of stewed pirarucú, beans and bacon. Once or twice a week we had fowls and rice; at supper, after sunset, we often had fresh fish caught by our men in the evening. The mornings were cool and pleasant until towards midday; but in the afternoons the heat became almost intolerable, especially in gleamy, squally weather, such as generally prevailed. We then crouched in the shade of the sails, or went down to our hammocks in the cabin, choosing to be half stifled rather than expose ourselves on deck to the sickening heat of the sun. We generally ceased travelling about nine o'clock, fixing upon a safe spot wherein to secure the vessel for the night. The cool evening hours were delicious; flocks of whistling ducks (*Anas autumnalis*), parrots, and hoarsely-screaming macaws, pair by pair, flew over from their feeding to their resting places, as the glowing sun plunged abruptly beneath the horizon. The brief evening chorus of animals then began, the chief performers being the howling monkeys, whose frightful unearthly roar deepened the feeling of solitude which crept on as darkness closed around us. Soon after, the fireflies in great diversity of species came forth and flitted about the trees. As night advanced, all became silent in the forest, save the occasional hooting of tree-frogs, or the monotonous chirping of wood-crickets and grasshoppers.

We made but little progress on the 20th and two following days, on account of the unsteadiness of the wind. The dry season had been of very brief duration this year; it generally lasts in this part of the Amazons from July to January, with a short interval of showery weather in November. The river ought to sink thirty or thirty-five feet below its highest point; this year it had declined only about twenty-five feet, and the November rains threatened to be continuous. The

drier the weather the stronger blows the east wind; it now failed us altogether, or blew gently for a few hours merely in the afternoons. I had hitherto seen the great river only in its sunniest aspect; I was now about to witness what it could furnish in the way of storms.

On the night of the 22nd the moon appeared with a misty halo. As we went to rest, a fresh watery wind was blowing, and a dark pile of clouds gathering up river in a direction opposite to that of the wind. I thought this betokened nothing more than a heavy rain which would send us all in a hurry to our cabins. The men moored the vessel to a tree alongside a hard clayey bank, and after supper all were soon fast asleep, scattered about the raised deck. About eleven o'clock I was awakened by a horrible uproar, as a hurricane of wind suddenly swept over from the opposite shore. The cuberta was hurled with force against the clayey bank; Penna shouted out, as he started to his legs, that a *trovoada de cima*, or a squall from up river, was upon us. We took down our hammocks, and then all hands were required to save the vessel from being dashed to pieces. The moon set, and a black pall of clouds spread itself over the dark forests and river; a frightful crack of thunder now burst over our heads, and down fell the drenching rain. Joaquim leapt ashore through the drowning spray with a strong pole, and tried to pass the cuberta round a small projecting point, whilst we on deck aided in keeping her off and lengthened the cable. We succeeded in getting free, and the stout-built boat fell off into the strong current farther away from the shore, Joaquim swinging himself dexterously aboard by the bowsprit as it passed the point. It was fortunate for us that he happened to be on a sloping clayey bank, where there was no fear of falling trees; a few yards

farther on, where the shore was perpendicular and formed of crumbly earth, large portions of loose soil, with all their superincumbent mass of forest, were being washed away; the uproar thus occasioned adding to the horrors of the storm.

The violence of the wind abated in the course of an hour, but the deluge of rain continued until about three o'clock in the morning; the sky being lighted up by almost incessant flashes of pallid lightning, and the thunder pealing from side to side without interruption. Our clothing, hammocks, and goods were thoroughly soaked by the streams of water which trickled through between the planks. In the morning all was quiet; but an opaque, leaden mass of clouds overspread the sky, throwing a gloom over the wild landscape that had a most dispiriting effect. These squalls from the west are a ways expected about the time of the breaking up of the dry season in these central parts of the Lower Amazons. They generally take place about the beginning of February, so that this year they had commenced much earlier than usual. The soil and climate are much drier in this part of the country than in the region lying farther to the west, where the denser forests and more clayey, humid soil produce a considerably cooler atmosphere. The storms may be therefore attributed to the rush of cold moist air from up river, when the regular trade-wind coming from the sea has slackened or ceased to blow.

On the 26th we arrived at a large sandbank connected with an island in mid-river, in front of an inlet called Maracá-uassú. Here we anchored and spent half a day ashore. Penna's object in stopping was simply to enjoy a ramble on the sands with the children, and give Senhora Katita an opportunity to wash the linen.

The sandbank was now fast going under water with the rise of the river; in the middle of the dry season it is about a mile long and half a mile in width. The canoe-men delight in these open spaces, which are a great relief to the monotony of the forest that clothes the land in every other part of the river. Farther westward they are much more frequent, and of larger extent. They lie generally at the upper end of islands; in fact, the latter originate in accretions of vegetable matter formed by plants and trees growing on a shoal. The island was wooded chiefly with the trumpet tree (*Cecropia peltata*), which has a hollow stem and smooth pale bark. The leaves are similar in shape to those of the horse-chestnut, but immensely larger; beneath they are white, and when the welcome trade-wind blows they show their silvery undersides,—a pleasant signal to the weary canoe traveller. The mode of growth of this tree is curious: the branches are emitted at nearly right angles with the stem, the branchlets in minor whorls around these, and so forth, the leaves growing at their extremities; so that the total appearance is that of a huge candelabrum. Cecropiæ of different species are characteristic of Brazilian forest scenery; the kind of which I am speaking grows in great numbers everywhere on the banks of the Amazons where the land is low. In the same places the curious Monguba tree (*Bombax ceiba*) is also plentiful; the dark green bark of its huge tapering trunk, scored with grey, forming a conspicuous object. The principal palm-tree on the lowlands is the Jauarí (*Astryocaryum Jauari*), whose stem, surrounded by whorls of spines, shoots up to a great height. On the borders of the island were large tracts of arrow-grass (*Gynerium saccharoides*), which bears elegant plumes of flowers, like those of the

reed, and grows to a height of twenty feet, the leaves arranged in a fan-shaped figure near the middle of the stem. I was surprised to find on the higher parts of the sandbank the familiar foliage of a willow (*Salix Humboldtiana*). It is a dwarf species, and grows in patches resembling beds of osiers; as in the English willows, the leaves were peopled by small chrysomelideous beetles. In wandering about, many features reminded me of the seashore. Flocks of white gulls were flying overhead, uttering their well-known cry, and sandpipers coursed along the edge of the water. Here and there lonely wading-birds were stalking about; one of these, the Curicáca (*Ibis melanopis*), flew up with a low cackling noise and was soon joined by an unicorn bird (*Palamedea cornuta*), which I startled up from amidst the bushes, whose harsh screams, resembling the bray of a jackass, but shriller, disturbed unpleasantly the solitude of the place. Amongst the willow bushes were flocks of a handsome bird belonging to the *Icteridæ* or *troupial* family, adorned with a rich plumage of black and saffron-yellow. I spent some time watching an assemblage of a species of bird called by the natives Tamburí-pará, on the Cecropiæ trees. It is the *Monasa nigrifrons* of ornithologists, and has a plain slate-coloured plumage with the beak of an orange hue. It belongs to the family of Barbets, most of whose members are remarkable for their dull inactive temperament. Those species which are arranged by ornithologists under the genus *Bucco* are called by the Indians, in the Tupí language, Taiassú uirá, or pig-birds. They remain seated sometimes for hours together on low branches in the shade, and are stimulated to exertion only when attracted by passing insects. This flock of Tamburí-pará were the reverse of dull; they were gambolling and chasing each other

amongst the branches. As they sported about, each emitted a few short tuneful notes, which altogether produced a ringing, musical chorus that quite surprised me.—HENRY WALTER BATES (*The Naturalist on the River Amazons*).

ON THE WAY TO NGAMI

David Livingstone (1813–1873) was stationed at Kuruman, in Bechuanaland, in 1841, and discovered Lake Ngami in 1849 in company with the great hunter Oswell and Mungo Murray. In his next year, with his wife and children, he made a journey to the Upper Zambesi. Owing to their illness he sent them home to England, and then pursued those explorations in Central Africa which necessitated a reconstruction of the map.

ALL around Serotli the country is perfectly flat, and composed of soft white sand. There is a peculiar glare of bright sunlight from a cloudless sky over the whole scene; and one clump of trees and bushes, with open spaces between, looks so exactly like another, that if you leave the wells, and walk a quarter of a mile in any direction, it is difficult to return. Oswell and Murray went out on one occasion to get an eland, and were accompanied by one of the Bakalahari. The perfect sameness of the country caused even this son of the desert to lose his way; a most puzzling conversation forthwith ensued between them and their guide. One of the most common phrases of the people is "Kia ituméla" ("I thank you," or "I am pleased") and the gentlemen were both quite familiar with it, and with the word "metse" (water). But there is a word very similar in sound, "Kia timéla" (I am wandering); its

perfect is "Ki timétse" (I have wandered). The party had been roaming about, perfectly lost, till the sun went down; and, through their mistaking the verb "wander" for "to be pleased," and "water," the colloquy went on at intervals during the whole bitterly cold night in somewhat the following style:

"Where are the waggons?"

Real answer:—"I don't know. I have wandered. I never wandered before. I am quite lost."

Supposed answer:—"I don't know. I want water. I am glad, I am quite pleased. I am thankful to you."

"Take us to the waggons, and you will get plenty of water."

Real answer (looking vacantly around):—"How did I wander? Perhaps the well is there, perhaps not. I don't know. I have wandered."

Supposed answer:—"Something about thanks; he says he is pleased, and mentions water again." The guide's vacant stare, while trying to remember, is thought to indicate mental imbecility and the repeated thanks were supposed to indicate a wish to deprecate their wrath.

"Well, Livingstone *has* played us a pretty trick, giving us in charge of an idiot. Catch us trusting him again. What can this fellow mean by his thanks and talk about water? O, you born fool! take us to the waggons, and you will get both meat and water. Wouldn't a thrashing bring him to his senses again?"

"No, no, for then he will run away, and we shall be worse off than we are now."

The hunters regained the waggons next day by their own sagacity, which becomes wonderfully quickened by a sojourn in the desert; and we enjoyed a hearty laugh on the explanation of their midnight colloquies. Fre-

quent mistakes of this kind occur. A man may tell his interpreter to say that he is a member of the family of the chief of the white men. "Yes, you speak like a chief," is the reply; meaning, as they explain it, that a chief may talk nonsense without anyone daring to contradict him. They probably have ascertained from that same interpreter, that this relative of the white chief is very poor, having scarcely anything in his waggon.

I sometimes felt annoyed at the low estimation in which some of my hunting friends were held; for, believing that the chase is eminently conducive to the formation of a brave and noble character, and that the contest with wild beasts is well adapted for fostering that coolness in emergencies, and active presence of mind, which we all admire, I was naturally anxious that a higher estimate of my countrymen should be formed in the native mind. "Have these hunters who come so far and work so hard no meat at home?" "Why, these men are rich, and could slaughter oxen every day of their lives." "And yet they come here, and endure so much thirst for the sake of this dry meat, none of which is equal to beef." "Yes, it is for the sake of play besides" (the idea of sport not being in the language). This produces a laugh, as much as to say: "Ah, you know better"; or, "Your friends are fools." When they can get a man to kill large quantities of game for them, whatever *he* may think of himself or of his achievements, *they* pride themselves in having adroitly turned to good account the folly of an itinerant butcher.

The water having at last flowed into the wells we had dug in sufficient quantity to allow a good drink to all our cattle, we departed from Serotli in the afternoon; but as the sun even in winter, which it now was, is

always very powerful by day, the waggons were dragged but slowly through the deep heavy sand, and we advanced only six miles before sunset. We could only travel in the mornings and evenings, as a single day in the hot sun and heavy sand would have knocked up the oxen. Next day we passed Pepacheu (white tufa), a hollow lined with tufa, in which water sometimes stands, but it was now dry; and at night our trocheamer[1] showed that we had made but twenty-five miles from Serotli.

Ramatobi was angry at the slowness of our progress, and told us that, as the next water was three days in front, if we travelled so slowly we should never get there at all. The utmost endeavours of the servants, cracking their whips, screaming and beating, got only nineteen miles out of the poor beasts. We had thus proceeded forty-four miles from Serotli; and the oxen were more exhausted by the soft nature of the country, and the thirst, than if they had travelled double the distance over a hard road containing supplies of water: we had, as far as we could judge, still thirty miles more of the same dry work before us. At this season the grass becomes so dry as to crumble to powder in the hands; so the poor beasts stood wearily chewing, without taking a single fresh mouthful, and lowing painfully at the smell of water in our vessels in the waggons. We were all determined to succeed; so we endeavoured to save the horses by sending them forward with a guide, as a means of making a desperate effort in case the oxen should fail. Murray went forward with them, while

[1] This is an instrument which, when fastened on the waggon-wheel, records the number of revolutions made. By multiplying this number by the circumference of the wheel, the actual distance travelled over is at once ascertained.

Oswell and I remained to bring the waggons on their trail as far as the cattle could drag them, intending them to send the oxen forward too.

The horses walked quickly away from us; but on the morning of the third day, when we imagined the steeds must be near the water, we discovered them just alongside the waggons. The guide, having come across the fresh footprints of some Bushmen who had gone in an opposite direction to that which we wished to go, turned aside to follow them. An antelope had been ensnared in one of the Bushmen's pitfalls. Murray followed Ramatobi most trustingly along the Bushmen's spoor, though that led them away from the water we were in search of; witnessed the operation of slaughtering, skinning and cutting up the antelope; and then, after a hard day's toil, found himself close upon the waggons! The knowledge still retained by Ramatobi of the trackless waste of scrub through which we were now passing seemed admirable. For sixty or seventy miles beyond Serotli, one clump of bushes and trees seemed exactly like another; but, as we walked together this morning, he remarked: "When we come to that hollow we shall light upon the highway of Sekomi; and beyond that again lies the river 'Mokokó'"; which, though we passed along it, I could not perceive to be a river-bed at all.

After breakfast some of the men who had gone forward on a little path with some footprints of water-loving animals upon it, returned with joyful tidings of "metse" (water), exhibiting the mud on their knees in confirmation of the news being true. It does one's heart good to see the thirsty oxen rush into a pool of delicious rain-water, as this was. In they dash until the water is deep enough to be nearly level with their throat, and

then they stand drawing slowly in the long refreshing mouthfuls, until their formerly collapsed sides distend as if they would burst. So much do they imbibe, that a sudden jerk, when they come out on the bank, makes some of the water run out again from their mouths: but as they have been days without food too, they very soon commence to graze, and of grass there is always abundance everywhere. This pool was called Mathuluáni; and thankful we were to have obtained so welcome a supply of water.

After giving the cattle a rest at this spot, we proceeded down the dry bed of the river Mokokó. The name refers to the water-bearing stratum before alluded to; and in this ancient bed it bears enough of water to admit of permanent wells in several parts of it. We had now the assurance from Ramatobi that we should suffer no more from thirst. Twice we found rainwater in the Mokokó before we reached Mokokonyani, where the water, generally below ground elsewhere, comes to the surface in a bed of tufa. The adjacent country is all covered with low thorny scrub, with grass, and here and there clumps of the "wait-a-bit thorn," or *Acacia detinens*. At Lotlakáni (a little reed), another spring three miles farther down, we met with the first Palmyra trees which we had seen in South Africa—they were twenty-six in number.

The ancient Mokokó must have been joined by other rivers below this, for it becomes very broad, and spreads out into a large lake, of which the lake we were now in search of formed a very small part. We observed that wherever an ant-eater had made his hole, shells were thrown out with the earth identical with those now alive in the lake.

When we left the Mokokó, Ramatobi seemed, for the

first time, to be at a loss as to which direction to take. He had passed only once away to the west of the Mokokó, the scenes of his boyhood. Mr. Oswell, while riding in front of the waggons, happened to spy a bush-woman running away in a bent position in order to escape observation. Thinking it to be a lion, he galloped up to her. She thought herself captured, and began to deliver up her poor little property, consisting of a few traps made of cords; but, when I explained that we only wanted water, and would pay her if she led us to it, she consented to conduct us to a spring. It was then late in the afternoon, but she walked briskly before our horses for eight miles, and showed us the water of Nchokotsa. After leading us to the water she wished to go away home, if indeed she had any—she had fled from a party of her countrymen, and was now living far from all others with her husband—but as it was now dark, we wished her to remain. As she believed herself still a captive, we thought she might slip away by night, so in order that she should not go away with the impression that we were dishonest, we gave her a piece of meat and a good large bunch of beads; at the sight of the latter she burst into a merry laugh, and remained without suspicion.

At Nchokotsa we came upon the first of a great number of salt-pans, covered with an efflorescence of lime, probably the nitrate. A thick belt of mopane-trees (*a Bauhinia*) hides this salt-pan, which is twenty miles in circumference, entirely from the view of a person coming from the south-east; and, at the time the pan burst upon our view, the setting sun was casting a beautiful blue haze over the white incrustations, making the whole look exactly like a lake. Oswell threw his hat up in the air at the sight, and shouted out a huzza

which made the poor bushwoman and the Bakwains think him mad. I was a little behind him, and was as completely deceived by it as he; but as we had agreed to allow each other to behold the lake at the same instant, I felt a little chagrined that he had, unintentionally, got the first glance. We had no idea that the long-looked-for lake was still more than three hundred miles distant. One reason of our mistake was, that the River Zouga was often spoken of by the same name as the lake, viz., Noka ea Batletli ("River of the Batletli").

The mirage on these salines was marvellous. It is never, I believe, seen in perfection except over such saline incrustations. Here not a particle of imagination was necessary for realising the exact picture of large collections of water; the waves danced along above, and the shadows of the trees were vividly reflected beneath the surface in such an admirable manner, that the loose cattle, whose thirst had not been slaked sufficiently by the very brackish water of Nchokotsa, with the horses, dogs, and even the Hottentots, ran off towards the deceitful pools. A herd of zebras in the mirage looked so exactly like elephants, that Oswell began to saddle a horse in order to hunt them; but a sort of break in the haze dispelled the illusion. Looking to the west and north-west from Nchokotsa, we could see columns of black smoke, exactly like those from a steam-engine, rising to the clouds, and were assured that these arose from the burning reeds of the Noka ea Batletli.

On the 4th of July we went forward on horseback towards what we supposed to be the lake, and again and again did we seem to see it; but at last we came to the veritable water of the Zouga, and found it to be a river running to the N.E. A village of Bakurutse lay on the opposite bank; these live among Batletli, a tribe

having a click in their language, and who were found by Sebituane to possess large herds of the great horned cattle. They seem allied to the Hottentot family. Mr. Oswell, in trying to cross the river, got his horse bogged in the swampy bank. Two Bakwains and I managed to get over by wading beside a fishing-weir. The people were friendly, and informed us that the water came out of the Ngami. This news gladdened all our hearts, for we now felt certain of reaching our goal. We might, they said, be a moon on the way; but we had the River Zouga at our feet, and by following it we should at last reach the broad water.

Next day, when we were quite disposed to be friendly with everyone, two of the Bamangwato, who had been sent on before us by Sekomi to drive away all the Bushmen and Bakalahari from our path, so that they should not assist or guide us, came and sat down by our fire. We had seen their footsteps fresh in the way, and they had watched our slow movements forward, and wondered to see how we, without any Bushmen, found our way to the waters. This was the first time they had seen Ramatobi. "You have reached the river now," said they; and we, quite disposed to laugh at having won the game, felt no ill-will to anyone. They seemed to feel no enmity to us either; but after an apparently friendly conversation proceeded to fulfil to the last the instructions of their chief. Ascending the Zouga in our front, they circulated the report that our object was to plunder all the tribes living on the river and lake; but when they had got half-way up the river, the principal man sickened of fever, turned back some distance, and died. His death had a good effect, for the villagers connected it with the injury he was attempting to do to us. They all saw through Sekomi's reasons for wishing us to fail in

our attempt; and though they came to us at first armed, kind and fair treatment soon produced perfect confidence.

When we had gone up the bank of this beautiful river about ninety-six miles from the point where we first struck it, and understood that we were still a considerable distance from the Ngami, we left all the oxen and waggons, except Mr. Oswell's, which was the smallest, and one team, at Ngabisané in the hope that they would be recruited for the home journey, while we made a push for the lake. The Bechuana chief of the lake region, who had sent men to Sechele, now sent orders to all the people on the river to assist us, and we were received by the Bakóba, whose language clearly shows that they bear an affinity to the tribes in the north. They call themselves Bayeiye, *i.e.* men; but the Bechuanas call them Bakóba, which contains somewhat of the idea of slaves. They have never been known to fight, and, indeed, have a tradition that their forefathers, in their first essays at war, made their bows of the Palma-Christi; and, when these broke, they gave up fighting altogether. They have invariably submitted to the rule of every horde which has overrun the countries adjacent to the rivers on which they specially love to dwell. They are thus the Quakers of the body politic in Africa.

A long time after the period of our visit the chief of the lake, thinking to make soldiers of them, took the trouble to furnish them with shields. "Ah! we never had these before; that is the reason we have always succumbed. Now we will fight." But a marauding party came from the Makololo, and our "Friends" at once paddled quickly, night and day, down the Zouga, never daring to look behind them till they reached the end of the river, at the point where we first saw it.

The canoes of these inland sailors are truly primitive craft; they are hollowed out of the trunks of single trees by means of iron adzes; and, if the tree has a bend, so has the canoe. I liked the frank and manly bearing of these men, and, instead of sitting in the waggon, preferred a seat in one of the canoes. I found they regarded their rude vessels as the Arab does his camel. They have always fires in them, and prefer sleeping in them while on a journey to spending the night on shore. "On land you have lions," say they, "serpents, hyænas, and your enemies; but in your canoe, behind a bank of reed, nothing can harm you." Their submissive disposition leads to their villages being frequently visited by hungry strangers. We had a pot on the fire in the canoe by the way, and when we drew near the villages devoured the contents. When fully satisfied ourselves, I found we could all look upon any intruders with perfect complacency, and show the pot in proof of having devoured the last morsel.

While ascending in this way the beautifully-wooded river, we came to a large stream flowing into it. This was the River Tamunak'le. I inquired whence it came. "Oh, from a country full of rivers—so many no one can tell their number—and full of large trees!" This was the first confirmation of statements I had heard from the Bakwains who had been with Sebituane, that the country beyond was not "the large sandy plateau" of the philosophers. The prospect of a highway capable of being traversed by boats to an entirely unexplored and very populous region, grew from that time forward stronger and stronger in my mind; so much so, that, when we actually came to the lake, this idea occupied such a large portion of my mental vision that the actual discovery seemed of but little importance. I find I

wrote, when the emotions caused by the magnificent prospects of the new country were first awakened in my breast, that they "might subject me to the charge of enthusiasm, a charge which I wished I deserved, as nothing good or great had ever been accomplished in the world without it."

Twelve days after our departure from the waggons at Ngabisané we came to the north-east end of Lake Ngami; and on the 1st of August, 1849, we went down together to the broad part, and, for the first time, this fine-looking sheet of water was beheld by Europeans. The direction of the lake seemed to be N.N.E. and S.S.W. by compass. The southern portion is said to bend round to the west, and to receive the Teoughe from the north at its north-west extremity. We could detect no horizon where we stood looking S.S.W.; nor could we form any idea of the extent of the lake except from the reports of the inhabitants of the district; and, as they professed to go round it in three days, allowing twenty-five miles a day would make it seventy-five, or less than seventy geographical miles in circumference. Other guesses have been made since as to its circumference, ranging between seventy and one hundred miles. It is shallow, for I subsequently saw a native punting his canoe over seven or eight miles of the north-east end; it can never, therefore, be of much value as a commercial highway. In fact, during the months preceding the annual supply of water from the north, the lake is so shallow that it is with difficulty cattle can approach the water through the boggy, reedy banks. These are low on all sides, but on the west there is a space devoid of trees, showing that the waters have retired thence at no very ancient date. This is another of the proofs of desiccation met with so abundantly

throughout the whole country. A number of dead trees lie on this space, some of them embedded in the mud, right in the water. We were informed by the Bayeiye, who live on the lake, that, when the annual inundation begins, not only trees of great size, but antelopes, as the springbok and tsessebe (*Acronotus lunata*), are swept down by its rushing waters; the trees are gradually driven by the winds to the opposite side, and become embedded in mud.

The water of the lake is perfectly fresh when full, but brackish when low; and that coming down the Tamunak'le we found to be so clear, cold and soft, the higher we ascended, that the idea of melting snow was suggested to our minds. We found this region, with regard to that from which we had come, to be clearly a hollow, the lowest point being Lake Kumadau; the point of the ebullition of water, as shown by one of Newman's barometric thermometers, was only between 207½° and 206°, giving an elevation of not much more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. We had descended above two thousand feet in coming to it from Kolobeng. It is the southern and lowest part of the great river system beyond, in which large tracts of country are inundated annually by tropical rains, hereafter to be described. A little of that water, which in the countries farther north produces inundation, comes as far south as 20° 20′, the latitude of the upper end of the lake, and, instead of flooding the country, falls into the lake as into a reservoir. It begins to flow down the Embarrah, which divides into the rivers Tzo and Teoughe. The Tzo divides into the Tamunak'le and Mababe; the Tamunak'le discharges itself into the Zouga, and the Teoughe into the lake. The flow begins either in March or April, and the descending waters

find the channels of all these rivers dried out, except in certain pools in their beds, which have long dry spaces between them. The lake itself is very low. The Zouga is but a prolongation of the Tamunak'le, and an arm of the lake reaches up to the point where the one ends and the other begins. This last is narrow and shallow, while the Zouga is broad and deep. The narrow arm of the lake, which on the map looks like a continuation of the Zouga, has never been observed to flow either way. It is as stagnant as the lake itself. . . .—DAVID LIVINGSTONE (*Travels in South Africa*).

IN NICARAGUA

Thomas Belt (1832–1878) dedicates his book, *The Naturalist in Nicaragua,* to Henry Walter Bates, " whose admirable work, *The Naturalist on the River Amazons,*" he writes, " has been my guide and model." And Charles Darwin, in his turn, called Belt's book " the best of all natural history journals which have ever been published." Belt was a North-Country mining engineer, who took up the study of natural history when the state of his health demanded a life in the open air. He afterwards became a great traveller, and while manager for a mining company in Nicaragua gathered the information which he presents so pleasantly and truthfully in the book, from which the following passage is taken.

THE site of Juigalpa is beautifully chosen, as is usual with the old Indian towns. It is on a level dry piece of land, about three hundred feet above the river. A rocky brook behind the town supplies the water for drinking and cooking purposes. The large square or plaza has the church at one end; on the other three sides are red-tiled adobe houses and stores, with floors of clay or

red bricks. Streets branch off at right angles from the square, and are crossed by others. The best houses are those nearest the square. Those on the outskirts are mere thatched hovels, with open sides of bamboo poles. The house I stayed at was at the corner of one of the square blocks, and from the angle the view extended in four directions along the level roads. Each way the prospect was bounded by hills in the distance. North-east were the white cliffs of the Amerrique range, mantled with dark wood. The intervening country could not be seen, and only a small portion of the range itself; framed in, as it were, by the sides of the street. It looked close at hand, like a piece of artificial rockery, or the grey walls of a castle covered with ivy. The range to the south-west is several miles distant; and is called San Miguelito by the Spaniards, but I could not learn its Indian name.

Our host was a musician, and his wife attended to the guests. As usual, a number of relations lived with them, including the mother of our hostess and two of her brothers. It was a very fair sample of a family amongst what may be called the middle class in Nicaragua. The master of the house plays occasionally in a band at dances and festas, and holds a respectable position at Juigalpa, where the highest families keep stores and shops.

The only work is done by the females—the men keep up their dignity by lounging about all day, or lolling in a hammock, all wearied with their slothfulness, and looking discontented and unhappy. One brother told me he was a carpenter, the other a shoemaker, but that there was nothing to do in Juigalpa. I suggested that they should go to Libertad, where there was plenty of work. They said there was too much rain there. As

long as their brother-in-law will allow them, they will remain lounging about his house; and that will probably be as long as he has one, for I noticed that the wealthier Nicaraguans are rather proud of having a lot of relations hanging about and dependent on them. Now and then they do little spells of work—get in the cows or doctor one that is sick—but I doubt if any of them average more than half-an-hour's work per day. Even this may be an equivalent for their board, which does not cost much, being only a few tortillas and beans.

To this have the descendants of the Spanish conquerors come throughout the length and breadth of the land. With perennial summer and a fertile soil they might drink the waters of abundance, but the bands of indolence have wound round them generation after generation, and now they are so bound up in the drowsy folds of slothfulness that they cannot break their silken fetters. Not a green vegetable, not a fruit, can you buy at Juigalpa. Beef or a fowl — brown beans, rice and tortillas—form the only fare. When Mexico becomes one of the United States all Central America will soon follow. Railways will be pushed from the north into the tropics, and a constant stream of immigration will change the face of the country, and fill it with farms and gardens, orange groves, and coffee, sugar, cacao, and indigo plantations. No progress need be expected from the present inhabitants.

Having finished our business in Juigalpa, we arranged to start on our return early the next morning, Velasquez going round by Acoyapo whilst Rito accompanied me to the mines. I had a fowl cooked overnight to take with us, and set off at six o'clock. I shall make some remarks on the road on points not touched on in my account of the journey out. After leaving Juigalpa, we

descended to the river by a rocky and steep path, crossed it, and then passed over alluvial-like plains intersected by a few nearly dry river beds, to the foot of the south-western side of the Amerrique hills, then gradually ascended the range that separates the Juigalpa district from that of Libertad. The ground was gravelly and dry, with stony hillocks covered with low trees and bushes. After ascending about a thousand feet, the ground became much moister, and we reached an Indian hut on the side of the range, where a few bananas and a little maize were grown. Indian women, naked to the waist, were, as usual, bruising maize, this being their employment from morning to night, whilst the men were sitting about idle. Some mangy-looking dogs set up a loud barking as we approached. To one of them clung a young spider-monkey. A number of parrots also gave evidence of the great fondness the Indians have for animal pets. There is scarcely a house where some bird or beast is not kept; and the Indian women are very clever in taming birds, probably by their constant kindness and gentleness to them, and by feeding them out of their mouths and fondling them. From near here we had a fine view, and saw that we had come up the side of a wide valley, bounded on the right by the Amerrique range, on the left by high rounded grassy hills, on one of which we could make out the cattle *hacienda* of La Puerta. Lines of trees and bamboo thickets marked the course of numerous brooks that joined lower down and formed the small rivers we had crossed. Looking down the valley it opened out into a wide plain, with here and there sharp-topped conical hills, such as abound in Central America, where they appear to have been taken as landmarks by the Indians, as many of the old roads lead past them.

Beyond the plain in the grey distance were the waters of the lake and the peaks of Ometépec and Madera.

We had now to ascend the side of a ravine, the road, or rather path, being through a bamboo thicket for about a mile, the bamboos touching our knees on either side and arching close overhead, so that we had to lie on the mules' necks a great part of the way. Some portions of the road were dangerously steep and rocky; but as fully a league in distance is saved by taking this by-path, instead of the main road by way of La Puerta, I generally preferred travelling by it, especially as I often took rare and new beetles on the bushes. I usually, when travelling, carried a net fixed to a short stick, and caught the insects as I passed along, off the leaves, without stopping; so abundant were they that it was very rare for me to take the shortest journey without finding some new species to add to my collection. On this journey I did not, however, take many insects, as the latter half of the year 1872, for some reason or other, was a very unfavourable season for them.[1] The scarcity of beetles was very remarkable. The wet season set in a little earlier than usual, but I do not think that this caused the dearth of insects as at Juigalpa, where there had been scarcely any rain, there were very few compared with the two former years. The year before, when the season was nearly as wet, beetles, especially longicorns, had been very abundant; and the first half of 1872 had not been characterised by any scarcity of them. Some of the fine longicorns that appear in April

[1] It is curious that Mr. W. H. Hudson should have selected this same summer of 1872–73 as affording on the pampas of South America an exceptionally good example of one of those "waves of life" in which there is a sudden and inordinate increase in many forms of animal life. See *The Naturalist in La Plata*, Chapter III.

were numerous. No less than five specimens of a large and beautiful one (*Deliathis nivea*, Bates), white, with black spots, that we considered one of our greatest rarities, were taken in that month. It was not until the end of May that the great scarcity of beetles, compared with their abundance in former years, became apparent. I think all classes of beetles had suffered. Many fine lamellicorns, that were generally numerous, were not seen at all; neither were many species of longicorns, usually common. A fig-tree that I had growing in my garden had been much injured by a longicorn (*Tæniotes scalaris*) in 1870 and 1871, but was not touched in 1872.

Butterflies were also scarce, but it was the second season that they had been so. Some ants were affected; in others, such as the leaf-cutter, I noted no perceptible diminution in number. A little ant (*Pheidole sp.*) that used to swarm on a passion flower which grew over the house, attending on the honey glands, and scale insects, disappeared altogether; and another species (*Hypoclinea sp.*) that it used to drive away took its place. A small stinging black ant (*Solenopsis sp.*), that was a great plague in the houses, was also fortunately scarce. In the beginning of June nearly all the white ants or termites ("Comiens" of the Nicaraguans) died. In some parts of my house they lay in little heaps, just as they dropped from the nests above in the roof, and most of the nests were entirely depopulated. I examined some of the dead termites with a magnifier, but could detect no difference in them, excepting that they seemed a little swollen.

That some epidemic prevailed amongst the insects there can be no doubt; and it is curious that it should have attacked so many different species and classes. I am not sure that it was confined to the insects, for there

was also a great mortality amongst the fowls, many dying from inflammation of the crop, and two large parrots fell victims to the same disease. This disease amongst the birds may not, however, have been connected in any way with that amongst the insects. I recollect that in 1865 there was a somewhat similar mortality amongst the wasps in North Wales. In the autumn of the preceding year they had been exceedingly abundant, and very destructive to the fruit. In the next spring, numerous females that had hibernated commenced making their paper nests, and I anticipated a still greater plague of wasps in the autumn than we had had the year before; but some epidemic carried off nearly all the females before they finished building their nests, and in the autumn scarcely a wasp was to be seen. I saw also in the Natural History magazines notices of their scarcity in all parts of England.

The great mortality amongst the insects of Chontales in 1872 has some bearing on the origin of species, for in times of such great epidemics we may suspect that the gradations that connect extreme forms of the same species may become extinct. Darwin has shown how very slight differences in the colour of the skin and hair are sometimes correlated with great immunity from certain diseases, and from the action of some vegetable poisons, and the attacks of certain parasites.[1] Any varieties of species of insects that could withstand better than others these great and probably periodical epidemics, would certainly obtain a great advantage over those not so protected; and thus the survival of one form, and the extinction of another, might be brought

[1] *Descent of Man*, Vol. I. p. 242; and *Animals and Plants under Cultivation*, Vol. II. pp. 227–230. I have taken the examples given from the same author.

about. We see two species of the same genus, as in many insects, differing but little from each other, yet quite distinct, and we ask why, if these have descended from one parent form, do not the innumerable gradations that must have connected them exist also? There is but one answer; we are ignorant what characters are of essential value to each species; we do not know why white terriers are more subject than darker-coloured ones to the attacks of the fatal distemper; why yellow-fleshed peaches in America suffer more from diseases than the white-fleshed varieties; why white chickens are most liable to the gapes; or why the caterpillars of silkworms, which produce white cocoons, are not attacked by fungus so much as those that produce yellow cocoons. Yet in all these cases, and many others, it has been shown that immunity from disease is correlated with some slight difference in colour or structure, but as to the cause of that immunity we are entirely ignorant.

At last we reached the summit of the range, which is probably not less than three thousand feet above the sea, and entered on the district of Libertad. Rounded boggy hills covered with grass, sedgy plants, and stunted trees replaced the dry gravelly soil of the Juigalpa district. The low trees bore innumerable epiphytal plants on their trunks and boughs. Many of these are species of *Tillandsia*, which sit perched up on the small branches like birds. They have sheathing leaves that hold at their base a supply of water that must be very useful to them in the dry season. Insects get drowned in this water, and the plants may derive some nourishment from their decomposing bodies, but I believe the principal object is to obtain a supply of moisture, as the roots of the plants do not hang down to the ground, like

those of many other epiphytes in the tropics, nor are they provided with bulbs like the orchids. Some plants that hold liquids in cup-shaped leaves are simply insect traps, many of them growing in bogs, where the supply of moisture is perennial and constant. Such is the Indian-cup (*Sarracenia*) that grows in the bogs of Canada, and the Californian pitcher-plant (*Darlingtonia californica*), which also grows in bogs, and is such an excellent fly-trap, that there is generally a layer of from two to five inches of decomposing insects lying at the bottom of the cup.[1] The different species of *Drosera*, or sun-dews, possess quite a different apparatus for catching insects, and they also live in bogs, which supports the inference that plants growing in such situations have some especial need to obtain nutriment, which they cannot draw from the decaying vegetation on which they live. Possibly they obtain the salts of potash in this way. I did not notice any provision in the leaves of the Bromeliaceous epiphytes of Chontales to ensure the capture of insects, but often saw their dead bodies in the water held at the base of the leaves, and any that came to drink would be very liable to slip into the water from off the nearly perpendicular side of the leaf and be drowned. It is not impossible that the small supply of mineral salts required for the organisation of these plants that do not draw any nutriment from the earth may be obtained from dead insects, but, as I have already stated, I believe that the principal object is to lay up a store of water to carry them safely through the dry season. Incidentally, the further advantage has been gained that insects fall into the receptacles of water and are drowned, affording in their decomposition nourishment to the plants.

[1] See *Nature*, Vol. III. pp. 159 and 167.

Our road now lay over the damp grassy hills of the Libertad district. It edged away from the Amerrique range on our right. To our left, about three miles distant, rose the dark sinuous line of the great forest of the Atlantic slope. Only a fringe of dark-foliaged trees in the foreground was visible, the higher ground behind was shrouded in a sombre pall of thick clouds that never lifted, but seemed to cover a gloomy and mysterious country beyond. Though I had dived into the recesses of these mountains again and again, and knew that they were covered with beautiful vegetation and full of animal life, yet the sight of that leaden-coloured barrier of cloud resting on the forest tops, whilst the savannahs were bathed in sunshine, ever raised in my mind vague sensations of the unknown and the unfathomable. Our course was nearly parallel to this gloomy forest, but we gradually approached it. The line that separates it from the grassy savannahs is sinuous and irregular. In some places a dark promontory of trees juts out into the savannahs, in others a green grassy hill is seen almost surrounded by forest. When I first came to the country, I was much puzzled to understand why the forest should end just where it did. It is not because of any change in the nature of the soil or bedrock. It cannot be for lack of moisture, for around Libertad it rains for at least six months out of the twelve. The surface of the ground is not level on the savannahs, but consists of hill and dale, just as in the forest. Altogether the conditions seemed to be exactly the same, and it appeared a difficult matter to account for the fact that the forest should end at an irregular but definite line, and that at that boundary grassy savannahs should commence. After seeing the changes that were wrought during the four and a half years that I was in the

country, I have been led to the conclusion that the forest formerly extended much farther towards the Pacific, and has been beaten back principally by the agency of man. The ancient Indians of Nicaragua were an agricultural race, their principal food then, as now, being maize; and in all the ancient graves, the stone for grinding corn is found placed there, as the one thing that was considered indispensable. They cut down patches of the forest and burnt it to plant their corn, as all along the edge of it they do still. The first time the forest is cut down, and the ground planted, the soil contains seeds of the forest trees, which, after the corn is gathered, spring up and regain possession of the ground, so that in twenty years, if such a spot is left alone, it will scarcely differ from the surrounding untouched forest. But it does not remain unmolested. After two or three years it is cut down again and a great change takes place. The soil does not now contain seeds of forest trees, and in their stead a great variety of weedy-looking shrubs, only found where the land has been cultivated, spring up. Grass, too, begins to get a hold on the ground; if it prevails, the Indian, or Mestizo, does not attempt to grow corn there again, as he knows the grass will spoil it, and he is too indolent to weed it out. Often, however, the brushwood has been cut down and burnt, and fresh crops of corn grown several times before the grass has gained such an advantage that the cultivator gives up the attempt to plant maize. There is then a struggle between the weedy shrubs and the grass. The leaf-cutting ants come to the aid of the latter. Grass they will not touch, excepting to clear it away from their paths. The thick forest they do not like, possibly because beneath its shade the ground is kept too damp for their fungus beds.

But along the edge of the forest, by the sides of roads through it, that let in the air and sunshine, and in clearings, they abound. They are especially fond of the leaves of young trees, many of which are destroyed by them. Should the brushwood ultimately prevail, and cover the ground, the Indian or Mestizo comes again after a few years, cuts it down, and replants it with maize. But as most of his old clearings get covered with grass, he is continually encroaching on the edge of the forest, beating it back gradually, but surely, towards the north-east. As this process has probably been going on for thousands of years, I believe that the edge of the forest is several miles nearer the Atlantic than it was originally.

In this way many acres in the neighbourhood of Pital were taken from the forest, and added to the grass-lands, whilst I was in the country. The brushwood-land does not yield such good crops as the virgin forest, but it is nearer to the huts of the cultivators, who live out on the savannahs, so that whenever the weedy shrubs gain possession of a spot sufficiently large for a clearing, and choke off the grass, these places are again cut down and burnt, and thus the forest is never allowed to establish outposts, or advanced stations, in the disputed ground. What would be the result if man were withdrawn from the scene, I do not know, but I believe that the forest would slowly, but surely, regain the ground that it has lost through long centuries. The thickets and dense brushwood that always spring up along the edge of the forest, and consist of many shrubs that the leaf-cutting ants do not touch, would gradually spread, and beat back the grass. In their shade and shelter, seeds from the forest would vegetate and grow, and thus, I think, very slowly, inch by inch, the forest would regain its

long-lost territory, and gradually extend its limits towards the south-west, until it reached its old boundaries, where a change in the physical character of the land, or in the amount of moisture precipitated, would stay its further progress. It is far more likely, however, that man will drive back the forest to the very Atlantic than that he will quit the scene.

After passing the Indian graves, about a league from Libertad, we turned off to the right, by a path that led directly to the Mico, without going through the town. After crossing several rounded grassy hills, we reached the river, and found it swollen with recent rains, but fordable. Sometimes travellers are detained several days, unable to cross, and I was always glad when, returning to the mines, I had put it behind me. Now and then a traveller is drowned when attempting to cross the swollen river, but these accidents are rare, as it is well known, by certain rocks being covered, when it is unfordable. If carried away, a traveller has little chance to save his life, as just below the crossing the river is rapid and the banks precipitous. I heard of one man who had had a very narrow escape. He was trying to cross on mule-back, but his beast lost its footing, rolled over, and was rapidly washed away. The poor man was carried into the roaring rapids, and would soon have been drowned, but a herdsman on the bank, who was looking for cattle, threw his lasso cleverly over the drowning traveller, and dragged him on shore. Some of the "vacqueros," as the herdsmen are called, are wonderfully adroit in throwing the lasso; when riding at full speed, they throw it over the horns of the cattle, or the heads of the horses, and can hold the strongest if sideways on. But I have seen some old bulls that knew how to get loose; they would run straight away from

the vacquero in places where he could not ride round them, and getting a straight pull on the lasso, would break it, or draw it out of his hands. There are no horses or mules, and very few cattle, however, that know how to do this, I was told by the herdsmen.

After crossing the river, we soon reached Pital, where I had a cup of tea and got a fresh mule. We now turned nearly at right angles to our former course, and struck into the dark forest, the road through which I have already described. It was very wet and muddy. In some places, although it was only the commencement of the wet season, the mules sank above their knees. On this occasion, as on many others, I had often to notice how well the mule remembered places where in some former year it had avoided a particularly bad part by making a detour. I was riding a mule that had tender feet, having just recovered from the bite of a spider, that had occasioned the loss of one of its hoofs, and when it came near to a place where it could escape the deep mud by going over a stony part it would slacken its pace and look first at the mud, then at the stones, evidently balancing in its mind which was the lesser evil. Sometimes, too, when it came to a very bad place, which was better at the sides, I left it to itself, and it would be so undecided which side was the best, that making towards one it would look towards the other, and end by getting into the worst of the mud. It was just like many men who cannot decide which of two courses to take, and end by a middle one, which is worse than either. And just as in men, so in mules, there is every variety of disposition and ability. Some are easily led, others most obstinate and headstrong; some wise and prudent, others foolish and rash. The memory of localities is much stronger in horses and

mules than in man. When travelling along a road that they have been over only once, and that some years before, where there are numerous branch roads and turnings, they will never make a mistake, even in the dark; and I have often, at night, when I could not make out the road myself, left them to their own guidance, and they have taken me safely to my destination. Only once was I misled, and that through the too good memory of my mule. Many years before it had been taken to a pasture of good grass, and recollecting this, it took me several miles out of my road towards its old feeding-ground, causing me to be benighted in consequence.

I reached the mines at nine o'clock, and found that during my absence it had been raining almost continuously, although at Juigalpa there had been only a few slight showers.—THOMAS BELT (*The Naturalist in Nicaragua*).

AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX

The following extract is taken from Sir John Franklin's *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea*, of which Captain R. F. Scott, of South Polar fame, writes: "In days of hurried action I have been astonished at the depth of interest which a re-perusal of this wonderful old narrative has held for me. Wonderful it is in its simplicity and its revelation of the simplicity of character and faith of the man who wrote it. It is old only by comparison—scarcely ninety years have elapsed since the adventures it described were enacted—yet such a period has never held a fuller measure of change or more speedily passed current events into the limbo of the past.

"Nothing could more vividly impress this change than the narrative itself. We are told that Mr. Back missed his ship at Yarmouth but succeeded in rejoining her at Stromness,

having travelled 'nine successive days almost without rest.' What a vision of post-chaises, sweating horses and heavy roads is suggested! And if the contrast with present-day conditions in our own Islands is great, how much greater is it in that vast Dominion through which Franklin directed his pioneer footsteps. As he followed the lonely trails to Fort Cumberland, or sailed along the solitary shores of Lake Winnipeg, how little could he guess that in less than a century a hundred thousand inhabitants would dwell by the shore of the great lake, or that its primeval regions would one day provide largely the bread of his countrymen."

June 12th.—The Indians, knowing the course of the river below this point to be only a succession of rapids, declined taking their canoes any farther; but as I conceived one of them would be required, should we be compelled to walk along the coast, two of our men were appointed to conduct it.

As we were now entering the confines of the Esquimaux country, our guides recommended us to be cautious in lighting fires, lest we should discover ourselves, adding that the same reason would lead them to travel as much as possible in the valleys, and to avoid crossing the tops of the hills. We embarked at six A.M., taking with us only old Keskarrah. The other Indians walked along the banks of the river. Throughout this day's voyage the current was very strong, running four or five miles an hour; but the navigation was tolerable, and we had to lighten the canoes only once, in a contracted part of the river where the waves were very high. The river is in many places confined between perpendicular walls of rock to one hundred and fifty yards in width, and there the rapids were most agitated. Large masses of ice twelve or fourteen feet thick were still adhering to many parts of the bank, indicating the tardy departure of winter from this inhospitable land, but the earth

around them was rich with vegetation. In the evening two musk oxen being seen on the beach, were pursued and killed by our men. Whilst we were waiting to embark the meat the Indians rejoined us, and reported they had been attacked by a bear, which sprang upon them whilst they were conversing together. His attack was so sudden that they had not time to level their guns properly, and they all missed except Akaitcho, who, less confused than the rest, took deliberate aim, and shot the animal dead. They do not eat the flesh of the bear, but knowing that we had no such prejudice, they brought us some of the choice pieces, which upon trial we found to be very excellent meat.

The Indians having informed us that we were now within twelve miles of the rapid where the Esquimaux have invariably been found, we pitched our tents on the beach, under the shelter of a high hill whose precipitous side is washed by the river, intending to send forward some persons to determine the situation of their present abode. Some vestiges of an old Esquimaux encampment were observed near the tents, and the stumps of the trees bore marks of the stone hatchets they use. A strict watch was appointed, consisting of an officer, four Canadians, and an Indian, and directions were given for the rest of the party to sleep with their arms by their side. That as little delay as possible might be experienced in opening a communication with the Esquimaux, we immediately commenced arrangements for sending forward persons to discover whether there were any in our vicinity. Akaitcho and the guides proposed that two of the hunters should be despatched on this service, who had extremely quick sight, and were accustomed to act as scouts, an office which requires equal caution and circumspection. A strong

objection, however, lay against this plan, in the probability of their being discovered by a straggling hunter, which would be destructive to every hope of accommodation. It was therefore determined to send Augustus and Junius, who were very desirous to undertake the service. These adventurous men proposed to go armed only with pistols concealed in their dress, and furnished with beads, looking-glasses, and other articles, that they might conciliate their countrymen by presents. We could not divest our minds of the apprehension, that it might be a service of much hazard, if the Esquimaux were as hostile to strangers as the Copper Indians have invariably represented them to be; and we felt great reluctance in exposing our two little interpreters, who had rendered themselves dear to the whole party, to the most distant chance of receiving injury; but this course of proceeding appeared in their opinion and our own to offer the only chance of gaining an interview. Though not insensible to the danger, they cheerfully prepared for their mission, and clothed themselves in Esquimaux dresses, which had been made for the purpose at Fort Enterprise. Augustus was desired to make his presents, and to tell the Esquimaux that the white men had come to make peace between them and all their enemies, and also to discover a passage by which every article of which they stood in need might be brought in large ships. He was not to mention that we were accompanied by the Indians, but to endeavour to prevail on some of the Esquimaux to return with him. He was directed to come back immediately if there were no lodges at the rapid.

The Indians were not suffered to move out of our sight, but in the evening we permitted two of them to cross the river in pursuit of a musk ox, which they killed

on the beach, and returned immediately. The officers, prompted by an anxious solicitude for Augustus and Junius, crawled up frequently to the summit of the mountain to watch their return. The view, however, was not extensive, being bounded at the distance of eight miles by a range of hills similar to the Copper Mountains, but not so lofty. The night came without bringing any intelligence of our messengers, and our fears for their safety increased with the length of their absence.

As every one had been interested in the welfare of these men through their vivacity and good-nature, and the assistance they had cheerfully rendered in bearing their portion of whatever labour might be going on, their detention formed the subject of all our conversation, and numerous conjectures were hazarded as to the cause.

Dr. Richardson, having the first watch, had gone to the summit of the hill and remained seated, contemplating the river that washed the precipice under his feet, long after dusk had hid distant objects from his view. His thoughts were, perhaps, far distant from the surrounding scenery, when he was roused by an indistinct noise behind him, and on looking round, perceived that nine white wolves had ranged themselves in form of a crescent, and were advancing, apparently with the intention of driving him into the river. On his rising up they halted, and when he advanced they made way for his passage down to the tents. He had his gun in his hand, but forbore to fire, lest there should be Esquimaux in the neighbourhood. During Mr. Wentzel's middle watch, the wolves appeared repeatedly on the summit of the hill, and at one time they succeeded in driving a deer over the precipice. The animal was stunned by

the fall, but recovering itself, swam across the stream, and escaped up the river. I may remark here, that at midnight it was tolerably dark in the valley of the river at this time, but that an object on the eminence above could be distinctly seen against the sky.

The following observations were taken at this encampment, latitude 67° 23′ 14″ N., longitude 116° 6′ 51″ W., variation 49° 46′ 24″ E. Thermometer 75° at three P.M. Sultry weather.

Augustus and Junius not having returned next morning, we were more alarmed respecting them, and determined on proceeding to find out the cause of their detention, but it was eleven A.M. before we could prevail upon the Indians to remain behind, which we wished them to do lest the Esquimaux might be suspicious of our intentions if they were seen in our suite. We promised to send for them when we had paved the way for their reception; but Akaitcho, ever ready to augur misfortune, expressed his belief that our messengers had been killed, and that the Esquimaux, warned of our approach, were lying in wait for us, and "although," said he, "your party may be sufficiently strong to repulse any hostile attack, my band is too weak to offer effectual resistance when separated from you; and therefore, we are determined to go on with you, or to return to our lands." After much argument, however, he yielded and agreed to stay behind, provided Mr. Wentzel would remain with him. This gentleman was accordingly left with a Canadian attendant, and they promised not to pass a range of hills then in view to the northward, unless we sent notice to them.

The river during the whole of this day's voyage flowed between alternate cliffs of loose sand intermixed with gravel and red sand-stone rocks, and was every-

where shallow and rapid. As its course was very crooked, much time was spent in examining the different rapids previous to running them, but the canoes descended, except at a single place, without any difficulty. Most of the officers and half the men marched along the land to lighten the canoes, and reconnoitre the country, each person being armed with a gun and a dagger. Arriving at a range of mountains which had terminated our view yesterday, we ascended it with much eagerness, expecting to see the rapid that Mr. Hearne visited near its base, and to gain a view of the sea; but our disappointment was proportionably great, when we beheld beyond, a plain similar to that we had just left, terminated by another range of trap hills, between whose tops the summits of some distant blue mountains appeared. Our reliance on the information of the guides, which had been for some time shaken, was now quite at an end, and we feared that the sea was still far distant. The flat country here is covered with grass, and is devoid of the large stones so frequent in the barren grounds, but the ranges of trap hills which seem to intersect it at regular distances are quite barren. A few decayed stunted pines were standing on the borders of the river. In the evening we had the gratification of meeting Junius, who was hastening back to inform us that they had found four Esquimaux tents at the fall which we recognised to be the one described by Mr. Hearne. The inmates were asleep at the time of their arrival, but rose soon afterwards, and then Augustus presented himself, and had some conversation across the river. He told them the white people had come, who would make them very useful presents. The information of our arrival seemed to alarm them very much, but as the noise of the rapid prevented them from hearing distinctly, one

of them approached him in his canoe, and received the rest of the message. He would not, however, land on his side of the river, but returned to the tents without receiving the present. His language differed in some respects from Augustus's, but they understood each other tolerably well. Augustus trusting for a supply of provision to the Esquimaux, had neglected to carry any with him, and this was the main cause of Junius's return. We now encamped, having come fourteen miles. After a few hours' rest, Junius set off again to rejoin his companion, being accompanied by Hepburn, who was directed to remain about two miles above the fall, to arrest the canoes on their passage, lest we should too suddenly surprise the Esquimaux. About ten P.M. we were mortified by the appearance of the Indians with Mr. Wentzel, who had in vain endeavoured to restrain them from following us. The only reason assigned by Akaitcho for this conduct was, that he wished for a reassurance of my promise to establish peace between his nation and the Esquimaux. I took this occasion of again enforcing the necessity of their remaining behind, until we had obtained the confidence and good-will of their enemies. After supper Dr. Richardson ascended a lofty hill about three miles from the encampment, and obtained the first view of the sea; it appeared to be covered with ice. A large promontory, which I named Cape Hearne, bore N.E., and its lofty mountains proved to be the blue land we had seen in the forenoon, and which had led us to believe the sea was still far distant. He saw the sun set a few minutes before midnight from the same elevated situation. It did not rise during the half-hour he remained there, but before he reached the encampment its rays gilded the tops of the hills.

The night was warm, and we were much annoyed by the mosquitoes.

June 15*th*.—We this morning experienced as much difficulty as before in prevailing upon the Indians to remain behind, and they did not consent until I had declared that they should lose the reward which had been promised, if they proceeded any farther, before we had prepared the Esquimaux to receive them. We left a Canadian with them, and proceeded, not without apprehension that they would follow us, and derange our whole plan by their obstinacy. Two of the officers and a party of the men walked on the shore, to lighten the canoes. The river, in this part, flows between high and stony cliffs, reddish slate clay rocks and shelving banks of white clay, and is full of shoals and dangerous rapids. One of these was termed Escape Rapid, both the canoes having narrowly escaped foundering in its high waves. We had entered the rapid before we were aware, and the steepness of the cliffs preventing us from landing, we were indebted to the swiftness of our descent for preservation. Two waves made a complete breach over the canoes; a third would in all probability have filled and overset them, which must have proved fatal to every one in them. The powder fortunately escaped the water, which was soon discharged when we reached the bottom of the rapid. At noon we perceived Hepburn lying on the left bank of the river, and landed immediately to receive his information. As he represented the water to be shoal the whole way to the rapid (below which the Esquimaux were), the shore party were directed to continue their march to a sandy bay at the head of the fall, and there await the arrival of the canoes. The land in the neighbourhood of the rapid is of the most singular form: large irregular sand hills bounding both banks,

apparently so unconnected that they resemble icebergs; the country around them consisting of high round green hills. The river becomes wide in this part, and full of shoals, but we had no difficulty in finding a channel through them. On regaining the shore party, we regretted to find that some of the men had incautiously appeared on the tops of the hills, just at the time Augustus was conversing with one of the Esquimaux, who had again approached in his canoe, and was almost persuaded to land. The unfortunate appearance of so many people at this instant revived his fears, and he crossed over to the eastern bank of the river, and fled with the whole of his party. We learned from Augustus that this party, consisting of four men and as many women, had manifested a friendly disposition. Two of the former were very tall. The man who first came to speak to him, inquired the number of canoes that we had with us, expressed himself to be not displeased at our arrival, and desired him to caution us not to attempt running the rapid, but to make the portage on the west side of the river. Notwithstanding this appearance of confidence and satisfaction, it seems they did not consider their situation free from danger, as they retreated the first night to an island somewhat farther down the river, and in the morning they returned and threw down their lodges, as if to give notice to any of their nation that might arrive, that there was an enemy in the neighbourhood. From seeing all their property strewed about, and ten of their dogs left, we entertained the hope that these poor people would return after their first alarm had subsided; and therefore I determined on remaining until the next day, in the expectation of seeing them, as I considered the opening of an early communication a matter of the greatest importance in

our state of absolute ignorance respecting the sea-coast. The canoes and cargoes were carried across the portage, and we encamped on the north side of it. We sent Augustus and Junius across the river to look for the runaways, but their search was fruitless. They put a few pieces of iron and trinkets in their canoes, which were lying on the beach. We also sent some men to put up the stages of fish, and secure them as much as possible from the attacks of the dogs. Under the covering of their tents were observed some stone kettles and hatchets, a few fish spears made of copper, two small bits of iron, a quantity of skins, and some dried salmon, which was covered with maggots, and half putrid. The entrails of the fish were spread out to dry. A great many skins of small birds were hung up to a stage, and even two mice were preserved in the same way. Thus it would appear that the necessities of these poor people induce them to preserve every article that can be possibly used as food. Several human skulls which bore the marks of violence and many bones were strewed about the ground near the encampment, and as the spot exactly answers the description given by Mr. Hearne, of the place where the Chipewyans who accompanied him perpetrated the dreadful massacre on the Esquimaux, we had no doubt of this being the place, notwithstanding the difference in its position as to latitude and longitude given by him, and ascertained by our observation. We have, therefore, preserved the appellation of Bloody Fall, which he bestowed upon it. Its situation by our observations is, in latitude 67° 42′ 35″ N., longitude 115° 49′ 33″ W., variation 50° 20′ 14″ E. This rapid is a sort of shelving cascade, about three hundred yards in length, having a descent of from ten to fifteen feet. It is bounded on each side by high walls

of red sandstone, upon which rests a series of lofty green hills. On its north side, close to the east bank, is the low rocky island which the Esquimaux had deserted. The surrounding scenery was accurately delineated in a sketch taken by Mr. Hood. We caught forty excellent salmon and whitefish in a single net below the rapid. We had not seen any trees during this day's journey; our fuel consisted of small willows and pieces of dried wood that were picked up near the encampment. The ground is well clothed with grass, and nourishes most of the shrubs and berry-bearing plants that we have seen north of Fort Enterprise; and the country altogether has a richer appearance than the barren lands of the Copper Indians. We had a distinct view of the sea from the summit of a hill behind the tents; it appeared choked with ice and full of islands.

On the morning of the 16th three men were sent up the river to search for dried wood to make floats for the nets. Adam, the interpreter, was also despatched with a Canadian, to inform Akaitcho of the flight of the Esquimaux. We were preparing to go down to the sea in one of the canoes, leaving Mr. Back to await the return of the men who were absent; but just as the crew were putting the canoe in the water, Adam returned in the utmost consternation, and informed us that a party of Esquimaux were pursuing the men whom we had sent to collect floats. The orders for embarking were instantly countermanded, and we went with a part of our men to their rescue. We soon met our people returning at a slow pace, and learned that they had come unawares upon the Esquimaux party, which consisted of six men, with their women and children, who were travelling towards the rapid with a considerable number of dogs carrying their baggage. The women hid themselves on

the first alarm, but the men advanced, and stopping at some distance from our men, began to dance in a circle, tossing up their hands in the air, and accompanying their motions with much shouting, to signify, I conceive, their desire of peace. Our men saluted them by pulling off their hats, and making bows, but neither party was willing to approach the other; and, at length, the Esquimaux retired to the hill from whence they had descended when first seen. We proceeded in the hope of gaining an interview with them, but lest our appearance in a body should alarm them, we advanced in a long line, at the head of which was Augustus. We were led to their baggage, which they had deserted, by the howling of the dogs; and on the summit of a hill we found, lying behind a stone, an old man who was too infirm to effect his escape with the rest. He was much terrified when Augustus advanced, and probably expected immediate death; but that the fatal blow might not be unrevenged, he seized his spear, and made a thrust with it at his supposed enemy. Augustus, however, easily repressed the feeble effort, and soon calmed his fears by presenting him with some pieces of iron, and assuring him of his friendly intentions. Dr. Richardson and I then joined them, and, after receiving our presents, the old man was quite composed, and became communicative. His dialect differed from that used by Augustus, but they understood each other tolerably well.

It appeared that his party consisted of eight men and their families, who were returning from a hunting excursion with dried meat. After being told who we were, he said that he had heard of white people from different parties of his nation which resided on the sea-coast to the eastward; and to our inquiries respecting the pro-

vision and fuel we might expect to get on our voyage, he informed us that the reindeer frequent the coast during the summer, the fish are plentiful at the mouths of the rivers, the seals are abundant, but there are no sea-horses nor whales, although he remembered one of the latter, which had been killed by some distant tribe, having been driven on shore on his part of the coast by a gale of wind; that musk oxen were to be found a little distance up the rivers, and that we should get drift wood along the shore. He had no knowledge of the coast to the eastward beyond the next river, which he called Nappa-arktok-towock, or Tree River. The old man, contrary to the Indian practice, asked each of our names; and in reply to a similar question on our part said his name was Terregannœuck, or the White Fox; and that his tribe denominated themselves Nagge-ook-tormœoot, or Deer-Horn Esquimaux. They usually frequent the Bloody Fall during this and the following moons, for the purpose of salting salmon, and then retire to a river which flows into the sea, a short way to the westward (since denominated Richardson's River), and pass the winter in snow-houses.

After this conversation Terregannœuck proposed going down to his baggage, and we then perceived he was too infirm to walk without the assistance of sticks. Augustus, therefore, offered him his arm, which he readily accepted, and, on reaching his store, he distributed pieces of dried meat to each person, which, though highly tainted, were immediately eaten; this being a universal token among the Indians of peaceable intention.

We then informed him of our desire to procure as much meat as we possibly could, and he told us that he had a large quantity concealed in the neighbourhood,

which he would cause to be carried to us when his people returned.

I now communicated to him that we were accompanied by some Copper Indians, who were very desirous to make peace with his nation, and that they had requested me to prevail upon the Esquimaux to receive them in a friendly manner; to which he replied, he should rejoice to see an end put to the hostility that existed between the nations, and therefore would most gladly welcome our companions. Having despatched Adam to inform Akaitcho of this circumstance, we left Terregannœuck, in the hope that his party would rejoin him; but as we had doubts whether the young men would venture upon coming to our tents, on the old man's bare representation, we sent Augustus and Junius back in the evening, to remain with him until they came, that they might fully detail our intentions.

The countenance of Terregannœuck was oval, with a sufficiently prominent nose, and had nothing very different from a European face, except in the smallness of his eyes, and, perhaps, in the narrowness of his forehead. His complexion was very fresh and red, and he had a longer beard than I had seen on any of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. It was between two and three inches long, and perfectly white. His face was not tattooed. His dress consisted of a shirt, or jacket with a hood, wide breeches, reaching only to the knee, and tight leggings sewed to the shoes, all of deer skins. The soles of the shoes were made of seal-skin, and stuffed with feathers instead of socks. He was bent with age, but appeared to be about five feet ten inches high. His hands and feet were small in proportion to his height. Whenever Terregannœuck received a present, he placed each article first on his right shoulder, then on

his left; and when he wished to express still higher satisfaction, he rubbed it over his head. He held hatchets, and other iron instruments, in the highest esteem. On seeing his countenance in a glass for the first time, he exclaimed, "I shall never kill deer more," and immediately put the mirror down. The tribe to which he belongs repair to the sea in spring, and kill seals; as the season advances they hunt deer and musk oxen at some distance from the coast. Their weapon is the bow and arrow, and they get sufficiently nigh the deer, either by crawling, or by leading these animals by ranges of turf towards a spot where the archer can conceal himself. Their bows are formed of three pieces of fir, the centre piece alone bent, the other two lying in the same straight line with the bowstring; the pieces are neatly tied together with sinew. Their canoes are similar to those we saw in Hudson's Straits, but smaller. They get fish constantly in the rivers, and in the sea as soon as the ice breaks up. This tribe do not make use of nets, but are tolerably successful with the hook and line. Their cooking utensils are made of potstone, and they form very neat dishes of fir, the sides being made of thin deal, bent into an oval form, secured at the ends by sewing and fitted so nicely to the bottom as to be perfectly water-tight. They have also large spoons made of the horns of the musk oxen.

Akaitcho and the Indians arrived at our tents in the evening, and we learned that they had seen the Esquimaux the day before, and endeavoured, without success, to open a communication with them. They exhibited no hostile intention, but were afraid to advance. Akaitcho, keeping out of their sight, followed at a distance, expecting that ultimately finding themselves enclosed between our party and his, they would

be compelled to come to a parley with one of us. Akaitcho had seen Terregannœuck soon after our departure; he was much terrified, and thrust his spear at him as he had done at Augustus; but was soon reconciled after the demonstrations of kindness the Indians made, in cutting off the buttons from their dress to present to him.

July 17th.—We waited all this forenoon in momentary expectation of the return of Augustus and Junius, but as they did not appear at two P.M., I sent Mr. Hood with a party of men, to inquire into the cause of their detention, and to bring the meat which Terregannœuck had promised us. He returned at midnight with the information that none of the Esquimaux had yet ventured to come near Terregannœuck except his aged wife, who had concealed herself amongst the rocks at our first interview; and she told him the rest of the party had gone to a river, a short distance to the westward, where there was another party of Esquimaux fishing. Augustus and Junius had erected the tent, and done everything in their power to make the old man comfortable in their absence. Terregannœuck being unable to walk to the place where the meat was concealed, readily pointed the spot out to Mr. Hood, who went thither; but after experiencing much difficulty in getting at the column of rock on which it was deposited, he found it too putrid for our use. The features of Terregannœuck's wife were remarkable for roundness and flatness; her face was much tattooed, and her dress differed little from the old man's.—Sir John Franklin (*Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea*).

A RIDE TO BERBERAH

As Burton tells us in his Preface, the original scheme was a general exploration of Somaliland, under the auspices of the Government at Bombay; but when the authorities took fright at the responsibilities involved, he determined to carry out part of the programme himself by exploring the unvisited city of Harar, some 110 miles inland, south of the coast town of Zayla. Starting from Aden disguised as an Arab merchant, he reached Zayla at the end of October 1854, and stayed there nearly a month preparing his journey. He was accompanied by two Arabs from the Aden Police whom he could trust, and by a rogue Mullah. After leaving Zayla their progress was very slow, for it took them five weeks to cover the straight caravan route that leads to Harar. When within sight of the city, Burton was driven through fear of betrayal to drop his disguise, and boldly announced himself a European, sending forward a letter as from the British Governor of Aden. His confidence was justified. He was admitted to an audience with the Sultan or Amir, and remained ten days in the city, studying the special dialect of its rather wretched population, and watching the course of their commerce in slaves, ivory, coffee, cottons, bread, honey, gums, and all the usual products of East African regions. Then, striking east instead of north, he rode for Berberah, and in about three weeks was back in Aden (February 9, 1855).

I WILL not trouble you, dear L., with descriptions of the uniform and uninteresting scenery through which we rode—horrid hills upon which withered aloes brandished their spears, plains apparently rained upon by a shower of stones, and rolling ground abounding only with thorns like the "wait-a-bits" of Kafir land, created to tear man's skin or clothes. Our toil was rendered doubly toilsome by the Eastern travellers' dread—the demon of Thirst rode like Care behind us. For twenty-

four hours we did not taste water, the sun parched our brains, the mirage mocked us at every turn, and the effect was a species of monomania. As I jogged along with eyes closed against the fiery air, no image unconnected with the want suggested itself. Water ever lay before me—water lying deep in the shady well—water in streams bubbling icy from the rock—water in pellucid lakes inviting me to plunge and revel in their treasures. Now an Indian cloud was showering upon me fluid more precious than molten pearl, then an invisible hand offered a bowl for which the mortal part would gladly have bartered years of life. Then—drear contrast!—I opened my eyes to a heat-reeking plain, and a sky of that eternal metallic blue so lovely to painter and poet, so blank and death-like to us, whose καλον was tempest, rain-storm, and the huge purple nimbus. I tried to talk—it was in vain, to sing in vain, vainly to think; every idea was bound up in one subject, water.[1]

As the sun sank into the east we descended the wide Gogaysa valley. With unspeakable delight we saw in the distance a patch of lively green: our animals scented the blessing from afar, they raised their drooping ears, and started with us at a canter, till, turning a corner, we suddenly sighted sundry little wells. To spring from the saddle, to race with our mules, who now feared not the crumbling sides of the pits, to throw ourselves into the muddy pools, to drink a long slow draught, and to dash the water over our burning faces, took less time to do than to recount. A calmer inspection showed a

[1] As a rule, twelve hours without water in the desert during hot weather kill a man. I never suffered severely from thirst but on this occasion; probably it was in consequence of being at the time but in weak health.

necessity for caution—the surface was alive with tadpoles and insects; prudence, however, had little power at that time, we drank, and drank, and then drank again. As our mules had fallen with avidity upon the grass, I proposed to pass a few hours near the well. My companions, however, pleading the old fear of lions, led the way to a deserted kraal upon a neighbouring hill. We had marched about thirty miles eastward, and had entered a safe country belonging to the Bahgoba, our guide's clan.

At sunrise on the 28th of January, the Donkey, whose limbs refused to work, was lifted into the saddle, declaring that the white man must have been sent from heaven, as a special curse upon the children of Ishak. We started, after filling the water-bottle, down the Gogaysa valley. Our mules were becoming footsore, and the saddles had already galled their backs; we were therefore compelled to the additional mortification of travelling at snail's pace over the dreary hills, and through the uninteresting bush.

About noon we entered Wady Danan, or "The Sour," a deep chasm in the rocks; the centre is a winding sandy watercourse, here and there grassy with tall rushes, and affording at every half-mile a plentiful supply of sweet water. The walls of the ravine are steep and rugged, and the thorny jungle clustering at the sides gives a wild appearance to the scene. Traces of animals, quagga and gazelle everywhere abounded: not being, however, in "Dianic humour," and unwilling to apprise Bedouins of our vicinity, I did not fire a shot. As we advanced large trees freshly barked and more tender plants torn up by the roots, showed the late passage of a herd of elephants: my mule, though the bravest of our beasts, was in a state of terror all the way. The little grey

honey-bird [1] tempted us to wander with all his art: now he sat upon the nearest tree chirping his invitation to a feast, then he preceded us with short jerking flights to point out the path. My people, however, despite the fondness for honey inherent in the Somali palate,[2] would not follow him, deciding that on this occasion his motives for inviting us were not of the purest.

Emerging from the valley, we urged on our animals over comparatively level ground, in the fallacious hope of seeing the sea that night. The trees became rarer as

[1] I have never shot this feathered friend of man, although frequent opportunities presented themselves. He appears to be the Cuculus Indicator (*le Concou Indicateur*) and the Om-Shlanvo of the Kafirs; the Somal call him Maris. Described by Father Lobo and Bruce, he is treated as a myth by Le Vaillant; M. Wiedman makes him cry "Shirt! Shirt! Shirt!" Dr. Sparrman "Tcherr! Tcherr!" M. Delagorgue "Chir! Chir! Chir!" His tone suggested to me the shrill chirrup of a sparrow, and his appearance that of a greenfinch.

Buffon has repeated what a traveller had related, namely, that the honey-bird is a little traitor who conducts men into ambuscades prepared by wild beasts. The Lion-Slayer in South Africa asserts it to be the belief of Hottentots and the interior tribes, that the bird often lures the unwary pursuer to danger, sometimes guiding him to the midday retreat of a grizzly lion, or bringing him suddenly upon the den of the crouching panther. M. Delagorgue observes that the feeble bird probably seeks aid in removing carrion for the purpose of picking up flies and worms; he acquits him of malice prepense, believing that where the prey is, there carnivorous beasts may be met.

The Somal, however, carry their superstition still farther. The honey-bird is never trusted by them; he leads, they say, either to the lions' den or the snakes' hiding-place, and often guides his victim into the jaws of the Kaum or plundering party.

[2] The Somal have several kinds of honey. The Donyale or wasp-honey is scanty and bad; it is found in trees, and obtained by smoking and cutting the branch. The Malab Shinni or bee-honey is either white, red or brown; the first is considered the most delicate in flavour.

we advanced and the surface metallic. In spots the path led over ironstone that resembled slag. In other places the soil was ochre-coloured:[1] the cattle lick it, probably on account of the aluminous matter with which it is mixed. Everywhere the surface was burnt up by the sun, and withered from want of rain. Towards evening, we entered a broad slope called by the Somal Dihh Murodi, or Murodilay—the Elephants' Valley. Crossing its breadth from west to east, we traversed two Fiumaras, the nearer "Hamar," the farther "Las Dorhhay," or the Tamarisk water-holes. They were similar in appearance, the usual Wady about 100 yards wide, pearly sand lined with borders of leek green, pitted with dry wells around which lay heaps of withered thorns and a herd of gazelles tripping gracefully over the quartz carpet.

After spanning the valley we began to ascend the lower slopes of a high range, whose folds formed like a curtain the bold background of the view. This is the landward face of the Ghauts, over which we were to pass before sighting the sea. Masses of cold grey cloud rolled from the table-formed summit, we were presently shrouded in mist, and as we advanced, rain began to fall. The light of day vanishing, we again descended into a Fiumara with a tortuous and rocky bed, the main drain of the landward mountain side. My companions, now half-starved—they had lived through three days on a handful of dates and sweetmeats—devoured with avidity the wild Jujube berries that strewed the stones. The guide had preceded us: when we came up with him, he was found seated upon a grassy bank on the edge of the rugged torrent bed. We sprang in pleased astonishment from the saddle, dire had been the anti-

[1] The Somal call it Arrah As.

cipations that our mules—one of them already required driving with the spear—would, after another night of starvation, leave us to carry their loads upon our own backs. The cause of the phenomenon soon revealed itself. In the rock was a hole about two feet wide, whence a crystal sheet welled over the Fiumara bank, forming a paradise for frog and tadpole. This "Ga'angal" is considered by the Somal a "fairies' well": all, however, that the Donkey could inform me was, that when the Nomads settle in the valley, the water sinks deep below the earth—a knot which methinks might be unravelled without the interposition of a god. The same authority declared it to be the work of the "old ancient" Arabs.

The mules fell hungrily upon the succulent grass, and we, with the most frugal of suppers, prepared to pass the rainy night. Presently, however, the doves and katas,[1] the only birds here requiring water, approached in flights, and fearing to drink, fluttered around us with shrill cries. They suggested to my companions the possibility of being visited in sleep by more formidable beasts, and even man: after a short halt, an advance was proposed; and this was an offer which, on principle, I never refused. We remounted our mules, now refreshed and in good spirits, and began to ascend the stony face of the Eastern hill through a thick mist deepening the darkness. As we reached the bleak summit, a heavy shower gave my companions a pretext to stop: they readily found a deserted thorn fence, in which we passed a wet night. That day we had travelled at least thirty-five miles without seeing the face of man: the country was parched to a cinder

[1] The sand-grouse of Egypt and Arabia, the rock-pigeon of Sindh and the surrounding countries.

for want of water, and all the Nomads had migrated to the plains.

The morning of the 29th January was unusually fine: the last night's rain hung in masses of mist about the hill-sides, and the rapid evaporation clothed the clear background with deep blue. We began the day by ascending a steep goat-track: it led to a sandy Fiumara, overgrown with Jujubes and other thorns, abounding in water, and showing in the rocky sides caverns fit for a race of Troglodytes. Pursuing the path over a stony valley lying between parallel ranges of hills, we halted at about 10 A.M. in a large patch of grass-land, the produce of the rain, which for some days past had been fertilising the hill-tops. Whilst our beasts grazed greedily we sat under a bush, and saw far beneath us the low country which separates the Ghauts from the sea. Through an avenue in the rolling nimbus we could trace the long courses of Fiumaras, and below, where mist did not obstruct the sight, the tawny plains, cut with watercourses glistening white, shone in their eternal summer.

Shortly after 10 A.M. we resumed our march, and began the descent of the Ghauts by a ravine to which the guide gave the name of "Kadar." No sandy watercourse, the "Pass" of this barbarous land, here facilitates the travellers' advance: the rapid slope of the hill presents a succession of blocks and boulders piled one upon the other in rugged steps, apparently impossible to a laden camel. This ravine, the Splügen of Somaliland, led us, after an hour's ride, to the Wady Duntu, a gigantic mountain-cleft formed by the violent action of torrents. The chasm winds abruptly between lofty walls of syenite and pink granite, glittering with flaky mica, and streaked with dykes and veins of snowy

quartz: the strata of the sandstones that here and there projected into the bed were wonderfully twisted around a central nucleus, as green boughs might be bent about a tree. Above, the hill-tops towered in the air, here denuded of vegetable soil by the heavy monsoon, there clothed from base to brow with gum trees, whose verdure was delicious to behold. The channel was now sandy, then flagged with limestone in slippery sheets, or horrid with rough boulders: at times the path was clear and easy; at others, a precipice of twenty or thirty feet, which must be a little cataract after rain, forced us to fight our way through the obstinate thorns that defended some spur of ragged hill. As the noontide heat, concentrated in this funnel, began to affect man and beast, we found a granite block, under whose shady brow clear water, oozing from the sand, formed a natural bath, and sat there for a while to enjoy the spectacle and the atmosphere, perfumed, as in part of Persia and Northern Arabia, by the aromatic shrubs of the desert.

After a short half-hour, we remounted and pursued our way down the Duntu chasm. As we advanced, the hills shrank in size, the bed became more level, and the walls of rock, gradually widening out, sank into the plain. Brisk and elastic above, the air, here soft, damp, and tepid, and the sun burning with a more malignant heat, convinced us that we stood once more below the Ghauts. For two hours we urged our mules in a south-east direction down the broad and winding Fiumara, taking care to inspect every well, but finding them all full of dry sand. Then turning eastwards, we crossed a plain called by the Donkey "Battaladayti Taranay"—the Flats of Taranay—an exact representation of the maritime regions about Zayla. Herds of camels and

flocks of milky sheep browsing amongst thorny Acacia and the tufted Kulan suggested pleasing visions to starving travellers, and for the first time after three days of hard riding, we saw the face of man. The shepherds, Mikahil of the Habr Awal tribe, all fled as we approached: at last one was bold enough to stand and deliver the news. My companions were refreshed by good reports: there had been few murders, and the sea-board was tolerably clear of our doughty enemies, the Ayyal Ahmed. We pricked over the undulating growth of parched grass, shaping our course for Jebel Almis, to sailors the chief landmark of this coast, and for a certain thin blue stripe on the far horizon, upon which we gazed with gladdened eyes.

Our road lay between low brown hills of lime and sandstone, the Sub-Ghauts forming a scattered line between the maritime mountains and the sea. Presently the path was choked by dense scrub of the Arman Acacia: its yellow blossoms scented the air, but hardly made amends for the injuries of a thorn nearly two inches long, and tipped with a wooden point sharp as a needle. Emerging, towards evening, from this bush, we saw large herds of camels, and called their guardians to come and meet us. For all reply they ran like ostriches to the nearest rocks, uttering the cry of alarm, and when we drew near each man implored us to harry his neighbour's cattle. Throughout our wanderings in Somaliland this had never occurred: it impressed me strongly with the disturbed state of the regions inhabited by the Habr Awal. After some time we persuaded a Bedouin who, with frantic gestures, was screaming and flogging his camels, to listen: reassured by our oaths, he declared himself to be a Bahgoba, and promised to show us a village of the Ayyal Gedid. The Hammal, who had

married a daughter of this clan, and had constituted his father-in-law my protector at Berberah, made sure of a hospitable reception: "To-night we shall sleep under cover and drink milk," quoth one hungry man to another, who straightways rejoined, "And we shall eat mutton!"

After dark we arrived at a kraal, we unsaddled our mules and sat down near it, indulging in epicurean anticipations. Opposite us, by the door of a hut, was a group of men who observed our arrival, but did not advance or salute us. Impatient, I fired a pistol, when a gruff voice asked why we disturbed the camels that were being milked. "We have fallen upon the Ayyal Shirdon"—our bitterest enemies—whispered the End of Time. The same voice then demanded in angrier accents, "Of what tribe be ye?" We boldly answered, "Of the Habr Gerhajis." Thereupon ensued a war of words. The Ayyal Shirdon inquired what we wanted, where we had been, and how we dared, seeing that peace had not been concluded between the tribes, to enter their lands. We replied as civilly as our disappointment would permit, but apparently gained little by soft words. The inhospitable Bedouins declared our arrival to be in the seventeenth house of Geomancy—an advent probable as the Greek Kalends—and rudely insisted upon knowing what had taken us to Harar. At last, a warrior, armed with two spears, came to meet us, and bending down recognised the End of Time: after a few short sentences he turned on his heel and retired. I then directed Long Guled to approach the group, and say that a traveller was at their doors ready and willing to give tobacco in exchange for a draught of milk. They refused point-blank, and spoke of fighting: we at once made ready with our weapons, and showing the plain,

bade them come on and receive a "bellyful." During the lull which followed this obliging proposal we saddled our mules and rode off, in the grimmest of humours, loudly cursing the craven churls who knew not the value of a guest.

We visited successively three villages of the Ayyal Gedid: the Hammal failed to obtain even a drop of water from his connections, and was taunted accordingly. He explained their inhospitality by the fact that all the warriors being at Berberah, the villages contained nothing but women, children, servants, and flocks. The Donkey when strictly questioned declared that no well nearer than Bulhar was to be found: as men and mules were faint with thirst, I determined to push forward to water that night. Many times the animals were stopped, a mute hint that they could go no farther: I spurred onwards, and the rest, as on such occasions they had now learned to do, followed without a word. Our path lay across a plain called Banka Hadla, intersected in many places by deep watercourses, and thinly strewed with Kulan clumps. The moon arose, but cast a cloud-veiled and uncertain light: our path, moreover, was not clear, as the guide, worn out by fatigue, tottered on far in the rear.

About midnight we heard—delightful sound!—the murmur of the distant sea. Revived by the music, we pushed on more cheerily. At last the Donkey preceded us, and about 3 A.M. we found, in a Fiumara, some holes which supplied us with bitter water, truly delicious after fifteen hours of thirst. Repeated draughts of the element, which the late rains had rendered potable, relieved our pain, and hard by we found a place where coarse stubbly grass saved our mules from starvation. Then rain coming on, we coiled ourselves under the saddle cloths,

and, reckless alike of Ayyal Ahmed and Ayyal Shirdon, slept like the dead.

At dawn on the 30th January I arose and inspected the site of Bulhar. It was then deserted, a huge heap of bleached bones being the only object suggestive of a settlement. This, at different times, has been a thriving place, owing to its roadstead, and the feuds of Berberah: it was generally a village of Gurgis, with some stone-houses built by Arabs. The coast, however, is open and havenless, and the Shimal wind, feared even at the Great Port, here rages with resistless violence. Yet the place revives when plundering parties render the plain unsafe: the timid merchants here embark their goods and persons, whilst their camels are marched round the bay.

Mounting at 6 A.M. we started slowly along the sea coast, and frequently halted on the bushy Fiumara-cut plain. About noon we bathed in the sea, and sat on the sands for a while, my people praying for permission to pass the kraals of their enemies, the Ayyal Ahmed, by night. This, their last request, was graciously granted: to say sooth, rapid travelling was now impossible; the spear failed to urge on one mule, and the Hammal was obliged to flog before him another wretched animal. We then traversed an alluvial plain, lately flooded, where slippery mud doubled the fatigue of our cattle; and, at 3 P.M., again halted on a patch of grass below the rocky spur of Dabasenis, a hill half-way between Bulhar and Berberah. On the summit I was shown an object that makes travellers shudder, a thorn-tree, under which Habr Gerhajis[1] and their friends of the Eesa Musa sit,

[1] The Habr Gerhajis, or eldest branch of the sons of Ishak (generally including the children of "Arab"), inhabit the Ghauts behind Berberah, whence they extend for several days' march

vulture-like, on the look-out for plunder and murder. Advancing another mile, we came to some wells, where we were obliged to rest our animals. Having there finished our last mouthful of food, we remounted, and following the plain eastward, prepared for a long night-march.

As the light of day waned we passed on the right hand a table-formed hill, apparently a detached fragment of the Sub-Ghauts or coast range. This spot is celebrated in local legends as "Auliya Kumbo," the Mount of Saints, where the forty-four Arab Santons sat in solemn conclave before dispersing over the Somali country to preach El Islam. It lies about six hours of hard walking from Berberah.

At midnight we skirted Bulho Faranji, the Franks' Watering-place,[1] a strip of ground thickly covered with trees. Abounding in grass and water, it has been the

towards Ogadayn, the southern region. This tribe is divided into a multitude of clans. The Ismail Arrah supply the Sultan, a nominal chief like the Eesa Ugaz; they extend from Makhar to the south of Gulays, number about 15,000 shields, and are subdivided into three septs. The Musa Arrah hold the land between Gulays and the seats of the Mijjarthayn and Warsangeli tribes on the windward coast. The Ishak Arrah count 5000 or 6000 shields, and inhabit the Gulays Range. The other sons of Arrah (the fourth in descent from Ishak), namely, Mikahil, Gambah, Daudan, and others, also became founders of small clans. The Ayyal Daud, facetiously called "Idagallah" or earth-burrowers, and sprung from the second son of Gerhajis, claim the country south of the Habr Awal, reckon about 4000 shields, and are divided into eleven or twelve septs.

As has been noticed, the Habr Gerhajis have a perpetual blood feud with the Habr Awal, and, even at Aden, they have fought out their quarrels with clubs and stones. Yet as cousins they willingly unite against a common enemy, the Eesa for instance, and become the best of friends.

[1] So called from the *Mary Anne* brig, here plundered in 1825.

site of a village: when we passed it, however, all was desert. By the moon's light we descried, as we silently skirted the sea, the kraals and folds of our foe the Ayyal Ahmed, and at times we could distinguish the lowing of their cattle: my companions chuckled hugely at the success of their manœuvre, and perhaps not without reason. At Berberah we were afterwards informed that a shepherd in the bush had witnessed and reported our having passed, when the Ayyal Ahmed cursed the star that had enabled us to slip unhurt through their hands.

Our mules could scarcely walk: after every bowshot they rolled upon the ground and were raised only by the whip. A last halt was called when arrived within four miles of Berberah: the End of Time and Long Guled, completely worn out, fell fast asleep upon the stones. Of all the party the Hammal alone retained strength and spirits: the sturdy fellow talked, sang, and shouted, and, whilst the others could scarcely sit their mules, he danced his war-dance and brandished his spear. I was delighted with his "pluck."

Now a long dark line appears upon the sandy horizon —it grows more distinct in the shades of night—the silhouettes of shipping appear against sea and sky. A cry of joy bursts from every mouth: Cheer, boys, cheer, our toils here touch their end!

The End of Time first listened to the small still voice of Caution. He whispered anxiously to make no noise lest enemies might arise, that my other attendants had protectors at Berberah, but that he, the hated and feared, as the *locum tenens* of Sharmarkay—the great *bête noire*—depended wholly upon my defence. The Donkey led us slowly and cautiously round the southern quarter of the sleeping town, through bone heaps and jackals tearing their unsavoury prey: at last he marched

straight into the quarter appropriated to the Ayyal Gedid our protectors. Anxiously I inquired if my comrades had left Berberah, and heard with delight that they awaited me there.

It was then 2 A.M. and we had marched at least forty miles. The Somal, when in fear of forays, drive laden camels over this distance in about ten hours.

I dismounted at the huts where my comrades were living. A glad welcome, a dish of rice, and a glass of strong waters—pardon, dear L., these details—made amends for past privations and fatigue. The servants and the wretched mules were duly provided for, and I fell asleep, conscious of having performed a feat which, like a certain ride to York, will live in local annals for many and many a year.—RICHARD F. BURTON (*First Footsteps in East Africa*).

AMONG THE LAPPS

In 1856 Lord Dufferin made a voyage to Iceland and Spitzbergen in a schooner yacht named *Foam*, and during the voyage he sent home a series of lively letters, from one of which the following passage is taken. The rest of the book is written in the same interesting and attractive style.

ALTEN, *July 27th.*

THIS letter ought to be an Eclogue, so pastoral a life have we been leading lately among these pleasant Nordland valleys. Perhaps it is only the unusual sight of meadows, trees, and flowers, after the barren sea and still more barren lands we have been accustomed to, that invests this neighbourhood with such a smiling

character. Be that as it may, the change has been too grateful not to have made us seriously reflect on our condition; and we have at last determined that not even the envious ocean shall for the future cut us off from the pleasures of a shepherd life. Henceforth, the boatswain is no longer to be the only swain on board! We have purchased an ancient goat—a nanny-goat—so that we may be able to go a-milking upon occasion. Mr. Webster, late of Her Majesty's Foot-guards, carpenter, etc., takes brevet-rank as dairymaid; and our venerable passenger is at this moment being inducted into a sumptuous barrel,[1] which I have had fitted up for her reception abaft the binnacle. A spacious meadow of sweet-scented hay has been laid down in a neighbouring corner for her further accommodation; and the Doctor is tuning up his flageolet, in order to complete the bucolic character of the scene. The only personage amongst us at all disconcerted by these arrangements is the little white fox which has come with us from Iceland. Whether he considers the admission on board of so domestic an animal to be a reflection on his own wild Viking habits, I cannot say; but there is no impertinence—even to the nibbling of her beard when she is asleep—of which he is not guilty towards the poor old thing, who passes the greater part of her mornings in gravely butting at her irreverent tormentor.

But I must relate our last week's proceeding in a more orderly manner.

As soon as the anchor was let go in Hammerfest harbour, we went ashore; and having first ascertained that the existence of a post does not necessarily imply

[1] The cask in question was bought in order to be rigged up eventually into a crow's nest, as soon as we should again find ourselves among the ice.

letters, we turned away, a little disappointed, to examine the metropolis of Finmark. A nearer inspection did not improve the impression its first appearance had made upon us; and the odour of rancid cod-liver oil, which seemed indiscriminately to proceed from every building in the town, including the church, has irretrievably confirmed us in our prejudices. Nevertheless, henceforth the place will have one redeeming association connected with it, which I am bound to mention. It was in the streets of Hammerfest that I first set eyes on a Laplander. Turning round the corner of one of the ill-built houses, we suddenly ran over a diminutive little personage, in a white woollen tunic, bordered with red and yellow stripes, green trousers, fastened round the ankles, and reindeer boots, curving up at the toes like Turkish slippers. On her head—for, notwithstanding the trousers, she turned out to be a lady—was perched a gay particoloured cap, fitting close round the face, and running up at the back into an overarching peak of red cloth. Within this peak was crammed—as I afterwards learnt—a piece of hollow wood, weighing about a quarter of a pound, into which is fitted the wearer's back hair; so that perhaps, after all, there *does* exist a more inconvenient coiffure than a Paris bonnet.

Hardly had we taken off our hats, and bowed a thousand apologies for our unintentional rudeness to the fair inhabitant of the green trousers, before a couple of Lapp gentlemen hove in sight. They were dressed pretty much like their companion, except that an ordinary red night-cap replaced the queer helmet worn by the lady; and the knife and sporran fastened to their belts, instead of being suspended in front as hers were, hung down against their hips. Their tunics, too, may have been a trifle shorter. None of the three were

beautiful. High cheek-bones, short noses, oblique Mongol eyes, no eyelashes, and enormous mouths, composed a cast of features which their burnt-sienna complexion, and hair—like ill-got-in hay—did not much enhance. The expression of their countenances was not unintelligent; and there was a merry, half-timid, half-cunning twinkle in their eyes, which reminded me a little of faces I had met with in the more neglected districts of Ireland. Some ethnologists, indeed, are inclined to reckon the Laplanders as a branch of the Celtic family. Others, again, maintain them to be Ugrians; while a few pretend to discover a relationship between the Lapp language and the dialects of the Australian savages, and similar outsiders of the human family; alleging that as successive stocks bubbled up from the central birthplace of mankind in Asia, the earlier and inferior races were gradually driven outwards in concentric circles, like the rings produced by the throwing of a stone into a pond; and that, consequently, those who dwell in the uttermost ends of the earth are, *ipso facto*, first cousins.

This relationship with the Polynesian Niggers the native genealogists would probably scout with indignation, being perfectly persuaded of the extreme gentility of their descent. Their only knowledge of the patriarch Noah is as a personage who derives his principal claim to notoriety from having been the first Lapp. Their acquaintance with any sacred history—nay, with Christianity at all—is very limited. It was not until after the thirteenth century that an attempt was made to convert them; and although Charles the Fourth and Gustavus ordered portions of Scripture to be translated into Lappish, to this very day a great proportion of the race are Pagans; and even the most illuminated amongst

them remain slaves to the grossest superstition. When a couple is to be married, if a priest happens to be in the way, they will send for him perhaps out of complaisance; but otherwise, the young lady's papa merely strikes a flint and steel together, and the ceremony is not less irrevocably completed. When they die, a hatchet and a flint and steel are invariably buried with the defunct, in case he should find himself chilly on his long journey—an unnecessary precaution, many of the orthodox would consider, on the part of such lax religionists. When they go bear-hunting—the most important business in their lives—it is a sorcerer, with no other defence than his incantations, who marches at the head of the procession. In the internal arrangements of their tents, it is not a room to themselves, but a door to themselves, that they assign to their womankind; for woe betide the hunter if a woman has crossed the threshold over which he sallies to the chase; and for three days after the slaughter of his prey he must live apart from the female portion of his family, in order to appease the evil deity whose familiar he is supposed to have destroyed. It would be endless to recount the innumerable occasions upon which the ancient rites of Jumala are still interpolated among the Christian observances they profess to have adopted.

Their manner of life I had scarcely any opportunities of observing. Our Consul kindly undertook to take us to one of their encampments; but they flit so often from place to place it is very difficult to light upon them. Here and there, as we cruised about among the fiords, blue wreaths of smoke rising from some little green nook among the rocks, would betray their temporary place of abode; but I never got a near view of a regular settlement.

In the summer-time they live in canvas tents; during winter, when the snow is on the ground, the forest Lapps build huts in the branches of trees, and so roost like birds. The principal tent is of an hexagonal form, with a fire in the centre, whose smoke rises through a hole in the roof. The gentlemen and ladies occupy different sides of the same apartment; but a long pole laid along the ground midway between them symbolises an ideal partition, which I dare say is in the end as effectual a defence as lath and plaster prove in more civilised countries. At all events, the ladies have a doorway quite to themselves, which, doubtless, they consider a far greater privilege than the seclusion of a separate boudoir. Hunting and fishing are the principal employments of the Lapp tribes; and to slay a bear is the most honourable exploit a Lapp hero can achieve. The flesh of the slaughtered beast becomes the property, not of the man who killed him, but of him who discovered his trail; and the skin is hung up on a pole for the wives of all who took part in the expedition to shoot at with their eyes bandaged. Fortunate is she whose arrow pierces the trophy—not only does it become her prize, but in the eyes of the whole settlement her husband is looked upon thenceforth as the most fortunate of men. As long as the chase is going on, the women are not allowed to stir abroad; but as soon as the party have safely brought home their booty, the whole female population issues from the tents, and having deliberately chewed some bark of a species of alder, they spit the red juice into their husbands' faces, typifying thereby the bear's blood which has been shed in the honourable encounter.

Although the forest, the rivers, and the sea supply them in a great measure with their food, it is upon the reindeer that the Laplander is dependent for every

other comfort in life. The reindeer is his estate, his horse, his cow, his companion, and his friend. He has twenty-two different names for him. His coat, trousers, and shoes are made of reindeer's skin, stitched with thread manufactured from the nerves and sinews of the reindeer. Reindeer milk is the most important item in his diet. Out of reindeer horns are made almost all the utensils used in his domestic economy; and it is the reindeer that carries his baggage and drags his sledge. But the beauty of this animal is by no means on a par with his various moral and physical endowments. His antlers, indeed, are magnificent, branching back to the length of three or four feet; but his body is poor, and his limbs thick and ungainly: neither is his pace quite so rapid as is generally supposed. The Laplanders count distances by the number of horizons they have traversed; and if a reindeer changes the horizon three times during the twenty-four hours, it is thought a good day's work. Moreover, so just an appreciation has the creature of what is due to his great merit, that if his owner seeks to tax him beyond his strength, he not only becomes restive, but sometimes actually turns upon the inconsiderate Jehu who has overdriven him. When, therefore, a Lapp is in a great hurry, instead of taking to his sledge, he puts on a pair of skates exactly twice as long as his own body, and so flies on the wings of the wind.

Every Laplander, however poor, has his dozen or two dozen deer; and the flocks of a Lapp Crœsus amount sometimes to two thousand head. As soon as a young lady is born—after having been duly rolled in the snow—she is dowered by her father with a certain number of deer, which are immediately branded with her initials, and thenceforth kept apart as her especial

property. In proportion as they increase and multiply does her chance improve of making a good match. Lapp courtships are conducted pretty much in the same fashion as in other parts of the world. The aspirant, as soon as he discovers that he has lost his heart, goes off in search of a friend and a bottle of brandy. The friend enters the tent, and opens simultaneously the brandy and his business; while the lover remains outside, engaged in hewing wood, or some other menial employment. If after the brandy and the proposal have been duly discussed, the eloquence of his friend prevails, he is himself called into the conclave, and the young people are allowed to rub noses. The bride then accepts from her suitor a present of a reindeer's tongue, and the espousals are considered concluded. The marriage does not take place for two or three years afterwards; and during the interval the intended is obliged to labour in the service of his father-in-law as diligently as Jacob served Laban for the sake of his long-loved Rachel.

As soon as we had thoroughly looked over the Lapp lady and her companions, a process to which they submitted with the greatest complacency, we proceeded to inspect the other lions of the town; the church, the lazar-house—principally occupied by Lapps—the stock fish establishment, and the hotel. But a very few hours were sufficient to exhaust the pleasures of Hammerfest; so having bought an extra suit of jerseys for my people, and laid in a supply of other necessaries, likely to be useful in our cruise to Spitzbergen, we exchanged dinners with the Consul, a transaction by which, I fear, he got the worst of the bargain, and then got under weigh for this place—Alten.—LORD DUFFERIN (*Letters from High Latitudes*).

THE TURKISH PASHA AND THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER

Alexander William Kinglake (1809–1891), published in 1844 a volume entitled *Eothen*, being a record of travel in the Near East—Constantinople, Greece, Cyprus, Palestine, the Desert, Cairo, the Pyramids, Suez, Gaza and Damascus. The volume is one of the liveliest and most readable in the literature of travel, full of the spirit of youth and bubbling over with healthy laughter.

THOUGH the province of Servia generally has obtained a kind of independence, yet Belgrade, as being a place of strength on the frontier, is still garrisoned by Turkish troops under the command of a Pasha. Whether the fellows who now surrounded us were soldiers or peaceful inhabitants I did not understand: they wore the old Turkish costume; vests and jackets of many and brilliant colours divided from the loose petticoat-trousers by heavy volumes of shawl, so thickly folded around their waists as to give the meagre wearers something of the dignity of true corpulence. This cincture enclosed a whole bundle of weapons: no man bore less than one brace of immensely long pistols and a yataghan (or cutlass), with a dagger or two of various shapes and sizes. Most of these arms were inlaid with silver, highly burnished; and they shone all the more lustrously for being worn along with garments decayed and even tattered (this carefulness of his arms is a point of honour with the Osmanlee; he never allows his bright yataghan to suffer from his own adversity): then the long drooping moustachios, and the ample folds of the once white turbans that lowered over the piercing eyes, and the

haggard features of the men, gave them an air of gloomy pride, and that appearance of trying to be disdainful under difficulties which one almost always sees in those of the Ottoman people who live and remember old times; they looked as if they would have thought themselves more usefully, more honourably, and more piously employed in cutting our throats than in carrying our portmanteaus. The faithful Steel (Methley's Yorkshire servant) stood aghast for a moment at the sight of his master's luggage upon the shoulders of these warlike porters; and when at last we began to move, he could scarcely avoid turning round to cast one affectionate look towards Christendom, but quickly again he marched on with the steps of a man—not frightened exactly, but sternly prepared for death, or the Koran, or even for plural wives.

The Moslem quarter of a city is lonely and desolate; you go up and down, and on, over shelving and hillocky paths through the narrow lanes walled in by blank, windowless dwellings; you come out upon an open space strewed with the black ruins that some late fire has left; you pass by a mountain of castaway things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big, wolf-like dogs lying torpid under the sun, with limbs outstretched to the full, as if they were dead; storks or cranes, sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun, or (as you approach the bazaar) with the dry, dead perfume of strange spices. You long for some signs of life, and tread the ground more heavily, as though you would wake the sleepers with the heel of your boot; but the foot falls noiseless upon the crumbling soil of an Eastern city, and silence follows you still. Again and

again you meet turbans, and faces of men, but they have nothing for you—no welcome—no wonder—no wrath—no scorn; they look upon you as we do upon a December's fall of snow—as a "seasonable," unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God that may have been sent for some good purpose, to be revealed hereafter.

Some people had come down to meet us with an invitation from the Pasha, and we wound our way up to the castle. At the gates there were groups of soldiers, some smoking, and some lying flat like corpses upon the cool stones. We went through courts, ascended steps, passed along a corridor, and walked into an airy, white-washed room, with a European clock at one end of it, and Moostapha Pasha at the other: the fine, old, bearded potentate looked very like Jove—like Jove, too, in the midst of his clouds, for the silver fumes of the *narguilé* hung lightly circling round him.

The Pasha received us with the smooth, kind, gentle manner that belongs to well-bred Osmanlees; then he lightly clapped his hands, and instantly the sound filled all the lower end of the room with slaves: a syllable dropped from his lips; it bowed all heads, and conjured away the attendants like ghosts (their coming and their going was thus swift and quiet, because their feet were bare, and they passed through no door, but only by the yielding folds of a *purder*). Soon the coffee-bearers appeared, every man carrying separately his tiny cup in a small metal stand; and presently to each of us there came a pipe-bearer—a grave and solemn functionary, who first rested the bowl of the *tchibouque* at a measured distance on the floor, and then, on this axis, wheeled round the long cheery tube, and gracefully presented it on half-bended knee. Already the fire (well kindled beforehand) was glowing secure in the bowl; and so,

when I pressed the amber lip to mine, there was no coyness to conquer—the willing fume came up, and answered my slightest sigh, and followed softly every breath inspired, till it touched me with some faint sense and understanding of Asiatic contentment.

Asiatic contentment! Yet hardly, perhaps, one hour before I had been wanting my bill, and ringing for waiters in a shrill and busy hotel.

In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary influence except that belonging to the family of the Sultan; and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendants of the owner. From these causes it results, that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry are official personages; and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner and those well-undulating tones which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble station by the arts of the courtier, and they keep in their high estate those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet, unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the dragoman is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with orientals. A traveller may write and say that "the Pasha of So-and-so was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he

possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:

Pasha.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scorner of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere Cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say, that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified; and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise; and that I was a candidate for Boughton-Soldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy if my committee had not been bribed. I

wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth!

Dragoman is silent.

Pasha.—What says the friendly Lord of London? is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karagholookoldour?

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal).—This friendly Englishman — this branch of Mudcombe — this head purveyor of Boughton-Soldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire—is recounting his achievements and the number of his titles.

Pasha.—The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller.—About Boughton-Soldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman empire. Tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the Throne pledging England to maintain the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha.—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people! —whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman).—What does the Pasha

mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman.—No, your Excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam.

Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection. Tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand to the scene of action in a few hours.

Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech).—His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers and brigades of artillery are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and, in the biting of a cartridge, they rise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha.—I know it—I know all; the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling caldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

Pasha (after having received the communication of

the Dragoman).—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

Traveller.—The Pasha's right about the cutlery: I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel. Well (to the Dragoman), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the Pasha that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip; and if he does not take any interest in that, at all events you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises. Oh! and by-the-bye whilst you are about it, you may as well just say, at the end, that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman).—It is true, it is true: through all Feringhistan the English are foremost and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of news-

papers, and the Greeks are the weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness: for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols; so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book; and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews.

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the English.

Traveller (rising).—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman, and standing up on his divan).—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses, that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey. May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise! May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him; and the while that his enemies are abroad may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

Dragoman.—The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit.—A. W. KINGLAKE (*Eothen*).

THE DESERT

BEFORE sunset I came up with an encampment of Arabs (the encampment from which my camels had been brought), and my tent was pitched amongst theirs. I was now amongst the true Bedouins. Almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren; almost every man has large and finely-formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his head-gear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes; his countenance shows painful thought and long suffering—the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries very painful to hear.

The Bedouin women are not treasured up like the wives and daughters of other orientals, and indeed they seemed almost entirely free from the restraints imposed by jealousy. The feint which they made of concealing their faces from me was always slight: when they first saw me, they used to hold up a part of their drapery with one hand across their faces, but they seldom persevered very steadily in subjecting me to this privation. They were sadly plain. The awful haggardness that gave something of character to the faces of the men was sheer ugliness in the poor women. It is a great shame, but the truth is, that except when we refer to the beautiful devotion of the mother to her child, all the fine things we say and think about women apply

only to those who are tolerably good-looking or graceful. These Arab women were not within the scope of the privilege, and indeed were altogether much too plain and clumsy for this vain and lovesome world. They may have been good women enough, so far as relates to the exercise of the minor virtues, but they had so grossly neglected the prime duty of looking pretty in this transitory life that I could not at all forgive them; they seemed to feel the weight of their guilt, and to be truly and humbly penitent. I had the complete command of their affections, for at any moment I could make their young hearts bound and their old hearts jump by offering a handful of tobacco: yet, believe me, it was not in the first *soirée* that my store of Latakiah was exhausted.

The Bedouin women have no religion; this is partly the cause of their clumsiness. Perhaps, if from Christian girls they would learn how to pray, their souls might become more gentle, and their limbs be clothed with grace.

You who are going into their country have a direct personal interest in knowing something about "Arab hospitality"; but the deuce of it is, that the poor fellows with whom I have happened to pitch my tent were scarcely ever in a condition to exercise that magnanimous virtue with much *éclat*; indeed Mysseri's canteen generally enabled me to outdo my hosts in the matter of entertainment. They were always courteous, however, and were never backward in offering me the *youart*, a kind of whey, which is the principal delicacy to be found amongst the wandering tribes.

Practically, I think, Childe Harold would have found it a dreadful bore to make "the desert his dwelling-place," for, at all events, if he adopted the life of the

Arabs, he would have tasted no solitude. The tents are partitioned, not so as to divide the Childe, and the "fair spirit" who is his "minister," from the rest of the world, but so as to separate the twenty or thirty brown men that sit screaming in the one compartment from the fifty or sixty brown women and children that scream and squeak in the other. If you adopt the Arab life for the sake of seclusion, you will be horribly disappointed, for you will find yourself in perpetual contact with a mass of hot fellow-creatures. It is true that all who are inmates of the same tent are related to each other, but I am not quite sure that that circumstance adds much to the charm of such a life.

In passing the Desert you will find your Arabs wanting to start and to rest at all sorts of odd times; they like, for instance, to be off at one in the morning, and to rest during the whole of the afternoon. You must not give way to their wishes in this respect: I tried their plan once, and found it very harassing and unwholesome. An ordinary tent can give you very little protection against heat, for the fire strikes fiercely through single canvas, and you soon find that whilst you lie crouching and striving to hide yourself from the blazing face of the sun, his power is harder to bear than it is when you boldly defy him from the airy heights of your camel.

It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the Desert, but as we rested at the end of the first day's journey by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four

Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence. We were now just two days deep in the Desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants. I believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement, and feeling that the bore of being put upon half rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me quite positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain by the value of a few *paras'* worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light. I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of poor Dthemetri with a fine philosophical calm, but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough calculated to try the extent of my softness. I knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed; and therefore, after thoroughly satisfying myself, from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions, that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking

advantage of my position in the midst of their big Desert; so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped, and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me and prayed loudly for bread; I refused them.

"Then we die!"

"God's will be done."

I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own—that, in short, I was happily resigned to *their* fate. The men would have talked a great deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter. They looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

In about ten minutes from this time I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice. In Europe the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent; but you would no more recoil from an oriental on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a horse that had tried and failed to throw you. Indeed I felt quite good-humouredly towards my Arabs because they had so woefully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right; they too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme.

The Arabs adhere to those ancestral principles of bread-baking which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages. The very first baker of bread that ever lived must have done his work exactly as the Arab does at this day. He takes some meal, and holds it out in the hollow of his hands whilst his comrade pours over it a few drops of water; he then mashes up the moistened flour into a paste, pulls the lump of dough so made into small pieces, and thrusts them into the embers. His way of baking exactly resembles the craft or mystery of roasting chestnuts, as practised by children; there is the same prudence and circumspection in choosing a good berth for the morsel—the same enterprise and self-sacrificing valour in pulling it out with the fingers.

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue, and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not therefore allow a halt until the evening came. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but

small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm—and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—

comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot has been fixed upon and we come to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground: then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were; or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing, I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders, he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me, I began to return—to return, as it were, to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment; and when, at last, I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy

with their bread—Mysseri rattling tea-cups—the little kettle with her odd, old-maidish looks, sat humming away old songs about England; and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight with open portal, and with welcoming look—a look like "the own arm-chair" of our lyrist's "sweet Lady Anne."

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night-breeze blew coldly; when that happened the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories—all crowded into the space of a hearth-rug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia, from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back

to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.—A. W. KINGLAKE (*Eothen*).

AN EXCURSION ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA

It was in December 1856 that John Hanning Speke, a British soldier and explorer, conceived the idea that the source of the Nile might be traced to one of the lakes of Central Africa. He set out for the Victoria Nyanza, which he named, and reached the most southerly point of the lake. In 1860 he set out again with Captain Grant to find out if the Victoria Nyanza was indeed the source of the Nile. He met Sir Samuel Baker, to whom he rendered valuable assistance, and who with this clue discovered the Albert Nyanza. In 1863 Speke published his *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, from which the following extract from the account of his life in Uganda is taken.

To-day occurred a brilliant instance of the capricious restlessness and self-willedness of this despotic king. At noon, pages hurried in to say that he had started for the N'yanza, and wished me to follow him without delay. N'yanza, as I have mentioned, merely means a piece of water, whether a pond, river, or lake; and as no one knew which N'yanza he meant, or what project was on foot, I started off in a hurry, leaving everything behind, and walked rapidly through gardens, over hills, and across rushy swamps, down the west flank of the Murchison Creek, till 3 P.M., when I found the king dressed in red, with his Wakungu in front and women behind, travelling along in the confused manner of a pack of hounds, occasionally firing his rifle that I might know his whereabouts. He had just, it seems, mingled a little business with pleasure; for noticing, as he passed, a woman tied by the hands to be punished for some offence, the nature of which I did not learn, he took

the executioner's duty on himself, fired at her, and killed her outright.

On this occasion, to test all his followers, and prove their readiness to serve him, he had started on a sudden freak for the three days' excursion on the lake one day before the appointed time, expecting everybody to fall into place by magic, without the smallest regard to each one's property, feelings, or comfort. The home must be forsaken without a last adieu, the dinner untasted, and no provision made for the coming night, in order that his impetuous majesty should not suffer one moment's disappointment. The result was natural: many who would have come were nowhere to be found; my guns, bed, bedding, and note-books, as well as cooking utensils, were all left behind, and, though sent for, did not arrive till the following day.

On arriving at the mooring station, not one boat was to be found, nor did any arrive until after dark, when, on the beating of drums and firing of guns, some fifty large ones appeared. They were all painted with red clay, and averaged from ten to thirty paddles, with long prows standing out like the neck of a syphon or swan, decorated on the head with the horns of the Nsunnu (*lencotis*) antelope, between which was stuck upright a tuft of feathers exactly like a grenadier's plume. These arrived to convey us across the mouth of a deep rushy swamp to the royal yachting establishment, the Cowes of Uganda, distant five hours' travelling from the palace. We reached the Cowes by torchlight at 9 P.M., when the king had a picnic dinner with me, turned in with his women in great comfort, and sent me off to a dreary hut, where I had to sleep upon a grass-strewn floor. I was surprised we had to walk so far, when, by appearance, we might have boated it from the head of the creek all

the way down; but, on inquiry, was informed the swampy nature of the ground at the head of the creek precluded any approach to the clear water there, and hence the long overland journey, which, though fatiguing to the unfortunate women, who had to trot the whole way behind Mtésa's four-mile-an-hour strides, was very amusing. The whole of the scenery—hill, dale, and lake—was extremely beautiful. The Wanguana in my escort compared the view to their own beautiful Poani (coast); but in my opinion it far surpassed anything I ever saw, either from the sea or upon the coast of Zanzibar.

The king rose betimes in the morning and called me, unwashed and very uncomfortable, to picnic with him, during the collection of the boats. The breakfast, eaten in the open court, consisted of sundry baskets of roast-beef and plantain-squash, folded in plantain-leaves. He sometimes ate with a copper knife and picker, not forked—but more usually like a dog, with both hands. The bits too tough for his mastication he would take from his mouth and give as a treat to the pages, who n'yanzigged, and swallowed them with much seeming relish. Whatever remained over was then divided by the boys, and the baskets taken to the cooks. Pombé served as tea, coffee, and beer for the king; but his guests might think themselves very lucky if they ever got a drop of it.

Now for the lake. Everybody in a hurry falls into his place the best way he can—Wakungu leading, and women behind. They rattle along, through plantains and shrubs, under large trees, seven, eight, and nine feet in diameter, till the beautiful waters are reached—a picture of the Rio scenery, barring that of the higher mountains in the background of that lovely place, which

are here represented by the most beautiful little hills. A band of fifteen drums of all sizes, called the Mazaguzo, playing with the regularity of a lot of factory engines at work, announced the king's arrival, and brought all the boats to the shore—but not as in England, where Jack, with all the consequence of a lord at home, invites the ladies to be seated, and enjoys the sight of so many pretty faces. Here every poor fellow, with his apprehensions written in his face, leaps over the gunwale into the water—ducking his head for fear of being accused of gazing on the fair sex, which is death—and bides patiently his time. They were dressed in plantain leaves, looking like grotesque Neptunes. The king, in his red coat and wideawake, conducted the arrangements, ordering all to their proper places—the women in certain boats, the Wakungu and Wanguana in others, whilst I sat in the same boat with him at his feet, three women holding bugus of pombé behind. The king's Kisuahali now came into play, and he was prompt in carrying out the directions he got from myself to approach the hippopotami. But the waters were too large and the animals too shy, so we toiled all the day without any effect, going only once ashore to picnic; not for the women to eat—for they, poor things, got nothing—but the king, myself, the pages, and the principal Wakungu. As a wind-up to the day's amusement, the king led the band of drums, changed the men according to their powers, put them into concert pitch, and readily detected every slight irregularity, showing himself a thorough musician.

This day requires no remark, everything done being the counterpart of yesterday, excepting that the king, growing bolder with me in consequence of our talking together, became more playful and familiar—amusing

himself, for instance, sometimes by catching hold of my beard as the rolling of the boat unsteadied him.

We started early in the usual manner; but after working up and down the creek, inspecting the inlets for hippopotami, and tiring from want of sport, the king changed his tactics, and, paddling and steering himself with a pair of new white paddles, finally directed the boats to an island occupied by the Mgussa, or Neptune of the N'yanza, not in person—for Mgussa is a spirit—but by his familiar or deputy, the great medium who communicates the secrets of the deep to the king of Uganda. In another sense, he might be said to be the presiding priest of the source of the mighty Nile, and as such was, of course, an interesting person for me to meet. The first operation on shore was picnicking, when many large bugus of pombé were brought for the king; next, the whole party took a walk, winding through the trees, and picking fruit, enjoying themselves amazingly, till, by some unlucky chance, one of the royal wives, a most charming creature, and truly one of the best of the lot, plucked a fruit and offered it to the king, thinking, doubtless, to please him greatly; but he, like a madman, flew into a towering passion, said it was the first time a woman ever had the impudence to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to seize, bind, and lead her off to execution.

These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying, in the names of the Kamraviona and Mzungu (myself), for

help and protection; whilst Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women, clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabour the poor victim on the head.

Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference, at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, Mzungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released.

Proceeding on through the trees of this beautiful island, we next turned into the hut of the Mgussa's familiar, which at the farther end was decorated with many mystic symbols, amongst others a paddle, the badge of his high office—and for some time we sat chatting, when pombé was brought, and the spiritual medium arrived. He was dressed Wichwézi fashion, with a little white goat-skin apron, adorned with numerous charms, and used a paddle for a mace or walking-stick. He was not an old man, though he affected to be so—walking very slowly and deliberately, coughing asthmatically, glimmering with his eyes, and mumbling like a witch. With much affected difficulty he sat at the end of the hut beside the symbols alluded to, and continued his coughing full half an hour, when his wife came in in the same manner, without saying a

word, and assumed the same affected style. The king jokingly looked at me and laughed, and then at these strange creatures, by turn, as much as to say, "What do you think of them?" but no voice was heard save that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for water, and, when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce—had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she came.

At this juncture the Mgussa's familiar motioned the Kamraviona and several officers to draw around him, when, in a very low tone, he gave them all the orders of the deep, and walked away. His revelations seemed unpropitious, for we immediately repaired to our boats and returned to our quarters. Here we no sooner arrived than a host of Wakungu, lately returned from the Unyoro war, came to pay their respects to the king: they had returned six days or more, but etiquette had forbidden their approaching majesty sooner. Their successes had been great, their losses *nil*, for not one man had lost his life fighting. To these men the king narrated all the adventures of the day; dwelling more particularly on my defending his wife's life, whom he had destined for execution. This was highly approved of by all; and they unanimously said Bana knew what he was about, because he dispenses justice like a king in his own country.

Early in the morning a great hue and cry was made because the Wanguana had been seen bathing in the N'yanza naked, without the slightest regard to decency. We went boating as usual all day long, sometimes after hippopotami, at others racing up and down the lake, the king and Wakungu paddling and steering by turns, the only break to this fatigue being when we went

ashore to picnic, or the king took a turn at the drums. During the evening some of the principal Wakungu were collected to listen to an intellectual discourse on the peculiarities of the different women in the royal establishment, and the king in good-humour described the benefits he had derived from this pleasant tour on the water.

Whilst I was preparing my Massey's log to show the use of it to the king, he went off boating without me; and as the few remaining boats would not take me off because they had received no orders to do so, I fired guns, but, getting no reply, went into the country hoping to find game; but, disappointed in that also, I spent the first half of the day with a hospitable old lady, who treated us to the last drop of pombé in her house—for the king's servants had robbed her of nearly everything—smoked her pipe with me, and chatted incessantly on the honour paid her by the white king's visit, as well as of the horrors of Uganda punishment, when my servants told her I saved the life of one queen. Returning homewards, the afternoon was spent at a hospitable officer's, who would not allow us to depart until my men were all fuddled with pombé, and the evening setting in warned us to wend our way. On arrival at camp, the king, quite shocked with himself for having deserted me, asked me if I did not hear his guns fire. He had sent twenty officers to scour the country, looking for me everywhere. He had been on the lake the whole day himself, and was now amusing his officers with a little archery practice, even using the bow himself, and making them shoot by turns. A lucky shot brought forth immense applause, all jumping and n'yanzigging with delight, whether it was done by their own bows or the king's.

A shield was the mark, stuck up at only thirty paces; still they were such bad shots that they hardly ever hit it. Now tired of this slow sport, and to show his superior prowess, the king ordered sixteen shields to be placed before him, one in front of the other, and with one shot from Whitworth pierced the whole of them, the bullet passing through the bosses of nearly every one. "Ah!" says the king, strutting about with gigantic strides, and brandishing the rifle over his head before all his men, "what is the use of spears and bows? I shall never fight with anything but guns in future." These Wakungu, having only just then returned from plundering Unyoro, had never before seen their king in a chair, or anybody sitting, as I was, by his side; and it being foreign to their notions, as well as, perhaps, unpleasant to their feelings, to find a stranger sitting higher than themselves, they complained against this outrage to custom, and induced the king to order my dethronement. The result was, as my iron stool was objectionable, I stood for a moment to see that I thoroughly understood their meaning; and then, showing them my back, walked straightway home to make a grass throne, and dodge them that way.

There was nothing for dinner last night, nothing again this morning, yet no one would go in to report this fact, as rain was falling, and the king was shut up with his women. Presently the thought struck me that the rifle, which was always infallible in gaining me a speedy admittance at the palace, might be of the same service now. I therefore shot a dove close to the royal abode, and, as I expected, roused the king at once, who sent out his pages to know what the firing was about. When told the truth—that I had been trying to shoot a dish of doves for breakfast, as I could get neither meat nor

drink from his kitchen—the head boy, rather guessing than understanding what was told him, distorted my message, and said to the king, as I could not obtain a regular supply of food from his house, I did not wish to accept anything further at his hands, but intended foraging for the future in the jungles. The king, as might be imagined, did not believe the boy's story, and sent other pages to ascertain the truth of the case, bidding them listen well, and beware of what they were about. This second lot of boys conveyed the story rightly, when the king sent me a cow. As I afterwards heard, he cut off the ears of the unfortunate little mischief-maker for not making a proper use of those organs; and then, as the lad was the son of one of his own officers, he was sent home to have the sores healed. After breakfast the king called me to go boating, when I used my grass throne, to the annoyance of the attendants. This induced the king to say before them, laughing, "Bana, you see, is not to be done; he is accustomed to sit before kings, and sit he will." Then, by way of a change, he ordered all the drums to embark and play upon the waters; whilst he and his attendants paddled and steered by turns, first up the creek, and then down nearly to the broad waters of the lake.

There was a passage this way, it was said, leading up to Usoga, but very circuitous, on account of reefs or shoals, and on the way the Kitiri island was passed; but no other Kitiri was known to the Waganda, though boats went sometimes coasting down the western side of the lake to Ukéréwé. The largest island on the lake is the Sésé,[1] off the mouth of the Katonga river, where another of the high priests of the Neptune of the N'yanza resides. The king's largest vessels are kept there, and

[1] Some say a group of forty islands compose Sésé.

it is famous for its supply of bugu barks. We next went on shore to picnic, when a young hippopotamus, speared by harpoon, one pig, and a pongo or bush-boc, were presented to the king. I now advised boat-racing, which was duly ordered, and afforded much amusement, as the whole fifty boats formed in line, and paddled furiously to the beat of drum to the goal which I indicated.

The day was done. In great glee the king, ever much attached to the blackguard Maŭla, in consequence of his amusing stories, appointed him to the office of seizer, or chief kidnapper of Wakungu; observing that, after the return of so many officers from war, much business in that line would naturally have to be done, and there was none so trustworthy now at court to carry out the king's orders. All now went to the camp; but what was my astonishment on reaching the hut to find every servant gone, along with the pots, pans, meat, everything; and all in consequence of the king's having taken the drums on board, which, being unusual, was regarded as one of his delusive tricks, and a sign of immediate departure. He had told no one he was going to the N'yanza, and now it was thought he would return in the same way. I fired for my supper, but fired in vain. Boys came out, by the king's order, to inquire what I wanted, but left again without doing anything further.

At my request the king sent off boats to inquire after the one that left, or was supposed to have left, for Grant on the 3rd of March, and he then ordered the return home, much to my delight; for, beautiful as the N'yanza was, the want of consideration for other people's comfort, the tiring, incessant boating, all day long and every day, in the sun, as well as the king's hurry-scurry about

everything he undertook to do, without the smallest forethought, preparation, or warning, made me dream of my children, and look forward with pleasure to rejoining them. Strange as it may appear to Englishmen, I had a sort of paternal love for those little blackamoors as if they had been my offspring; and I enjoyed the simple stories that their sable visitors told me every day they came over to smoke their pipes, which they did with the utmost familiarity, helping themselves from my stores just as they liked.

Without any breakfast, we returned by the same route by which we had come, at four miles an hour, till half the way was cleared, when the king said, laughing, "Bana, are you hungry?"—a ridiculous question after twenty-four hours' starvation, which he knew full well—and led the way into a plantain-grove, where the first hut that was found was turned inside out for the king's accommodation, and picnic was prepared. As, however, he ordered my portion to be given outside with the pages', and allowed neither pombé nor water, I gave him the slip, and walked hurriedly home.—JOHN HANNING SPEKE (*Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*).

CHRISTMAS IN THE NORTH POLAR REGIONS

. . . "PETER came this evening and said that there must be a ghost on the ice, for he heard exactly the same sounds of walking and pawing as yesterday evening. This seems to be a populous region, after all.

"According to an observation taken on Tuesday, we must be pretty nearly in 79° 8′ north latitude. That was 8′ drift in the three days from Saturday; we are getting on better and better.

"Why will it not snow? Christmas is near, and what is Christmas without snow, thickly falling snow? We have not had one snowfall all the time we have been drifting. The hard grains that come down now and again are nothing. Oh, the beautiful white snow, falling so gently and silently, softening every hard outline with its sheltering purity! There is nothing more deliciously restful, soft and white. This snowless ice-plain is like a life without love—nothing to soften it. The marks of all the battles and pressures of the ice stand forth just as when they were made, rugged and difficult to move among. Love is life's snow. It falls deepest and softest into the gashes left by the fight—whiter and purer than snow itself. What is life without love? It is like this ice—a cold, bare, rugged mass, the wind driving it and rending it, and then forcing it together again, nothing to cover over the open rifts, nothing to break the violence of the collisions, nothing to round away the sharp corners of the broken floes—nothing, nothing but bare, rugged drift-ice.

"*Saturday, December 16th.*—In the afternoon Peter came quietly into the saloon, and said that he heard all sorts of noises on the ice. There was a sound to the north exactly like that of ice packing against land, and then suddenly there was such a roar through the air that the dogs started up and barked. Poor Peter! They laugh at him when he comes down to give an account of his many observations; but there is not one among us as sharp as he is.

"*Wednesday, December 20th.*—As I was sitting at breakfast, Peter came roaring that he believed he had seen a bear on the ice. 'And that "Pan" set off the moment he was loosed.' I rushed on to the ice with my gun. Several men were to be seen in the moonlight, but no bear. It was long before Pan came back; he had followed him far to the north-west.

"Sverdrup and 'Smith Lars' in partnership have made a great bear-trap, which was put on the ice to-day. As I was afraid of more dogs than bears being caught in it, it was hung from a gallows, too high for the dogs to jump up to the piece of blubber which hangs as bait right in the mouth of the trap. All the dogs spend the evening now sitting on the rail barking at this new man they see out there on the ice in the moonlight.

"*Thursday, December 21st.*—It is extraordinary, after all, how the time passes. Here we are at the shortest day, though *we* have no day. But now we are moving on to light and summer again. We tried to sound to-day; had out 2100 metres (over 1100 fathoms) of line without reaching the bottom. We have no more line; what is to be done? Who could have guessed that we should find such deep water? There has been an arch of light in the sky all day, opposite the moon; so

it is a lunar rainbow, but without colours, so far as I have been able to see.

"*Friday, December 22nd.*—A bear was shot last night. Jacobsen saw it first, during his watch. He shot at it. It made off; and he then went down and told about it in the cabin. Mogstad and Peter came on deck; Sverdrup was called, too, and came up a little later. They saw the bear on his way towards the ship again; but he suddenly caught sight of the gallows with the trap on the ice to the west, and went off there. He looked well at the apparatus, then raised himself cautiously on his hind-legs, and laid his right paw on the cross-beam just beside the trap, stared for a little, hesitating, at the delicious morsel, but did not at all like the ugly jaws round it. Sverdrup was by this time out at the deck-house, watching in the sparkling moonshine. His heart was jumping—he expected every moment to hear the snap of the trap. But the bear shook his head suspiciously, lowered himself cautiously on to all-fours again and snuffed carefully at the wire that the trap was fastened by, following along to where it was made fast to a great block of ice. He went round this, and saw how cleverly it was all arranged, then slowly followed the wire back, raised himself up as before, with his paw on the beam of the gallows, had a long look at the trap, and shook his head again, probably saying to himself: 'These wily fellows have planned this very cleverly for me.' Now he resumed his march to the ship. When he was within sixty paces of the bow Peter fired. The bear fell, but jumped up again and made off. Jacobsen, Sverdrup, and Mogstad all fired now, and he fell among some hummocks. He was flayed at once, and in the skin there was only the hole of one ball, which had gone through him from behind the shoulder-blade.

Peter, Jacobsen, and Mogstad all claimed this ball. Sverdrup gave up his claim, as he had stood so far astern. Mogstad, seeing the bear fall directly after his shot, called out, 'I gave him that one'; Jacobsen swears that it was he that hit; and Bentzen, who was standing looking on, is prepared to take his oath anywhere that it was Peter's ball that did the deed. The dispute upon this weighty point remained unsettled during the whole course of the expedition.

"Beautiful moonlight. Pressure in several directions. To-day we carried our supply of gun-cotton and cannon and rifle powder on deck. It is safer there than in the hold. In case of fire or other accident, an explosion in the hold might blow the ship's sides out and send us to the bottom before we had time to turn round. Some we put on the forecastle, some on the bridge. From these places it would be quickly thrown on to the ice.

"*Saturday, December 23rd.*—What we call in Norway 'Little Christmas Eve.' I went a long way west this morning, coming home late. There was packed-up ice everywhere, with flat floes between. I was turned by a newly-formed opening in the ice, which I dared not cross on the thin layer of fresh ice. In the afternoon, as a first Christmas entertainment, we tried an ice-blasting with four prisms of gun-cotton. A hole was made with one of the large iron drills we had brought with us for this purpose, and the charge, with the end of the electric connecting wire, was sunk about a foot below the surface of the ice. Then all retired, the knob was touched, there was a dull crash, and water and pieces of ice were shot up into the air. Although it was sixty yards off, it gave the ship a good jerk that shook everything on board, and brought the hoar-frost down from the rigging. The explosion blew a hole through the four-feet-thick ice,

but its only other effect was to make small cracks round this hole.

"*Sunday, December 24th.*—Christmas Eve. 67° of cold (−37° C.). Glittering moonlight and the endless stillness of the Arctic night. I took a solitary stroll over the ice. The first Christmas Eve, and how far away! The observation shows us to be in 79° 11′ north latitude. There is no drift; 2′ farther south than six days ago."

There are no further particulars given of this day in the diary, but when I think of it, how clearly it all comes back to me! There was a peculiar elevation of mood on board that was not at all common among us. Every man's inmost thoughts were with those at home, but his comrades were not to know that, and so there was more joking and laughing than usual. All the lamps and lights we had on board were lit, and every corner of the saloon and cabins was brilliantly illuminated. The bill of fare for the day, of course, surpassed any previous one—food was the chief thing we had to hold festival with. The dinner was a very fine one indeed; so was the supper, and after it piles of Christmas cakes came on the table; Juell had been busy making them for several weeks. After that we enjoyed a glass of toddy and a cigar, smoking in the saloon being, of course, allowed. The culminating point of the festival came when two boxes with Christmas presents were produced. The one was from Hansen's mother, the other from his fiancée—Miss Fougner. It was touching to see the childlike pleasure with which each man received his gift—it might be a pipe or a knife or some little knick-knack—he felt that it was like a message from home. After this there were speeches; and then the *Framsjaa* appeared, with an illustrated supplement, selections from which are given. The drawings are the work of the

famous Arctic draughtsman, Huttetu. Here are two verses from the poem for the day:

When the ship's path is stopped by fathom-thick ice,
And winter's white covering is spread,
When we're quite given up to the power of the stream,
Oh! 'tis then that so often of home we must dream.

We wish them all joy at this sweet Christmas-tide,
Health and happiness for the next year,
Ourselves patience to wait; 'twill bring us to the Pole,
And home the next spring, never fear!

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN (*Farthest North*).

PEARY AT THE NORTH POLE

90 N. LAT., NORTH POLE,
April 6, 1909.

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

I leave this record and United States flag in possession.

ROBERT E. PEARY,
United States Navy.

IF it were possible for a man to arrive at 90° north latitude without being utterly exhausted, body and brain, he would doubtless enjoy a series of unique sensations and reflections. But the attainment of the Pole was the culmination of days and weeks of forced marches, physical discomfort, insufficient sleep, and

racking anxiety. It is a wise provision of nature that the human consciousness can grasp only such degree of intense feeling as the brain can endure, and the grim guardians of earth's remotest spot will accept no man as guest until he has been tried and tested by the severest ordeal.

Perhaps it ought not to have been so, but when I knew for a certainty that we had reached the goal, there was not a thing in the world I wanted but sleep. But after I had a few hours of it, there succeeded a condition of mental exaltation which made further rest impossible. For more than a score of years that point on the earth's surface had been the object of my every effort. To attain it my whole being, physical, mental and moral, had been dedicated. Many times my own life and the lives of those with me had been risked. My own material and forces and those of my friends had been devoted to this object. This journey was my eighth into the Arctic wilderness. In that wilderness I had spent nearly twelve years out of the twenty-three between my thirtieth and my fifty-third year, and the intervening time spent in civilised communities during that period had been mainly occupied with preparations for returning to the wilderness. The determination to reach the Pole had become so much a part of my being that, strange as it may seem, I long ago ceased to think of myself save as an instrument for the attainment of that end. To the layman this may seem strange, but an inventor can understand it, or an artist, or any one who has devoted himself for years upon years to the service of an idea.

But though my mind was busy at intervals during those thirty hours spent at the Pole with the exhilarating thought that my dream had come true, there was one

recollection of other times that, now and then, intruded itself with startling distinctness. It was the recollection of a day three years before, April 21, 1906, when after making a fight with ice, open water, and storms, the expedition which I commanded had been forced to turn back from 87° 6′ north latitude because our supply of food would carry us no farther. And the contrast between the terrible depression of that day and the exaltation of the present moment was not the least pleasant feature of our brief stay at the Pole. During the dark moments of that return journey in 1906, I had told myself that I was only one in a long list of Arctic explorers, dating back through the centuries, all the way from Henry Hudson to the Duke of the Abruzzi, and including Franklin, Kane and Melville—a long list of valiant men who had striven and failed. I told myself that I had only succeeded at the price of the best years of my life in adding a few links to the chain that led from the parallels of civilisation towards the polar centre, but that, after all, at the end the only word I had to write was failure.

But now, while quartering the ice in various directions from our camp, I tried to realise that, after twenty-three years of struggles and discouragement, I had at last succeeded in placing the flag of my country at the goal of the world's desire. It is not easy to write about such a thing, but I knew that we were going back to civilisation with the last of the great adventure stories —a story the world had been waiting to hear for nearly four hundred years, a story which was to be told at last under the folds of the Stars and Stripes, the flag that during a lonely and isolated life had come to be for me the symbol of home and everything I loved—and might never see again.

The thirty hours at the Pole, what with my marchings and counter-marchings, together with the observations and records, were pretty well crowded. I found time, however, to write to Mrs. Peary on a United States postal card which I had found on the ship during the winter. It had been my custom at various important stages of the journey northward to write such a note in order that, if anything serious happened to me, these brief communications might ultimately reach her at the hands of survivors. This was the card, which later reached Mrs. Peary at Sydney:

90 NORTH LATITUDE, *April 7th.*

MY DEAR JO

I have won out at last. Have been here a day. I start for home and you in an hour. Love to the "kidsies."

BERT.

In the afternoon of the 7th, after flying our flags and taking our photographs, we went into our igloos and tried to sleep a little, before starting south again.

I could not sleep, and my two Eskimos, Seegloo and Egingwah, who occupied the igloo with me, seemed equally restless. They turned from side to side, and when they were quiet I could tell from their uneven breathing that they were not asleep. Though they had not been specially excited the day before when I told them that we had reached the goal, yet they also seemed to be under the same exhilarating influence which made sleep impossible for me.

Finally I rose, and telling my men and the three men in the other igloo, who were equally wakeful, that we would try to make our last camp, some thirty miles to the south, before we slept, I gave orders to hitch up the dogs and be off. It seemed unwise to waste such perfect

travelling weather in tossing about on the sleeping platforms of our igloos.

Neither Henson nor the Eskimos required any urging to take to the trail again. They were naturally anxious to get back to the land as soon as possible—now that our work was done. And about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th of April we turned our backs upon the camp at the North Pole.

Though intensely conscious of what I was leaving, I did not wait for any lingering farewell of my life's goal. The event of human beings standing at the hitherto inaccessible summit of the earth was accomplished, and my work now lay to the south, where four hundred and thirteen nautical miles of ice floes and possibly open leads still lay between us and the north coast of Grant Land. One backward glance I gave—then turned my face toward the south and toward the future. . . .

ROBERT E. PEARY (*The North Pole*).

THE LOSS OF THE "ENDURANCE"

. . . AT midnight I was pacing the ice, listening to the grinding floe and to the groans and crashes that told of the death-agony of the *Endurance*, when I noticed suddenly a crack running across our floe right through the camp. The alarm-whistle brought all hands tumbling out, and we moved the tents and stores lying on what was now the smaller portion of the floe to the larger portion. Nothing more could be done at that moment and the men turned in again; but there was little sleep.

Each time I came to the end of my beat on the floe I could just see in the darkness the uprearing piles of pressure-ice, which toppled over and narrowed still further the little floating island we occupied. I did not notice at the time that my tent, which had been on the wrong side of the crack, had not been erected again. Hudson and James had managed to squeeze themselves into other tents, and Hurley had wrapped himself in the canvas of No. 1 tent. I discovered this about five A.M. All night long the electric light gleamed from the stern of the dying *Endurance*. Hussey had left this light switched on when he took a last observation, and, like a lamp in a cottage window, it braved the night until in the early morning the *Endurance* received a particularly violent squeeze. There was a sound of rending beams and the light disappeared. The connection had been cut.

Morning came in chill and cheerless. All hands were stiff and weary after their first disturbed night on the floe. Just at daybreak I went over to the *Endurance* with Wild and Hurley, in order to retrieve some tins of petrol that could be used to boil up milk for the rest of the men. The ship presented a painful spectacle of chaos and wreck. The jib-boom and bowsprit had snapped off during the night and now lay at right angles to the ship, with the chains, martingale, and bobstay dragging them as the vessel quivered and moved in the grinding pack. The ice had driven over the forecastle and she was well down by the head. We secured two tins of petrol with some difficulty, and postponed the further examination of the ship until after breakfast. Jumping across cracks with the tins, we soon reached camp, and built a fireplace out of the triangular water-tight tanks we had ripped from the lifeboat. This we

had done in order to make more room. Then we pierced a petrol-tin in half-a-dozen places with an ice-axe and set fire to it. The petrol blazed fiercely under the five-gallon drum we used as a cooker, and the hot milk was ready in quick time. Then we three ministering angels went round the tents with the life-giving drink, and were surprised and a trifle chagrined at the matter-of-fact manner in which some of the men accepted this contribution to their comfort. They did not quite understand what work we had done for them in the early dawn, and I heard Wild say, "If any of you gentlemen would like your boots cleaned just put them outside!" This was his gentle way of reminding them that a little thanks will go a long way on such occasions.

The cook prepared breakfast, which consisted of biscuit and hoosh, at eight A.M., and I then went over to the *Endurance* again and made a fuller examination of the wreck. Only six of the cabins had not been pierced by floes and blocks of ice. Every one of the starboard cabins had been crushed. The whole of the after part of the ship had been crushed concertina fashion. The forecastle and the Ritz were submerged, and the wardroom was three-quarters full of ice. The starboard side of the wardroom had come away. The motor-engine forward had been driven through the galley. Petrol-cases that had been stacked on the fore-deck had been driven by the floe through the wall into the wardroom and had carried before them a large picture. Curiously enough, the glass of this picture had not been cracked, whereas in the immediate neighbourhood I saw heavy iron davits that had been twisted and bent like the ironwork of a wrecked train. The ship was being crushed remorselessly.

Under a dull, overcast sky I returned to camp and

examined our situation. The floe occupied by the camp was still subject to pressure, and I thought it wise to move to a larger and apparently stronger floe about two hundred yards away, off the starboard bow of the ship. This camp was to become known as Dump Camp, owing to the amount of stuff that was thrown away there. We could not afford to carry unnecessary gear, and a drastic sorting of equipment took place. I decided to issue a complete new set of Burberrys and underclothing to each man, and also a supply of new socks. The camp was transferred to the larger floe quickly, and I began there to direct the preparations for the long journey across the floes to Paulet Island or Snow Hill.

Hurley meanwhile had rigged his kinematograph-camera and was getting pictures of the *Endurance* in her death-throes. While he was engaged thus, the ice, driving against the standing rigging and the fore, main and mizzen-masts, snapped the shrouds. The foretop and topgallant-mast came down with a run and hung in wreckage on the foremast, with the fore-yard vertical. The mainmast followed immediately, snapping off about ten feet above the main deck. The crow's nest fell within ten feet of where Hurley stood turning the handle of his camera, but he did not stop the machine, and so secured a unique, though sad, picture.

The issue of clothing was quickly accomplished. Sleeping-bags were required also. We had eighteen fur bags, and it was necessary, therefore, to issue ten of the Jæger woollen bags in order to provide for the twenty-eight men of the party. The woollen bags were lighter and less warm than the reindeer bags, and so each man who received one of them was allowed also a reindeer-skin to lie upon. It seemed fair to distribute the fur bags by lot, but some of us older hands did not join in the lottery.

We thought we could do quite as well with the Jægers as with the furs. With quick dispatch the clothing was apportioned, and then we turned one of the boats on its side and supported it with two broken oars to make a lee for the galley. The cook got the blubber-stove going, and a little later, when I was sitting round the corner of the stove, I heard one man say, "Cook, I like my tea strong." Another joined in, "Cook, I like mine weak." It was pleasant to know that their minds were untroubled, but I thought the time opportune to mention that the tea would be the same for all hands and that we would be fortunate if two months later we had any tea at all. It occurred to me at the time that the incident had psychological interest. Here were men, their home crushed, the camp pitched on the unstable floes, and their chance of reaching safety apparently remote, calmly attending to the details of existence and giving their attention to such trifles as the strength of a brew of tea.

During the afternoon the work continued. Every now and then we heard a noise like heavy guns or distant thunder caused by the floes grinding together. "The pressure caused by the congestion in this area of the pack is producing a scene of absolute chaos. The floes grind stupendously, throw up great ridges, and shatter one another mercilessly. The ridges, or hedgerows, marking the pressure-lines that border the fast-diminishing pieces of smooth floe-ice, are enormous. The ice moves majestically, irresistibly. Human effort is not futile, but man fights against the giant forces of Nature in a spirit of humility. One has a sense of dependence on the higher Power. To-day two seals, a Weddell and a crab-eater, came close to the camp and were shot. Four others were chased back into the water, for their presence

disturbed the dog teams, and this meant floggings and trouble with the harness. The arrangement of the tents has been completed and their internal management settled. Each tent has a mess orderly, the duty being taken in turn on an alphabetical rota. The orderly takes the hoosh-pots of his tent to the galley, gets all the hoosh he is allowed, and, after the meal, cleans the vessels with snow and stores them in sledge or boat ready for a possible move.

"*October 29th.*—We passed a quiet night, although the pressure was grinding around us. Our floe is a heavy one and it withstood the blows it received. There is a light wind from the north-west to north-north-west, and the weather is fine. We are twenty-eight men with forty-nine dogs, including Sue's and Sallie's five grown-up pups. All hands this morning were busy preparing gear, fitting boats on sledges, and building up and strengthening the sledges to carry the boats. . . . The main motor-sledge, with a little fitting from the carpenter, carried our largest boat admirably. For the next boat four ordinary sledges were lashed together, but we were dubious as to the strength of this contrivance, and as a matter of fact it broke down quickly under strain. . . . The ship is still afloat, with the spurs of the pack driven through her and holding her up. The forecastle-head is under water, the decks are burst up by the pressure, the wreckage lies around in dismal confusion, but over all the blue ensign flies still.

This afternoon Sallie's three youngest pups, Sue's Sirius, and Mrs. Chippy, the carpenter's cat, have to be shot. We could not undertake the maintenance of weaklings under the new conditions. Macklin, Crean, and the carpenter seemed to feel the loss of their friends rather badly. We propose making a short trial journey

to-morrow, starting with two of the boats and the ten sledges. The number of dog teams has been increased to seven, Greenstreet taking charge of the new additional team, consisting of Snapper and Sallie's four oldest pups. We have ten working sledges to relay with five teams. Wild's and Hurley's teams will haul the cutter with the assistance of four men. The whaler and the other boats will follow, and the men who are hauling them will be able to help with the cutter at the rough places. We cannot hope to make rapid progress, but each mile counts. Crean this afternoon has a bad attack of snow-blindness."

The weather on the morning of October 30th was overcast and misty, with occasional falls of snow. A moderate north-easterly breeze was blowing. We were still living on extra food, brought from the ship when we abandoned her, and the sledging and boating rations were intact. These rations would provide for twenty-eight men for fifty-six days on full rations, but we could count on getting enough seal and penguin meat to last at least double this time. We could even, if progress proved too difficult and too injurious to the boats, which we must guard as our ultimate means of salvation, camp on the nearest heavy floe, scour the neighbouring pack for penguins and seals, and await the outward drift of the pack to open and navigable water. "This plan would avoid the grave dangers we are now incurring of getting entangled in impassable pressure-ridges and possibly irretrievably damaging the boats, which are bound to suffer in rough ice; it would also minimise the peril of the ice splitting under us, as it did twice during the night at our first camp. Yet I feel sure that it is the right thing to attempt a march, since if we can make five or seven miles a day to the north-west our chance of

reaching safety in the months to come will be increased greatly. There is a psychological aspect to the question also. It will be much better for the men in general to feel that, even though progress is slow, they are on their way to land than it will be simply to sit down and wait for the tardy north-westerly drift to take us out of this cruel waste of ice. We will make an attempt to move. The issue is beyond my power either to predict or to control."

That afternoon Wild and I went out in the mist and snow to find a road to the north-west. After many devious turnings to avoid the heavier pressure-ridges, we pioneered a way for at least a mile and a half, and then returned by a rather better route to the camp. The pressure now was rapid in movement and our floe was suffering from the shakes and jerks of the ice. At three P.M., after lunch, we got under way, leaving Dump Camp a mass of débris. The order was that personal gear must not exceed two pounds per man, and this meant that nothing but bare necessities was to be taken on the march. We could not afford to cumber ourselves with unnecessary weight. Holes had been dug in the snow for the reception of private letters and little personal trifles, the Lares and Penates of the members of the Expedition, and into the privacy of these white graves were consigned much of sentimental value and not a little of intrinsic worth. I rather grudged the two pounds allowance per man, owing to my keen anxiety to keep weights at a minimum, but some personal belongings could fairly be regarded as indispensable. The journey might be a long one, and there was a possibility of a winter in improvised quarters on an inhospitable coast at the other end. A man under such conditions needs something to occupy his thoughts,

some tangible memento of his home and people beyond the seas. So sovereigns were thrown away and photographs were kept. I tore the fly-leaf out of the Bible that Queen Alexandra had given to the ship, with her own writing in it, and also the wonderful page of Job containing the verse:

> Out of whose womb came the ice?
> And the hoary frost of Heaven, who hath gendered it?
> The waters are hid as with a stone,
> And the face of the deep is frozen.

The other Bible, which Queen Alexandra had given for the use of the shore party, was down below in the lower hold in one of the cases when the ship received her death-blow. Suit-cases were thrown away; these were retrieved later as material for making boots, and some of them, marked "solid leather," proved to our disappointment to contain a large percentage of cardboard. The manufacturer would have had difficulty in convincing us at the time that the deception was anything short of criminal. . . .—Sir Ernest Shackleton (*South*).

MADE AT THE
TEMPLE PRESS
LETCHWORTH
GREAT BRITAIN

If I, by chance, should lose this book,
And you, by chance, should find it,
- Remember that my name is "Eilein"
- And that "Phelan" comes
behind it.

B.O.

~~Mademoiselle Phelan~~

~~St. Louis High School~~

Ellen Phelan

~~The book is one thing,~~

~~my foot is another~~

~~If you touch this one thing~~

~~you'll get the other~~

I prognosticate from the depths of my profundity that eventually

Subject		Pred				
noun	Phrase	Verb	Pred noun or adj or pronoun	adj	noun	Phrase

Passage you like best or without

Reason Why named